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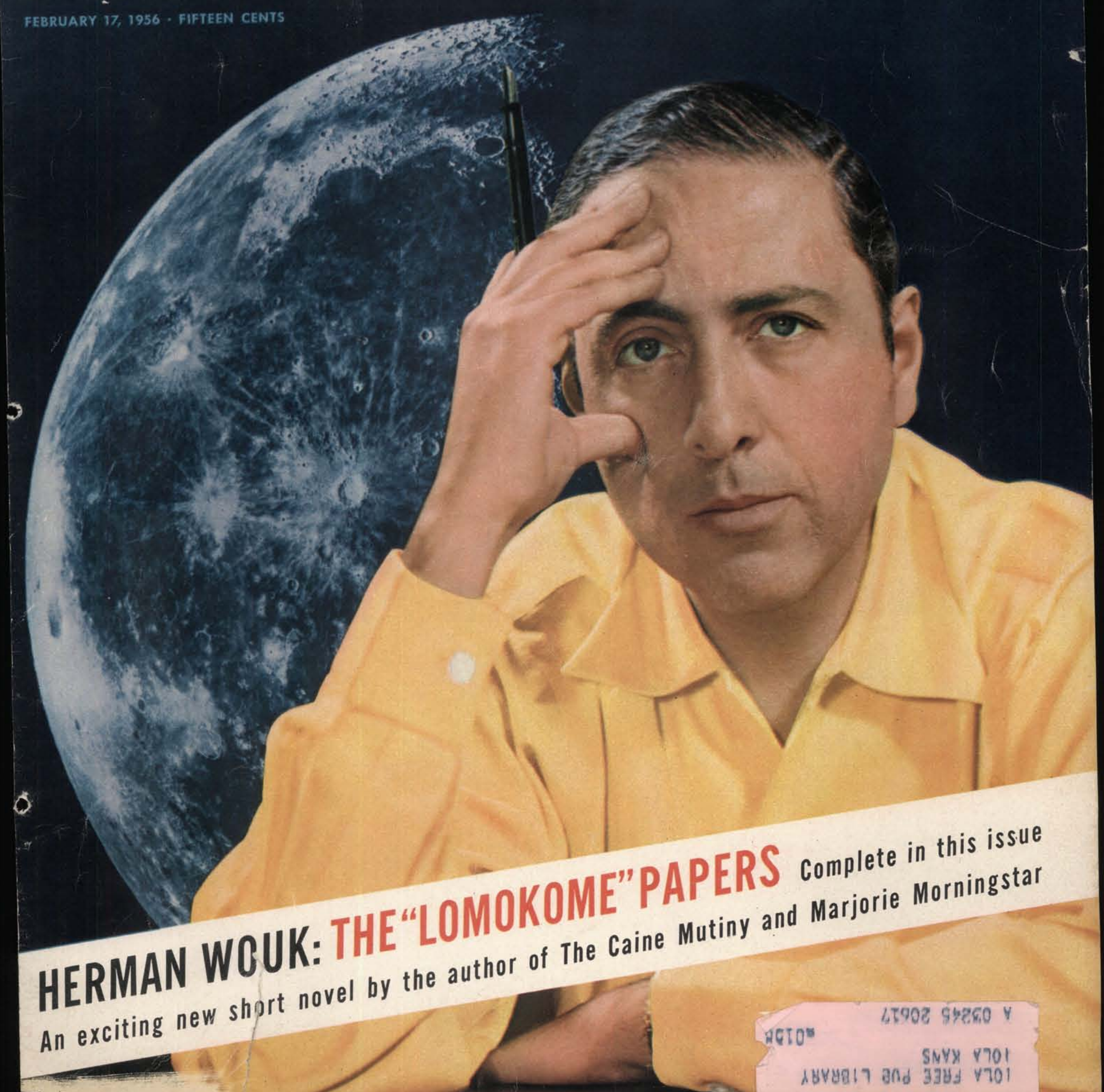

HERMAN WOUK: THE "LOMOKOME" PAPERS

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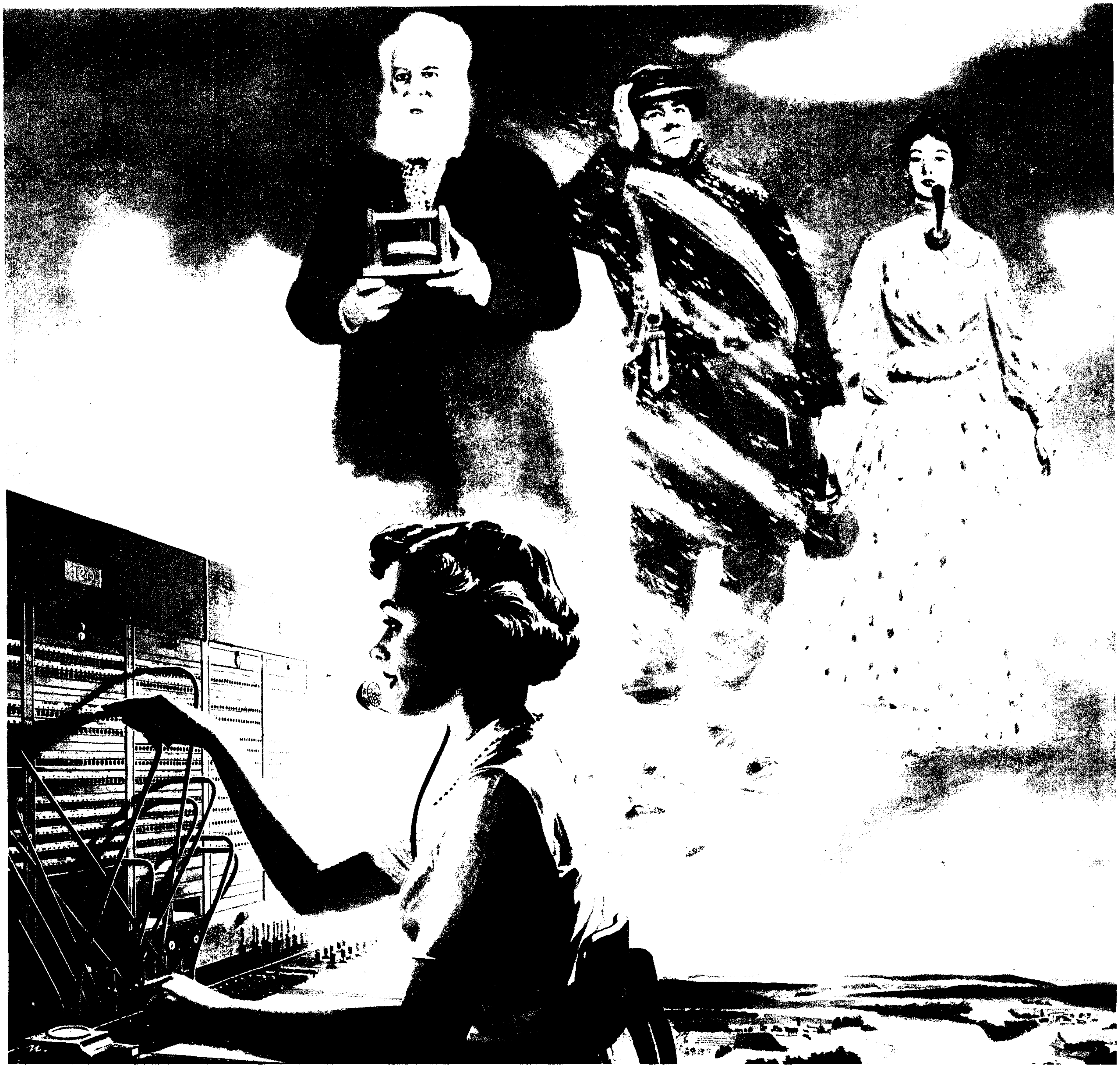

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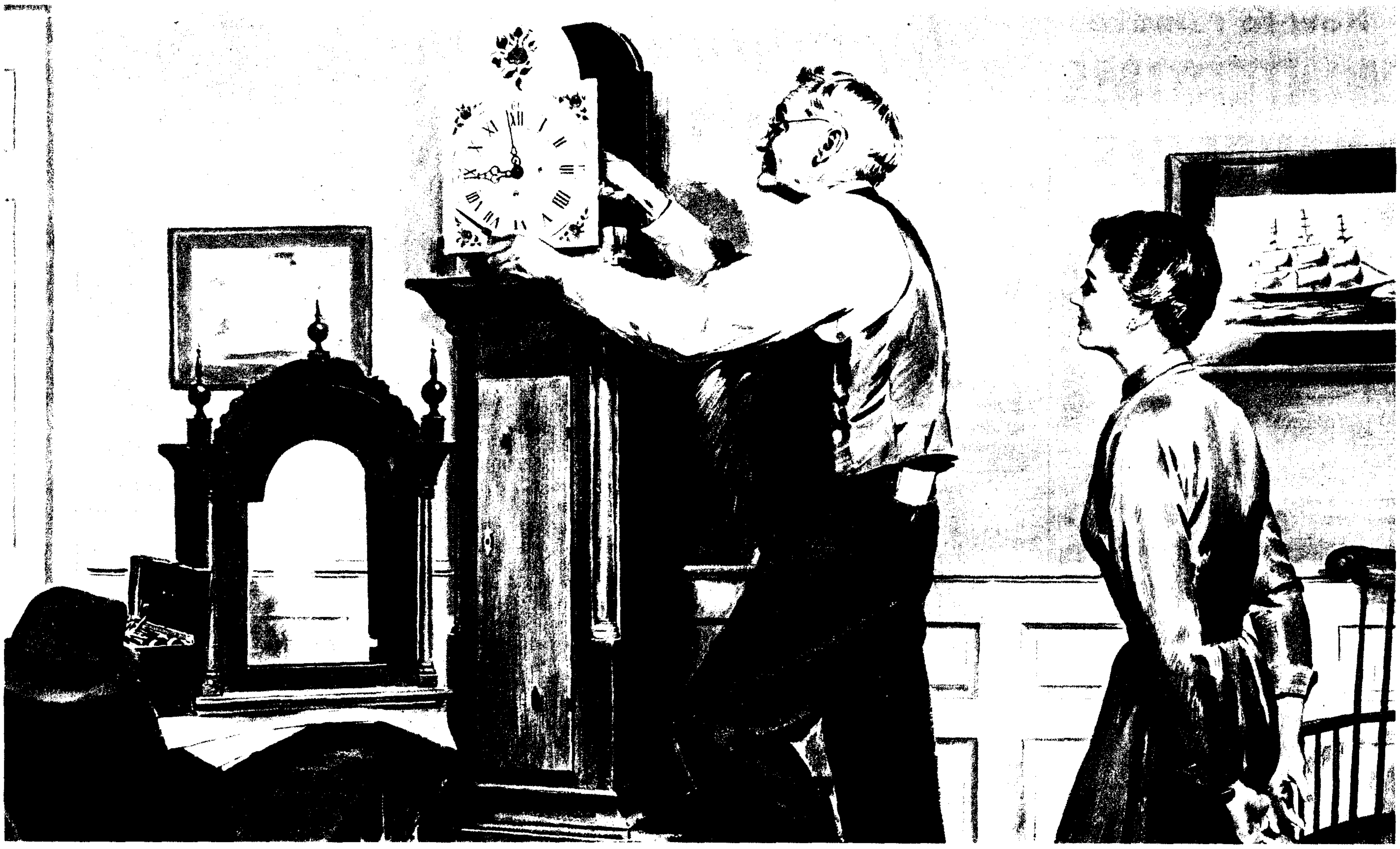

Can you help **your heart** "tick" longer, too?

Sometimes a clock that has kept perfect time over the years will get temporarily out of order. With skilled attention, however, it can go on ticking again for years to come. The same is true of your heart.

There are a number of things that can happen to your heart. Among the more serious of these is the form of heart disease due to hardening of the coronary arteries. The coronary arteries nourish the heart itself. They are truly the "life lines" which make it possible for the heart to beat some 2,700,000,000 times during the Biblical age of three score years and ten.

Heart disease caused by coronary-artery trouble is becoming increasingly recognized. In fact, many of the conditions vaguely called "heart trouble," or "heart attack," are caused by partial or complete blocking of the blood flow at some point in the coronary arteries. The common form of such occlusions is known as coronary thrombosis.

The outlook for those who have had coronary thrombosis is good and is steadily improving. Studies show that four out of five recover from first attacks of this severe form of coronary heart disease.

Today, the great majority of those who successfully withstand their first attack can, if the heart has repaired itself through rest and skilled medical care, safely resume activities with little or moderate restriction.

In fact, many such people have not only been able to resume full-time work involving great responsibility, but have continued at work for many years. Indeed, being at work was actually "good medicine."

Thousands of other people with various heart impairments are also living happily and filling useful places in life. They can do so because they have learned, with their doctor's help, how to lift the important removable burdens from the heart —such as those imposed by overweight, strenuous physical activity, fatigue and emotional upsets.

These examples should bring new hope and comforting reassurance to all of us. We cannot be complacent, however, about heart disease, for it continues to be the leading cause of death in our country. So, if you are approaching middle age, now is the time to do these things to help protect your heart:

1. Keep your weight down. If you *are* overweight, follow your doctor's suggestions to bring it down.

2. Exercise regularly, but moderately. Stop *before* you get overtired.

3. Have periodic health examinations. Never wait for heart symptoms to jolt you into seeing your doctor.

4. Follow your doctor's advice about healthful living habits, particularly as regards diet and rest.

Remember, the normal heart is strong, with a great reserve of power and a wonderful capacity for comeback. Even an impaired heart can carry on and, with sensible care, can usually be expected to do its job to a ripe old age.

If you want to know more about this subject, write for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet entitled *Your Heart*, which tells more about protecting a healthy heart and caring for the impaired heart.

The Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by over 140 Life Insurance companies has, since 1945, awarded more than $7,200,000 for heart research. Studies which the Fund has made possible have thrown new light on many heart and circulatory diseases, and have opened up new avenues for attacking these maladies. These and other studies bring new hope for preventing and curing heart disease.

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BRIGHTEN YOUR HAIR UP TO 35%

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NEW, MILDER FITCH is so gentle, you can use it every shampoo—not just to remove dandruff!

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WINTERTIME DANDRUFF?
Take it away ...with FITCH Remove it!

Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

I AM NEVER quite up to date on the contents of the Social Register. The reason is that I am always a year late because a friend of mine, a relation-by-marriage, as they say in Boston, gives me her old copy when the new one comes out. (You don't think I'd buy one; that's for florists.) But except for their not being current, my copies of the SR make interesting reading, along with old Who's Who's, etc., and sometimes they are more interesting because they are a little old.

Now it just happened that I was thumbing through my 1952 copy and I came across a man who, according to his listing, was a member of the Metropolitan Club, the Union Club, the Union League, the Apawamis Country Club, the Century Association, The Links, The Creek, the Garden City Golf Club, The Players, the Ardsley Country Club, the Sleepy Hollow Country Club, the Pilgrims Club, and the University, Chevy Chase, and Burning Tree clubs in Washington. I happen to know that that was not a complete list of his club memberships, but it'll do for my purpose. The man who belonged to all those clubs is Dwight D. Eisenhower.

In the same Social Register, same year, I find that W. Averell Harriman was a member of the Union, the Tuxedo, the Yale and the Chicago clubs, and that's all.

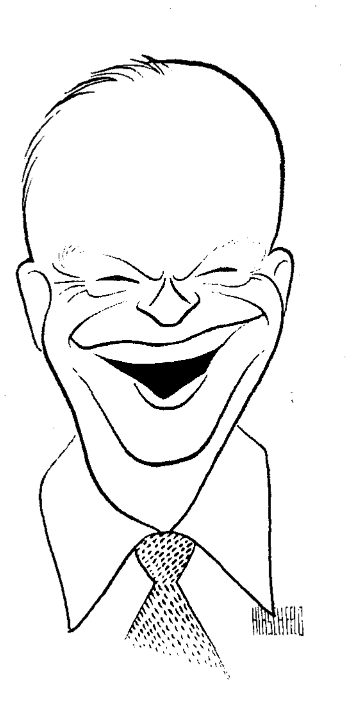
Now I don't want to appear to be taking sides—I don't want to *appear* to be taking sides—but when Mr. Eisenhower called Mr. Harriman a "Park Avenue Truman," he made one of those slips that you and I can make with impunity, but you and I are not professional politicians. When you make that kind of crack about the opposition, better be sure you're not much more vulnerable on the same point.

I especially deplore Mr. Eisenhower's making that kind of crack. Mr. Eisenhower claims, and is claimed by, Kansas, Texas and Pennsylvania, and that's all very fine. Some of his family had the distinction of being born not six miles from my mother's birthplace, and if that will influence any votes in favor of his party, his party is welcome to them. Kansas, Texas and the farming regions of Pennsylvania are said to be giving concern to the Republicans at this juncture, and as a Republican President Mr. Eisenhower should do all he can to make his crowd attractive to the hesitant farmers. I am aware, too, that most farmers do not keep old copies of the Social Register on the shelf between the 1954 tractor manual and Diseases of the Horse. But I suspect that farmers are just as aware that Mr. Eisenhower has not spent all the peacetime years operating a combine, salting the hay, contouring the south forty. If I were a farmer, I think I'd be just a bit annoyed when a politician implies that after forty-three highly successful years in nonfarming pursuits, he really loved sodbusting best. If Mr. Truman had claimed that his days with Battery D made him a better military man than Mr. Eisenhower with his lifetime in the Army, I would blow the whistle on Mr. T. of Battery D.

You can't be everything. What's more, I don't think you ought to try to be all things to all men. I belong to one of the clubs that Mr. Eisenhower belonged to in 1952 (and still does), and I am an ex-member of two others. It's true I'm not running for office, but if I were, I would not pretend that my closest approach to the Park Avenue life was conviviality at the Grange and an occasional game of rotation at the Moose clubhouse.

This is 1956, and it is not so terribly long ago that 12,000,000 Americans were made to realize that R.H.I.P.; that a five-star general loses nothing in esteem or affection or respect by associating with other brass. A five-star general never, and I mean never, again becomes one of the boys down at the barbershop. Whether he likes it or not, he is forever assigned to what they call in the Navy "officers' country." In New York City, officers' country is such places as the Metropolitan Club (Fifth Avenue), the Union Club (Park Avenue), the Union League (Park Avenue), and so on.

AL HIRSCHFELD



The President was listed as belonging to an impressive collection of clubs

We are all politicians this year, even if we're not all candidates or committed supporters of candidates. I am making it my job, or part of my job, to raise my ineffectual baritone whenever I hear or read a political utterance that makes me howl. By the way, Averell Harriman is a personal friend of mine, so don't bother to try to read between the lines. My boss is a personal friend of Herbert Hoover's, so everybody's going to get a fair shake.

* * *

AS AN AUTHOR, and therefore a writer, I am looking to that great day when the following scene takes place:

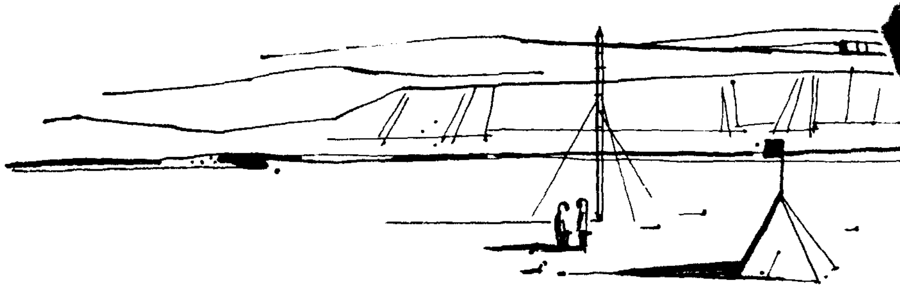
A TV comedian is, as they say, On Camera, performing before a sure 780 persons in the studio audience, and a possible 40,000,000 elsewhere. Once, just once, he says, in that contemptuous, possessive way they have, "My writers . . ." And out of the wings comes one of those writers and gives him a punch in the nose.

Heaven knows Hollywood and television are full of writers who could not write their way out of an eighth-grade composition competition. A television writer can be a guy who sells a gag for $50, or a pretentious soap librettist who is going to put Odets out of business, and is going to do it by stealing from Odets. But if a guy can convince the TV producers that he is a writer, it's not my business to tell the producer that he has a dog. (The dog, of course, being a retriever.) So if a well-qualified shipping clerk or hack driver decides he also has the qualifications to be a writer, more power to him until he gets found out.

There are radio-TV writers who know their business and do an honest, effective job and are worth every cent, at least, that they are paid. Fellows like Don Quinn, Bill Morrow, Merlo McKenzie, Carroll Carroll, who have written for Fibber & Molly, Bing Crosby, Jack Benny, programs which I have admired for many years on radio. But at some point every one of those comedians has ad-libbed a crack about "my writers" and I always wished they got the punch in the nose. It would have given me pleasure, except, of course, in the case of Molly. I am not in favor of punching ladies in the nose. A token tap, maybe, but not a real punch.

SIR HUBERT WILKINS, *world-famous explorer, says:*

"Not even the Arctic wastes are lonelier than a man without hearing!"



"The same radionic science that kept me in touch with the world through 10,000 miles of space, helps me hear friends in the same room again."

Sir Hubert Wilkins is one of the most exciting figures of modern times. His explorations have led him from the bitter cold of the Arctic to the stifling heat of the Tropics. His discoveries have made immeasurable contributions to the advancement of human knowledge. Eminent explorer, scientist, author and aviation pioneer, Sir Hubert tells how he regained his hearing:

"How precious even simple sounds are when you no longer hear them. For years I had felt myself slipping into a crevasse of silence more lonely than any Polar waste. And with each passing day as my hearing ability waned, I was robbed of a vital part of an active existence.

"Then one day a thought struck me. Couldn't the radionic science that let me talk to men 10,000 miles away also help me hear people in the same room? I began my search for a hearing aid—determined to buy the finest. And I found it when my physician told me of the magic of a Zenith hearing aid. I discovered that Zenith, the most economical and popular of all hearing aids, satisfies my needs . . . and significantly was created by the same company which had developed my long-range radio. I learned that high price in modern hearing aids was no guarantee of quality. And from the first moment I put on my Zenith, my wonderful world of sound was restored to me.

"I know there are millions of people who are suffering with the same problem I had. To you I say: Don't let a hearing loss rob you of your youth and enthusiasm. Get a Zenith hearing aid today. Don't go on suffering needlessly in a world of muffled sound."

We feel privileged to bring this message of hope to America's hard-of-hearing from Sir Hubert Wilkins. He is but one of many distinguished explorers, authors, educators, statesmen and executives who could well afford to pay any price for a hearing aid, but choose to wear a $50 Zenith.®

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THE FULL-BODIED INSTANT 100% PURE COFFEE NEW!

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COLLIER'S CREDITS

HERMAN WOUK got the idea for The "Lomokome" Papers in 1949. He had written a play, The Traitor, which was produced by Jed Harris and starred Lee Tracy and Walter Hampden. It was on the Broadway stage at a time when, as yet, Russia didn't have The Bomb. The theme was this: a scientist feels that if both sides have The Bomb, there won't be any war, and he gives the secret to the Russians.

"During the rehearsals I had thought more and more of the thesis," Wouk recalls, "and I developed this fantasy, The 'Lomokome' Papers. I don't remember any special problems in writing it, but I do recall that when it was finished the Korean war had started, and it seemed wrong to do anything with an antiwar piece at that time, especially since I, for one, believed in the Korean war. So I forgot about the book until the Geneva conference, when something about that meeting brought the whole idea back to mind. I took out the manuscript, looked at it, and it suddenly had life. I revised it, and now you have it."

Yes, we have it, we're glad to say.

★ ★ ★

WE CAUGHT Tenley Albright without her skates on. She was sitting at home in Newton Center, Massachusetts, listening to Gene Autry sing Barney the Bashful Bullfrog.

"But I *am* skating," she said. "I never hear music without thinking of how I'd be skating to it. Right now I'm developing a new number based on this catchy little tune, and pretty soon I'll go out on the ice and go through the steps I've thought up sitting here.

"If anyone is responsible for whatever success I've had," according to Tenley, "it's Mother. She doesn't skate; she drives. Day in and day out for years, until I got my license, she taxied me between home and the rink."

There's another skater in the family, Tenley's brother Nile, sixteen, a champion speed skater who has won many prizes in competition. On Christmas Day he had an experience that can befall the best skaters as well as the worst, apparently. He came home late —and wet—for turkey dinner. The reason: he fell through the ice.

★ ★ ★

"WE WATCHED the tower fade in the distance," Jim Haggerty says thankfully in concluding his graphic story on the Texas Tower in this issue.

But as his partner, photographer Larry Fried, stood on the pitching deck of the tug El Sol gulping seasick pills and watching the same sight, it was with alarm and not thanks.

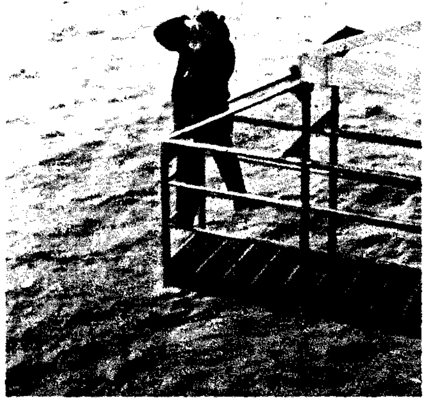
For suspended out from the tower 100 feet above the storm-tossed waters was a load of baggage that included a couple of thousand dollars' worth of cameras and equipment, plus the exposed films of the 500 pictures Fried had taken while climbing precariously around and on top of the man-made island for three days (see above).

Seems that as the tower crane was about to lower the baggage to the deck of the tug, her skipper suddenly decided the gathering storm was ominous enough for El Sol to scoot for Boston instead, 14 hours away. Which she did.

"I guess I got excited," Fried recalls for us. "I rushed to the pilothouse, said to the captain, 'You can't leave now!' Fortunately he was calm and listened patiently to me; an hour and a half later we were back alongside the tower. The ocean was blacker and rougher, but that wonderful crane operator dropped my precious films and equipment on the tug first try."

LEW MERRIM

Tenley Albright practicing some snappy turns (in her head) to Autry's baritone


Larry Fried takes Texas Tower pictures 100 feet above the cold, stormy Atlantic

★ ★ ★

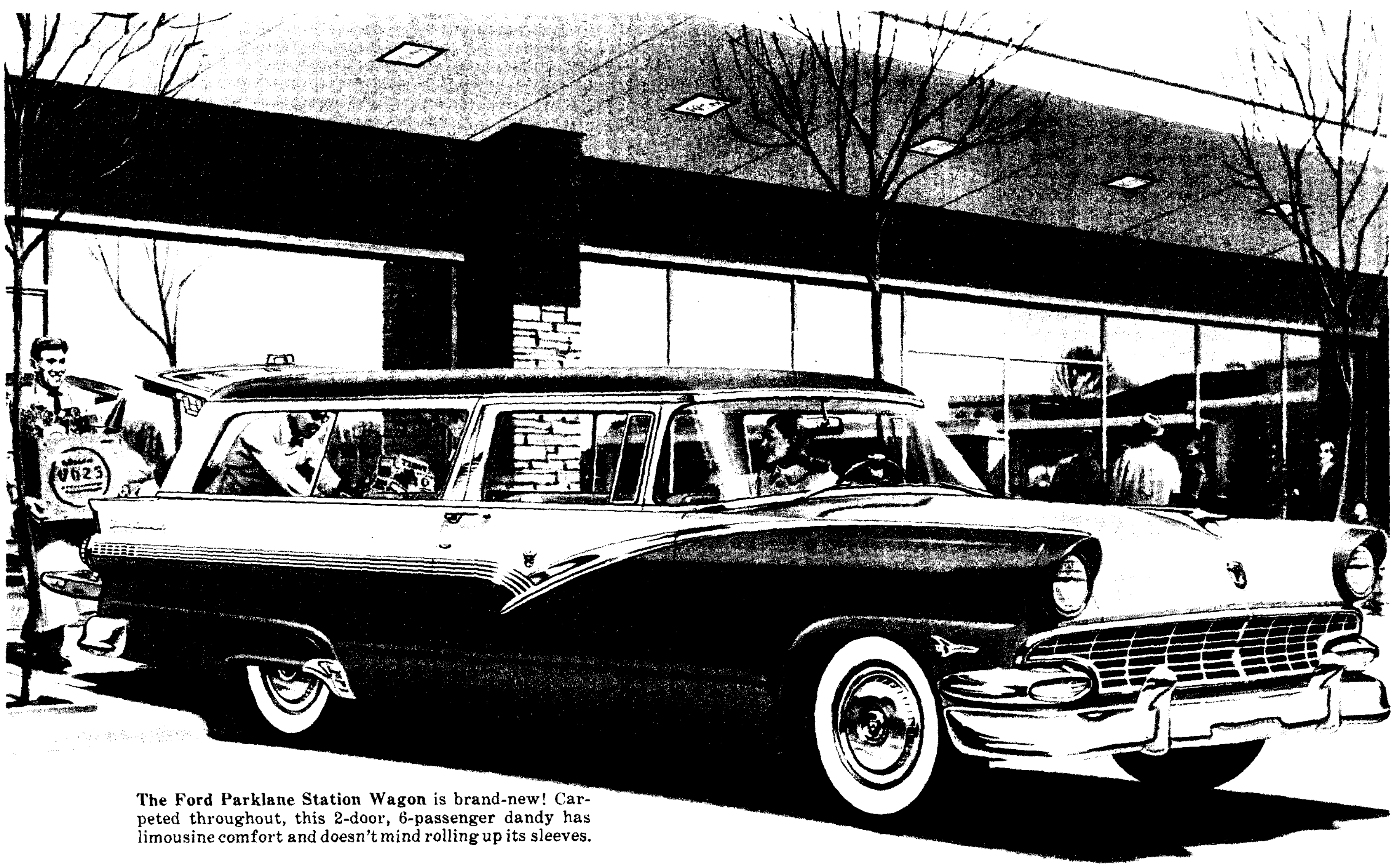
WORKING on their Tunisian story (page 32), each of the Kuhns ran into a special problem. Ferdinand's was that he usually wears a beret traveling, so in North Africa he just stuck it in his pocket and thus escaped being taken for a Frenchman.

But Delia couldn't dispose of her face quite so easily. A woman's face, she knew, is not to be seen at Moslem gatherings. The same goes for women in general, and she often found herself the only one in sight.

"The first time this fact fully dawned on us was in the public square at Msaken," she tells us, "where the independence leader Habib Bourguiba spoke. As we studied the crowd of 4,000 Moslems, we suddenly realized I was the only female present.

"At dinner that night I was seated beside Bourguiba and found myself again the only woman at the huge banquet table. Our host, Msaken's leading citizen, and his sons served the meal. After dinner I asked if I could meet the ladies of the family. One of the sons guided me to an inner courtyard and I was surrounded by about 25 women and girls whose faces were bare, like mine. We laughed, chattered and gestured—in Arabic. Not one of them spoke French. But it was good to see my own sex, for a change."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.



The Ford Parklane Station Wagon is brand-new! Carpeted throughout, this 2-door, 6-passenger dandy has limousine comfort and doesn't mind rolling up its sleeves.

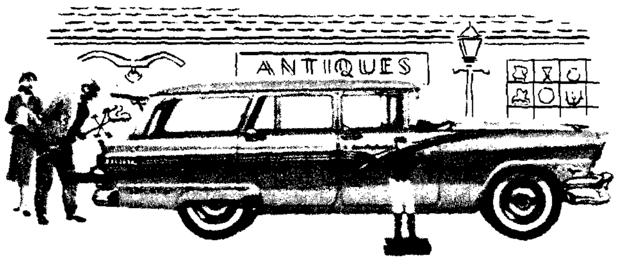
Why Ford tops the "tote-'em" Poll!

Thunderbird styling...Thunderbird "GO"...and Lifeguard safety are just a few of the reasons why more people buy Ford station wagons than the next two makes combined!

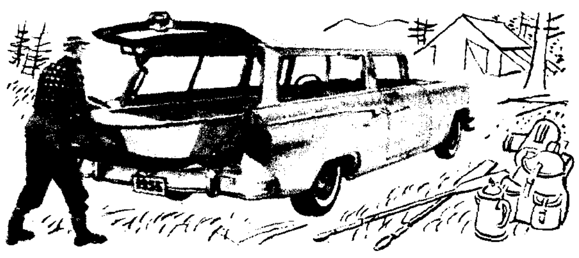
Yes! There are more reasons than ever why Fords are favorites among the station wagon set! These stunning do-it-alls with Thunderbird-inspired styling are head-turners wherever you go. And whether you choose a 2-door, 4-door, six- or eight-passenger wagon, Ford's Stowaway seat lets you convert it from luxury liner to cargo carrier in a split jiffy.

But Thunderbird looks and a "double life" aren't the only reasons for the popularity of Ford station wagons. You can have the Thunderbird's "GO," too, *at no extra cost* for the new Thunderbird Y-8 engine is the *standard* eight in all Ford station wagon models.

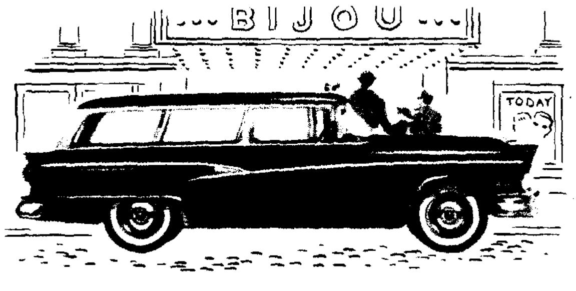
To top it all off, Fords are the only wagons with Lifeguard Design . . . a new family of safety features which help protect you and yours from the major causes of injuries in the event of accidents. Come in soon! Choose *the* Ford station wagon to fit *your* living scheme.



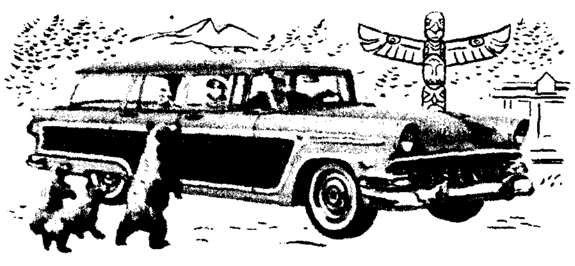
8-passenger Country Sedan—This 4-door beauty gives easy access to both front and rear seats.



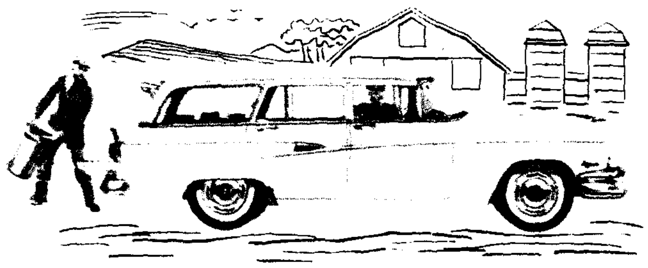
Ranch Wagon—This all-around favorite for work or play has two big doors, easily holds 6 big people.



Custom Ranch Wagon—It's a 2-door, 6-passenger fashion plate. Easy-to-clean interior can take it.



Country Squire—Mahogany-finished steel panels give woodlike beauty. 4 doors, 8 passengers big.

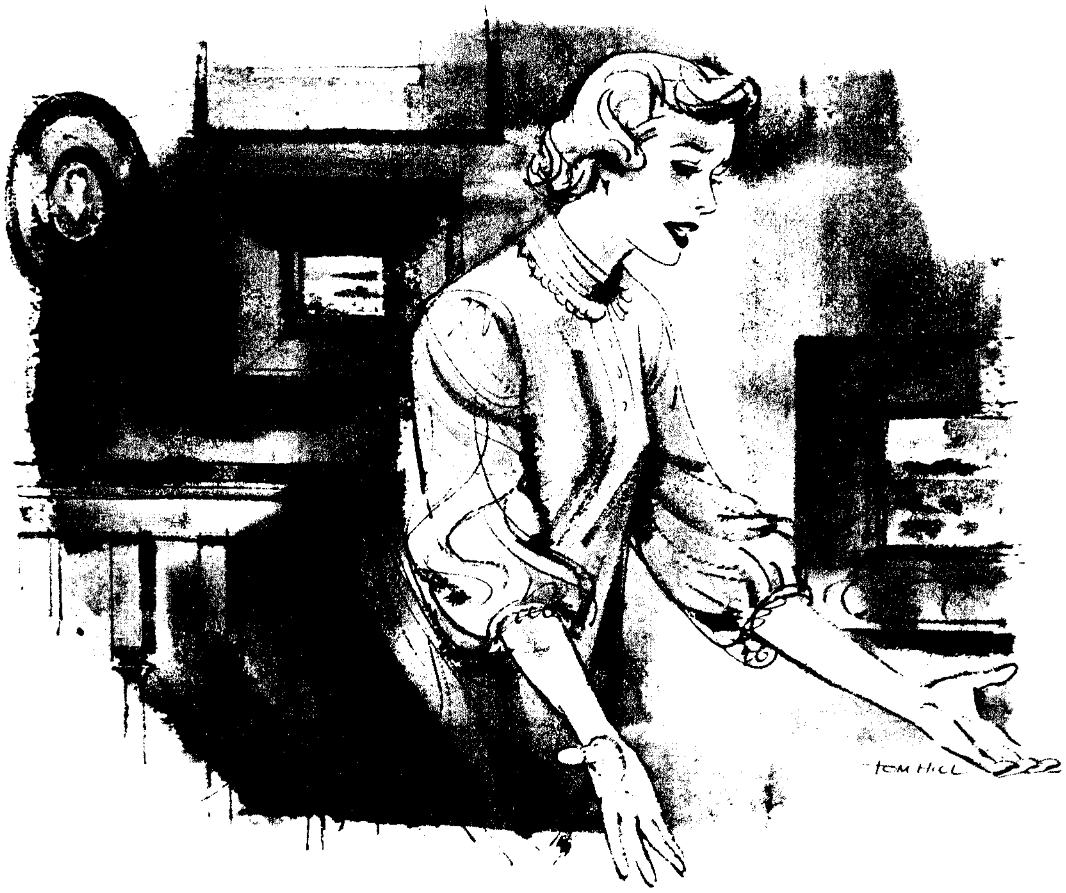


6-passenger Country Sedan—It has 4-door convenience and, like all '56 Fords, has Lifeguard Design.

They sell more because
they're worth more!

'56 FORD

STATION WAGONS


TOM HILL

"I'm not going to marry Andy," Janice said. "Yes, dear," her mother called back pleasantly

Wedding-Day Logic

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

AT 9:14 A.M. on her wedding day, Janice Martin made up her mind never to get married. Her wedding day was February 14th—Saint Valentine's Day—a fact that made the situation even more unfortunate. But Janice was quite cool and detached about it; there was no hysteria. In fact, at that precise moment she was worried more about Dr. Halpern than about herself, or about Andy Crane, who was her husband-to-be.

"It's all too ridiculous," Janice said. "Valentine's Day, on top of everything else!" And she headed for the stairs to tell her mother and father to call the wedding off. After all, she knew what she was doing. She had met Andy, her fiancé, in Dr. Halpern's class in Psychology II-A at college. Dr. Halpern was one of those rare creatures: a teacher of psychology who was a good psychologist. He was a quiet, twinkling little man with a white mustache and eyes that were wonderfully good-humored, even though they never missed a thing. He took a fond and youthful interest in everything around him—especially watching two of his prize pupils fall in love.

Janice and Andy won more than each other—they also won honors in psychology. And when their wedding plans were announced, Dr. Halpern showed up number one on each of their guest lists.

The wedding had been scheduled for noon. Dr. Halpern, taking a day off from his classes, was scheduled to arrive in town on the eight-o'clock train, and Janice and her parents had invited him to their home for breakfast at nine.

Here it was nine fourteen, and Janice had made her decision. She went to the top of the stairs and called down: "Mother? Is Dr. Halpern here yet?"

Her mother's voice came from the dining room. "Not yet, dear."

"I'm not going to marry Andy."

"All right, dear."

"I said I'm—not—going—to—marry—Andy."

"Yes, dear, that will be fine. Don't pack the blue dress till the last minute."

"Did you hear what I said?"

"You don't want it to wrinkle any more than it has to," her mother said.

Psychology had taught Janice to recognize the state her mother was in. It was a sort of running shock condition, this day of the daughter's wedding.

But in his own way, her father was no better. He met Janice at the bottom of the stairs. It was only a little after nine o'clock, and he had already sampled the liquid staples being readied for the reception. "Here's the blushing bride now," he said.

"I'm not going through with it," Janice said.

"You have to go through with it," her father said. "I paid extra for a heart-shaped cake, just because it's Valentine's Day."

"Father, I am not going to get married."

He nodded. "The wedding-day shakes. We all have 'em. It happens to every bride."

"Every bride," Janice said, "isn't an honor student in psychology. I have reached this decision calmly and with the utmost consideration of all the factors involved."

"I see," her father said. "But why couldn't you have reached it before today?"

"Because my conscious wouldn't let my subconscious have its say until the last minute."

"Are you saying you don't love Andy?" her father asked.

"I love him very much," Janice said. "But I won't make him a good wife, because I'm marrying him out of fear."

"Perhaps I'll go have a drink," her father said. "Don't let your mother hear any of this. Fear of what?"

"Of everything. What have I ever done to make anyone think I'll be a worthy wife for Andy? Nothing, that's what."

"Now, kitten," her father said. "I think you're annoyed because it was my idea to make it a Valentine's Day wedding—"

"As a psychology major, I do think you were a little silly and romantic about it," Janice said. "But I'm not angry. It's just that there isn't going to be any wedding."

"I tell you what," her father said heavily. "You tell all this to Dr. Halpern at breakfast. *He'll* talk you out of this crazy notion."

"He won't even try," Janice said.

The doorbell rang. "There he is now," her father said gratefully, and went to answer the door.

But it was not Dr. Halpern. It was Aunt Josephine. "I'm going to cry," she announced.

Janice's mother came to the door of the kitchen. "It's only Josephine, dear," Janice's father called. "Janice isn't going to marry Andy."

"So she told me," her mother called back. "I hope we won't be late. Has she started to dress?"

"I give up," Janice said, and went upstairs to cry.

BUT CRYING did no good at all. Her cold evaluation of the chances her marriage had for success remained the same. It was better to call it off now.

Was it just a case of the wedding-day shakes? Janice considered the possibilities, but she shook her head. No. She would go downstairs now. Dr. Halpern would be there. And if he tried to talk her out of it—well, he would find what bread could do when cast upon the waters. For he had taught Janice her psychology, and so she *knew* . . .

She went downstairs, but Dr. Halpern still had not appeared. "We're not waiting for him," her mother said. "There just isn't time. Have your coffee, dear."

"Mother," Janice said coldly, "I am not . . ." but Aunt Josephine was wailing anew.

Looking at her family, Janice realized it was impossible to explain it to them. If Dr. Halpern had been there, she could have explained to him. He, in turn, could have explained it to her family.

But as it was, nobody understood. Her father thought it was no more than a case of nerves, and she couldn't even get through to her mother. And as for Aunt Josephine . . .

No, she would go through with the wedding. She would marry Andy. At least she would save the day, for her parents. And after that . . . well, there was another procedure. It was called annulment.

Janice was dry-eyed as her mother and Aunt Josephine helped her into her wedding dress.

She was dry-eyed too when, some two hours later, she faced the ceremony that bound her for life to Andy. Indeed, in the joy of the moment she forgot quite completely about the morning; and when old Dr. Halpern came forward to claim his kiss from the bride, she hugged him unreservedly.

Then she remembered her earlier fears, and she gave the professor an extra kiss. "I owe a lot to you," she whispered. "For this morning."

Someday she would tell him about it, but from the look he gave her now, his eyes bright and wise, she felt that he knew all about this morning.

SHE TOLD ANDY about it—she had to tell Andy. They were together, by themselves at last in their compartment on the train, and Janice kissed her husband, and then she said: "That Dr. Halpern! At the wedding I said to him, 'Thank you for this morning'—and that's all I said—and he knew exactly what I was talking about."

"He did?" Andy said.

Janice nodded, and told him how Dr. Halpern had failed to show up for breakfast, and about the conversations she had had with her parents.

"How do you feel about it now?" Andy asked.

"Psychology or no psychology," Janice said, "my father was right. It was a plain case of the wedding-day shakes, the same thing every bride goes through. But Dr. Halpern is a very wise man. Rather than try to talk me into it, he just stayed away this morning. Went someplace else."

"He sure did," Andy said. "My hotel room. To talk *me* into it."

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2020 5th Ave., N. 7-8144
DECATUR—157 1st Ave., N.E. 231
FLORENCE—Muscle Shoals Airport, Terminal Bldg.
401 E. Tennessee St. 2661
HUNTSVILLE—Municipal Airport
615 W. Holmes St. 6-1301
MOBILE—117 N. Royal St. Hemlock 2-5034
MONTGOMERY—Dannelly Field Airport 3-1904
353 Montgomery Street 3-1904
SHEFFIELD—(See Florence, Alabama)
TUSCUMBIA—(See Florence, Alabama)

ARIZONA

CHANDLER—San Marcos Hotel 6661
MESA—(see Chandler, Ariz.)
PHOENIX—Sky Harbor Airport ALpine 3-4166
601 North Central Avenue ALpine 3-4166
TUCSON—141 S. Stone St. 3-3711
Southern Pacific Depot 3-3711
WICKENBERG—1st and Whipple Way 118
YUMA—Yuma County Airport Sunset 3-6132
149 East Second Street Sunset 3-6132

ARKANSAS

CAMDEN—Municipal Airport, Temple 6-2388
EL DORADO—Locust and Jefferson Sts. 3-3101
FORT SMITH—Municipal Airport 2-6363
N. 11th and "B" Sts. SU 3-6681
HOT SPRINGS—Memorial Airport NAtional 3-7591
200 Park Avenue NAtional 3-7591
LITTLE ROCK—110 Louisiana St. Franklin 4-7526

CALIFORNIA

ALAMEDA—(Carroll Travel Serv.)
2420 Santa Clara Ave. Lakehurst 3-0768
ANAHEIM—254 South Los Angeles St. KEystone 5-8377
BAKERSFIELD—110 Union Ave. FAirview 2-8260
BALBOA—(See Newport Beach, California)
BERKELEY—2354 Shattuck Ave. Thornwall 3-5550
BEVERLY HILLS—Beverly Hills Hotel Station
9641 Sunset Blvd. Crestview 1-5101
BURBANK—Lockheed Air Terminal
2627 N. Hollywood Way Stanley 7-3111
CALEXICO—101 First Street 919
CARMEL—5th & San Carlos Carmel 7-3200
CONCORD—Buchanan Field, Administration Bldg. MUlberry 5-8220
CORONADO—1327 Orange Street Hemlock 4-3031
CRESCENT CITY—1011 2nd St. 1671
DEATH VALLEY—(For reservation write or wire Las Vegas, Nevada Phone 6767)
EL CENTRO—Imperial County Airport Terminal Bldg.
1123 Main St. ELgin 2-0545
EL MONTE—133 S. Tyler Ave. FOrest 8-6161
EUREKA—Arcata Airport, Arcata, Calif.
526 "A" St. Hillside 2-6431
FONTANA—8689 Sierra Ave. Valley 2-8555
FRESNO—Fresno Air Terminal Fresno 5-1487
Fresno-Chandler Airport
Tehama & West Kearney Blvd. Fresno 2-1810
835 Van Ness Avenue 4-6630
Southern Pacific R.R. 4-6630
FULLERTON—623 West Commonwealth LAmbert 5-4866
GLENDALE—1120 So. Brand Blvd. Citrus 4-3251
Southern Pacific R.R. Station Citrus 4-3251
HAYWARD—Hayward Municipal Airport
Hesperian Blvd. & "A" St. Lucern 1-3731
HOLLYWOOD—7001 Hollywood Blvd. HOllywood 3-2800, 2-6643
IMPERIAL—Imperial County Airport FLanders 5-1162
INDIO—(Station to be opened 1956)
KINGS BEACH—Steven's Chevron Service Liberty 6-2770
LAGUNA BEACH—350 Broadway HYatt 4-1131
LA JOLLA—Prospect and Fay Sts. Glencourt 4-9813
LONG BEACH—Long Beach Municipal Airport GArfield 7-8968
107 American Ave. HEmlock 5-8345
LOS ANGELES—International Airport
Terminal Building ORegon 8-3777
Lockheed Air Terminal,
Terminal Bldg. STanley 7-3111
Statler Hotel, 926 W. 7th St. MAdison 6-3225
555 West 5th Street MAdison 6-4841
Los Angeles Union Depot
800 N. Alameda MAdison 6-6623
970 Gayley Avenue GRanite 8-2715
Westwood Village Station
970 Gayley Ave. GRanite 8-2715
MERCED—1639 "M" St. RAndolph 2-2741
MODESTO—1700 McHenry Ave. 2-3236
MONTEREY—398 Fremont Monterey 5-4269
NEWPORT BEACH—2800 West Coast Highway LIberty 8-3252
OAKLAND—480 21st St. TEmplebar 2-3377
ONTARIO—Ontario International Airport Yukon 63-9146
200 North Lemon Ave. Yukon 6-8807
ORANGE—(See Santa Ana, Calif.)
PALM DESERT—Highway 111 & San Luis Rey 76-2050
PALM SPRINGS—Palm Springs Airport 5122
209 North Indian Avenue 5122
PALO ALTO—Signal Service
Emerson and Channing Sts. Davenport 3-0593
PASADENA—2160 E. Colorado St. Sycamore 3-8996
PITTSBURG—Ballew's Shell Service
10th & Railroad HEmpstead 2-6010
POMONA—Holt and White Aves. Lycoming 2-0262
REDDING—1325 Center St. 1234
RICHMOND—See Berkley, Calif.
RIDGECREST—321 N. China Lake Blvd. Inyokern 8-2891
RIVERSIDE—3595 Market St. Overland 6-3030
SACRAMENTO—Municipal Airport Office GLadstone 5-5602
1213 "K" Street HUdson 1-4803
2121 13th St. at "V" Gilbert 3-6955
Senator Hotel (Lobby)
12th and "L" Streets HUdson 1-4803
Southern Pacific R. R. Station HUdson 1-4803
SALINAS—802 South Main Street 5369
SAN BERNARDINO—591 "E" St. 81-5373
SAN DIEGO—
San Diego Municipal Airport
Lindberg Field Airport Terminal CYpress 6-2623
820 Union St. BEimont 3-1266
El Cortez Hotel Lobby
702 Ash Street BEImont 2-0359
SAN FRANCISCO—International Airport JUno 3-3223
333 Jones St. ORdway 3-4666
1480 Folsom St. UNderhill 1-6870
SAN JOSE—Municipal Airport Cypress 2-1112
150 W. San Fernando St. CYpress 2-1112
SAN MATEO—Benjamin Franklin Hotel
44 Third Ave. Diamond 3-3285
SANTA ANA—Orange County Airport Kimberley 2-3642
First & Broadway Kimberley 3-5144
SANTA BARBARA—108 State St. WOodland 5-6596
Southern Pacific Station PL 0-0233
SANTA CRUZ—Mission and Center Sts. 4458
STOCKTON—800 East Main Street Howard 4-1545
UKIAH—315 South State St. Homestead 2-9949
Van Nuys—7240 Hayvenhurst Street State 6-1410
VERNON—3569 East Vernon Ave. Logan 5-3095
WATSONVILLE—440A Main Street 2-0458
WOODLAND—428 College St. 2-4150

COLORADO

ASPEN—Little Per Cent Tour & Service Aspen 3331
COLORADO SPRINGS—21 N. Cascade MEIrose 3-7753
Rio Grande Railroad Depot MEIrose 3-7753
DENVER—Stapleton Municipal Airfield CHerry 4-5471
Sky Ranch Airport EMpire 6-2663
1711 Tremont Pl. CHerry 4-5471
1733 Glenarm CHerry 4-5471
Union Station CHerry 4-5471
GLENWOOD SPRINGS—10th & Grand 396
GRAND JUNCTION—Walker Field Airport
251 Colorado Ave. 57
PUEBLO—Municipal Airport Whitney 8-3355
501 North Grand Lincoln 2-5563

CONNECTICUT

BRIDGEPORT—508 Fairfield Ave. Edison 5-2103
HARTFORD—Bradley Field Airport NAtional 3-3980
84 High Street JAckson 2-9186
NEW HAVEN—260 Crown St., Spruce 7-6861
NORWALK—(See S. Norwalk, Conn.)
SOUTH NORWALK—180 Connecticut Ave. Temple 8-6193
STAMFORD—8 South St. Davis 4-6629

DELAWARE

WILMINGTON—New Castle County Airport New Castle 2026
1218 French St. 7587

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON—1319-21 L St., N.W. National 8-5600
Willard Hotel, Lobby; Statler Hotel, Lobby; Union Depot

FLORIDA

BRADENTON—608 13th St. 4-3031
CLEARWATER—47 N. Fort Harrison Street 3-2527
COCOA—625 Florida Ave. Cocoa 849
DAYTONA BEACH—Municipal Airport
620 Seabreeze Blvd. 7712
DELRAY BEACH—500 North Federal Highway 9178
FORT LAUDERDALE—Broward International Airport,
216 E. Las Olas Blvd. JAckson 2-1612, 3-2932
FORT MYERS—1313 First St. 4-0561
FORT PIERCE—430 N. 4th St. 1034
FORT WALTON BEACH—
124 E. Main St. 2-3541
GAINESVILLE—409 W. University Ave. 5600
HOLLYWOOD—402 North Dixie Highway 2-7781
JACKSONVILLE—304 Pearl St., Elgin 4-5474
LAKELAND—320 E. Main St. Mutual 4-8591
LAKE WORTH—(See West Palm Beach)
MELBOURNE—901 New Haven Ave. 9146
MIAMI—International Airport
International Parking Garage
665 Mokena Drive Tuxedo 8-4544
29 S.W. 4th St. 82-8662
MIAMI BEACH—2331 Liberty Ave. Jefferson 8-7226
Roney Plaza Garage
NAPLES—Tamiami Trail Midway 2-5941
OCALA—116 East Ocklawaha Avenue MArion 9-1198
ORLANDO—Municipal Airport
Terminal Building 5-1334
375 N. Orange Ave. 2-4064
PALM BEACH—242 Sunrise Ave. 3-2060
PANAMA CITY—Municipal Airport Popular 3-2262
PENSACOLA—
Municipal Airport 8-5832
San Carlos Hotel, Lobby 3-1977
POMPANO BEACH—327 North Dixie Highway 9332
PUNTA GORDA—(See Fort Myers, Fla.)
ST. PETERSBURG—Pinellas County Airport
Terminal Bldg. 41-0602
333 Second Ave., South 5-5155
100 Central Ave. 7-7111
ST. PETERSBURG BEACH—Pinellas County Airport, Terminal Bldg. 41-0602
444 75th Ave. 22-7711
SARASOTA—1311 Main St. Ringling 6-6811
TALLAHASSEE—Municipal Airport Lobby
Administration Bldg. 2-1723
TAMPA—Tampa International Airport 73-9321
405 E. LaFayette 2-3433
VENICE—Army Airfield 2-9381, 2-3442
VERO BEACH—(Letchworth Motors) 2546
U. S. #1 & Route #60 3939
WEST PALM BEACH—Palm Beach
Int'l Airport 3-9317 & 2-4155
220 Okeechobee Rd. 2-4155
WINTER HAVEN—Havendale Blvd. & U. S. 17 5-3851
WINTER PARK—210 West Fairbanks 3-2891

GEORGIA

ALBANY—219 Brown Ave. Hemlock 6-3423
ATLANTA—Municipal Airport, 971
Virginia Ave., Hapeville, Ga. Cal 0167
Fulton County Airport Plaza 8-1146
Fulton Air Service Plaza 8-5722
40 Auburn Ave. Walnut 9900
Union Railroad Terminal Plaza 41-287
Atlanta Terminal Station Plaza 41-259
212-218 Whitehall St. Cy 5581
COLUMBUS—1409 1st Ave. 3-3671
MACON—Municipal Airport 2-0031
Chandler Bldg., 154 Broadway 2-5622
Macon Terminal Station 43 PL 69
SAVANNAH—21 Bull St. 4-8256

IDAHO

BOISE—Boise Air Terminal 4-4831
808 Bannock St. (Boise Hotel) 4-5511
502 Front Street 4-4831
115 S. 11th St. 3-4611
IDAHO FALLS—Yellowstone and D Sts. 914
LEWISTON—311 Third St. 3-5343
MOSCOW—113 N. Main St. 2289
POCATELLO—Center and Garfield 1298
SUN VALLEY—Yellow Cab Co. 3311
TWIN FALLS—103 Main Ave., W. 53, 54

ILLINOIS

AURORA—32-44 Galena Blvd. 7-4291
BLOOMINGTON—901 E. Croxton Ave. 6-4770
CAIRO—Cairo Airport 61
CARBONDALE—Murdale Airport, Midwest
Aero Service, Inc. Carbondale 875
215 S. Illinois Ave. 68
CHAMPAIGN—University of Illinois Airport
Savoy, Ill.
59 E. University 6-9414 or 4756
CHICAGO—Midway Airport, Term. Bldg.
(Center of Terminal Building)
5651 S. Cicero Ave. REliance 5-7272
Meigs Field DElaware 7-7272
O'Hara Field, Franklin Park, Ill. TUxedo 9-5855
9 W. Kinzie St. DElaware 7-7272
3949 Washington Blvd. KEdzie 3-5050
3450 N. Broadway LIncoln 9-5010
6400 Wentworth Ave. WEntworth 6-4000
Cafarello Motel, 4848 W. 55th St. REliance 5-7272
Union Station, Canal, Adams & Jackson DElaware 7-7272
Dearborn St. Station, 47 W. Polk St. DElaware 7-7272
Chicago & Northwestern Depot
500 W. Madison DElaware 7-7272
Grand Central Station
Harrison & Wells DElaware 7-7272
218 S. Wabash Ave. (Nat'l Headquarters & General Offices) WEbster 9-5165
Cable address: HERTZCAR-CHICAGO
CHICAGO HEIGHTS—1130 Halsted St. SKyline 4-3300
DANVILLE—725 McReynolds Avenue Main 97
DECATUR—118 West Wood St. 2-8551
Wabash Railroad Co. 2-8551
Decatur Travel Bureau 2-8551
DIXON—908-910 South Lincoln 2-0221
HERRIN—1 N. Park Ave. 342
JOLIET—Louis Joliet Hotel (Lobby) 6-2912
KANKAKEE—280 East Merchant Street 2-7716
LINCOLN—206 S. Chicago St. 50, 73
MARION—(See Herrin, Ill.)
MOLINE—Moline Airport
1820 5th Ave. 4-6213
MURPHYSBORO—Murdale Airport Carbondale 875
1610 Walnut St. 205
PEORIA—313 Franklin St. 6-7691
QUINCY—Baldwin Municipal Airport BAldwin 2-6100
Hotel Newcomb BAldwin 2-8520
ROCK FALLS—305 West Second Street 51
ROCKFORD—217 S. Church St. 2-5511
ROCK ISLAND—(See Moline, Ill.)
SAVANNA—115 Main Street 6353
SPRINGFIELD—411 E. Jackson 8-7585
STERLING—(See Rock Falls, Ill.)
URBANA—(See Champaign, Ill.)
WAUKEGAN—626 Grand Avenue Majestic 3-2812

INDIANA

EVANSVILLE—Dress Memorial Airport 5-5959
123 N.W. Third St. 5-8633, 5-2251
FORT WAYNE—Municipal Airport
(Baer Field) Harrison 0827
235 W. Wayne St. at Webster Anthony 4495-6
Pennsylvania R. R. Station ANthony 4495
GARY—431 Virginia St. 2-2811
HAMMOND—5036 Hohman Ave. WEstmore 1-5444
INDIANAPOLIS—Weir Cook Municipal
Airport Belmont 3064
39 Kentucky Ave. Melrose 4-6464
Union Station ME 4-6464
LAFAYETTE—(See West Lafayette, Ind.)
MARION—825 South Adams Street 1100
MUNCIE—409 East Main Street 3-4439
SOUTH BEND—Bendix Field
Central 3-9649, Central 3-9333
710 N. Niles Ave. Central 3-7182
117 W. LaSalle Central 3-2197
South Shore Railroad Central 3-9333
New York Central Railroad CE 3-9333
TERRE HAUTE—1000 Wabash Ave. Crawford 5058
Union Railroad Station Crawford 5058
WEST LAFAYETTE—107-9 N. Chancey 3-1669

IOWA

AMES—Sheldon Munn Hotel Cedar 2-2439
BURLINGTON—Municipal Airport PLaza 2-7163
CEDAR RAPIDS—401 2nd S.E. 3-8402
CLINTON—617 S. 2nd St. 260
DAVENPORT—Davenport Airport 7-7748
308 E. 3rd 7-7748
DES MOINES—Municipal Airport 3-1111
550 Seventh St. 3-1111
DUBUQUE—410 W. 8th Ave. 2-1818
Roshek Bldg. 2-1818
Julian Hotel 2-1818
Medical Associates 2-1818
Bus Depot 2-1818
Burlington Depot 2-1818
Clarke College 2-1818
FORT DODGE—601 First Avenue, South 2-2511
IOWA CITY—304 Gilbert St. 9696
KEOKUK—(See Burlington, Iowa)
MASON CITY—421 North Georgia 1411
OTTUMWA—1049 W. Second St. Murray 2-6146
SIOUX CITY—Municipal Airport
1300 4th St. 2-2747
WATERLOO—Municipal Airport Adams 3-0595
2117 Falls Avenue Adams 4-4146

KANSAS

SALINA—218 N. 7th St. 6471
TOPEKA—419 Jackson St. 5-4444
WICHITA—Municipal Airport
6717 West Highway 54 WHitehall 3333-1
114 N. Emporia AMherst 7-3245
Union Station AMherst 7-3245

KENTUCKY

ASHLAND—800 Winchester Ave. East 4-1644
BOWLING GREEN—817 State St. VI 3-3503
LEXINGTON—Blue Grass Field
108 De Weese St. 2-6146
LOUISVILLE—Airport (Standiford Field)
Lobby—Lee Term. Bldg. JUniper 4-4251
Bowman Field JUniper 4-4251
657 S. 3rd St. JUniper 4-4251
Union Railroad Station JUniper 4-4251
OWENSBORO—10th & Frederica 3-4331
PADUCAH—Barkley Field
209 S. Fifth St. 2-3537

LOUISIANA

BATON ROUGE—257 W. Lafayette 4-9667
HAMMOND—201 W. Thomas St. 78
LAKE CHARLES—Calcasieu Parish Airport
Terminal Building Hemlock 6-4060
530 Broad Street Hemlock 9-9019
NEW ORLEANS—Moisant International Airport, Office in Main Bldg. 21-46436
New Orleans Airport Crescent 2990
1001 Loyola Ave. Canal 1478
Roosevelt Hotel, Lobby Raymond 9721
SHREVEPORT—Greater Shreveport Municipal Airport
Lobby, Terminal Bldg. 6-4321
218 Travis St. 2-3264-5
Chaptain Shreve Hotel Lobby 2-3264
Washington Youree Hotel
Peacock Alley 2-3264
The Shreveporter Motel 2-3264
Union Depot 2-3264

MAINE

AUGUSTA—(Shell Service Station)
173 State Street 2-0591
BANGOR—40 Pleasant St. 3781
BAR HARBOR—86-88 Cottage St. 450-1
BATH—(Gulf Service Station)
Corner Vine & Water Sts. Hilltop 3-2691
BIDDEFORD—150 Alfred St. Biddeford 3-3641
ELLSWORTH—Corner High and Main St. 8571
LEWISTON—Mobil Gas Station
Corner Bates & Main Sts. 4-5631
PORTLAND—63 Preble Street SPruce 3-6300
PRESQUE ISLE—5 Mechanic St. 2-7461
ROCKLAND—265 Main St. 511
WATERVILLE—9 College Avenue 2-5261

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE—Friendship International
Airport Linthicum 926
27 S. Charles Street (1) LExington 9-4115
Pennsylvania Railroad Station LExington 9-4115
B. & O. Camden Station LExington 9-4115
B. & O. Mt. Royal Station LExington 9-4115

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON—Logan Int'l. Airport EAst Boston 7-6868
276 St. Botolph Street COpley 7-3333
73 Providence St. COpley 7-4141
60 Park Square COpley 7-4141
222 Boylston Street COpley 7-4141
CAMBRIDGE—(See Boston, Mass.)
DORCHESTER—(See Boston, Mass.)
FITCHBURG—City Cab Co., Depot Square 5-4381
HAVERHILL—Ramsey, Inc.,
Railroad Square 4-4777
LOWELL—500 Middlesex Street 7-7370
LYNN—(See Boston, Mass.)
NEWTON—(See Boston, Mass.)
NORTHAMPTON—Northampton Hotel
Garage 3100
PITTSFIELD—Union Railroad Station 4567
SPRINGFIELD—21-27 Winter St. State 8-4428
WORCESTER—340 Main St. Pleasant 5-2412

MICHIGAN

BATTLE CREEK—22 W. Jackson Woodward 5-5161
BAY CITY—623 Saginaw St. 3-3124
BENTON HARBOR—310 East Main Street Walnut 5-0292
DETROIT—Wayne Major Airport
Inkster, Mich. WHitney 1-1911
235 E. Elizabeth St. Woodward 2-3290
Fort Street Union Depot WOodward 2-3290
ESCANABA—2501 West Ludington 2468-R
FLINT—Bishop Airport Cedar 3-7049
215-221 W. Kearsley St. Cedar 4-1665
FREELAND—Tri City Airport
Auburn, Mich. 2131
GRAND RAPIDS—Kent County Airport Glendale 4-1884
222 N. Division Glendale 4-1884
Union Depot 9-4149
HOUGHTON—401 Sheldon Ave. 700
IRON MOUNTAIN—1406 S. Stephenson Ave. 1000
IRONWOOD (Kevari's Aircraft Service)
Gogebic County Airport 1077 or 741W
JACKSON—119 Francis St. at Cortland 2-9260
KALAMAZOO—128 E. Water St. 5-2822
LANSING—Capital City Airport IVanhoe 4-1445
120 E. Ottawa IVanhoe 4-1445
MARQUETTE—112 Spring St. CA 6-2578 & CA 6-8332
MENOMINEE—(See Marinette, Wisconsin)
MIDLAND—(See Freeland, Michigan)
MUSKEGON—3rd & Western 2-2059
MUSKEGON HEIGHTS—2808 Sanford St. 3-2214
NILES—209 N. Second St. Niles 1805
SAGINAW—107 S. Water St. 3-4475
ST. JOSEPH—(See Benton Harbor, Mich.)
SAULT STE. MARIE—208 East Portage St. 28571

MINNESOTA

BEMIDJI—Third & Irvine Avenue 1910
BRAINERD—100 S. 6th St. 3366
DULUTH—Municipal Airport Randolph 6-2121
20 N. Third Ave. E. 2-1143
EAST GRAND FORKS (See Grand Forks N.D.)
GRAND RAPIDS—416 2nd Ave. W. FA 6-2659
HIBBING—101 E. Howard St. 772
INTERNATIONAL FALLS—207 3rd Ave. 419
MANKATO—107 N. 2nd St. 4571
MINNEAPOLIS—Wold-Chamberlain Airport,
Term. Bldg. Parkway 2-4554
8th St. & Hennepin Ave. Atlantic 4444
MOORHEAD—(See Fargo, N. D.)
ROCHESTER—Lobb Field 3033
16 First Ave., S.W. 3033
ST. PAUL—Wold-Chamberlain Airport,
Term. Bldg. Parkway 2-4554
308 Wabasha Capital 2-4828
WINONA—5th & Main Sts. 9804

MISSISSIPPI

BILOXI—511 West Beach 6201
COLUMBUS—13th & Main FAirfax 8-9925
GREENVILLE—327 Main St. 4661
GULFPORT—14th & 24th Ave. 9406
JACKSON—209 East Pearl Street 3-5406
130 South Mills Street 3-5406
MERIDIAN—8th St. & 22nd Ave. 4774
NATCHEZ—214 State Street 5711
STATE COLLEGE (See Columbus, Miss.)
TUPELO—Hilltop Gulf Station
Highway 45, North

MISSOURI

CAPE GIRARDEAU—225 N. Fountain St. 5-5581
JOPLIN—Municipal Airport Mayfair 3-6242
401-11 Virginia Ave. Mayfair 3-6242
KANSAS CITY—Municipal Airport BAltimore 1-8455
1217 Wyandotte St. HArrison 1-6700
615 West 11th Street HArrison 1-2033
ST. LOUIS—Municipal Airport,
(Lobby of Terminal Bldg.) PErshing 1-1707
15th St. & Delmar Blvd. GArfield 1-3131
Union Station
SPRINGFIELD—Municipal Airport 4-7642
219 North Jefferson 4-7642

MONTANA

BILLINGS—1524 1st Ave., N. 3-3637

BOZEMAN—Lynch Flying Service
Main Terminal Bldg. 290
424 E. Main St. 275
BUTTE—Municipal Airport
Butte Aero Sales and Service
226 E. Broadway 7318
CUT BANK—17 W. Main 100
GLENDIVE—203 N. Merrill Ave. EM 5-2988
GREAT FALLS—125 First Ave., North 8-8740
HELENA—1114 Breckenridge Street 5019
KALISPELL—(Shelton Charter Service) 4775
(Send Reservation to Whitefish. Mont.)
LIVINGSTON—205-213 S. Second St. 444
MILES CITY—*Municipal Airport* 808-J2
102-09 S. 7th St. 18, 19
MISSOULA—116 W. Front St. 6-6644
THREE FORKS—Main and Ash Sts. 77 or 200
WEST YELLOWSTONE—Box No. 53 2351
WHITEFISH—Flathead County Airport
Term. Bldg. 9185
15 Central Ave. 2-0101

NEBRASKA

GRAND ISLAND—Municipal Airport,
Nebraska Flying Service 2907
315 North Walnut 879
LINCOLN—1017-1023 "Q" St. 2-1037
Burlington Station 2-1037
NORTH PLATTE—*Municipal Airport*
518 North Pine 185 & 186
OMAHA—Municipal Airport Jackson 3135
202 North Nineteenth Atlantic 2200
SCOTTSBLUFF—1422 Broadway 10

NEVADA

ELKO—Municipal Airport 28-J
LAKE TAHOE—Tahoe Tavern Garage 300
LAS VEGAS—McCarren Field **Dudley 2-1655**
111 Ogden St. **Dudley 2-3767**
2308 So. 5th Street **Dudley 2-3767**
Union Pacific R. R. **Dudley 2-3767**
RENO—Municipal Airport 3-0132
160 West First St. 3-5714

NEW HAMPSHIRE

CONCORD—Yellow Cab Co.,
Railroad Square 5-3132
HANOVER—4 Allen St. 950
LEBANON—(See Hanover, N. H.)
MANCHESTER—45 Water Street 2-0087
Central Parking Lot 2-0087
NASHUA—19 High St. **Tuxedo 2-5155**
27 Brook St. **Tuxedo 2-9442**

NEW JERSEY

ASBURY PARK—331 Cookman Ave. PR 5-1515
ATLANTIC CITY—
1715-17 Pacific Ave. 4-7112
BURLINGTON—(See Trenton, N. J.)
CAMDEN—35 N. 5th St. **WO 3-0764**
ELIZABETH—380 Morris Ave.
Elizabeth 4-1114, 4-1115, 4-1116
HACKENSACK—Teterboro Airport
HAsbrouck Heights 8-9100-1
175 Essex St. **Hubbard 9-9600-1**
HOBOKEN—(Station to be opened 1956)
JERSEY CITY—82 Sip Ave.
Journal Square 3-5068, 3-5069
LAKEWOOD—244 Main St.
Lakewood 6-1345
LINDEN—(See Elizabeth, N. J.)
LONG BRANCH—248 Broadway,
***Long Branch* 6-3299**
MONTCLAIR—18-20 Lackawanna Plaza
Montclair 2-9093
NEWARK—Municipal Airport, Term. **Bldg.**
Market 3-4040
85 Plane St. **Humboldt 5-2200-01**
Pennsylvania R. R. Station
Humboldt 5-2200
NEW BRUNSWICK—*French and Bayard St.*
Kilmer 5-2322
OCEAN CITY—(See Atlantic City, N. J.)
PASSAIC—800 Main Ave.
Prescott 7-1879-80
Prescott 7-7100
PATERSON—McLean Blvd. and 10th
Avenue Circle **Mulberry 4-5338**
PHILLIPSBURG—Memorial **Parkway at**
Pickford Ave. **5-9494**
PRINCETON (See Trenton, N. J.)
RAHWAY—2105-2119 U. S. Highways
Nos. 1 and 25 Rahway 7-3411
RED BANK—Front St. & Maple Ave.
Red Bank 6-0308
RIDGEWOOD—75 Godwin Avenue
TETERBORO—(See Hackensack, N. J.)
TOMS RIVER—Main & Snyder Sts.
Toms River 8-1214
TRENTON—19 Heil Ave. EXport 2-5125
101 S. Clinton Ave. OWen 5-9097
(Across from Penn R.R. Station)
WHIPPANY—Rte. No. 10
Whippany 8-0371
WRIGHTSTOWN—**Railroad** Avenue
Raymond 7268

NEW MEXICO

ALAMOGORDO—Rocket Court 1280
ALBUQUERQUE—713 W. Central 7-1561
213 Copper Avenue, N.W.
CARLSBAD—Municipal Airport,
Term. Bldg. TUxedo 5-5236
Main & Greene Sts. TUxedo 5-6161
CLOVIS—117 E. Grand Ave. 3443
FARMINGTON—Municipal Airport, Term.
Bldg. Davis 5-9371
HOBBS—400 N. Turner 3-5343
ROSWELL—Municipal Airport Main 2-6480
SANTA FE—
***Washington* & Marcy St.** 3-6181, 3-5152

NEW YORK

ALBANY—Municipal Airport, Term. Bldg.,
Watervliet, N. Y.
72 Hudson Ave. 5-4539
AUBURN—Holder Driv-Ur-Self, Inc.
BATAVIA—12 Ellicott St. Batavia 1229
BINGHAMTON—Broome County Airport
Hotel Arlington Garage, Chenango and
Lewis Sts. 4-2401
BUFFALO—Municipal Airport, Term. Bldg.
PL. 4772
75 W. Huron St. Cleveland 6441, 6935
CROTON-ON-HUDSON—
365 Riverside Ave. Croton 1-8418
ELMIRA—853-863 *Dickinson St.* 3-5588
FREEPORT—(See Hempstead, New York)
GENEVA—Castle & Main Sts.
Geneva 2258, 2522
GLENS FALLS—Hotel Queensbury 2-8525
GREAT NECK—258-15 Northern Blvd.
Great Neck 2-1276
HARMON-ON-HUDSON
(See Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.)
HEMPSTEAD—181 N. Franklin St.
Ivanhoe 3-6229
ITHACA—(Gulf Service Station)
Albany & Seneca Sts.
JAMESTOWN—*Holder Driv-Ur-Self*
LAKE GEORGE—(See Glens Falls, N. Y.)
LAKE PLACID—Main Street & Mirror
Lake Drive Lake Placid 47
LAWRENCE—368 Central Ave.
Cedarhurst 9-4475
MASSENA—4 Center St. Rockwell 9-2475
MT. KISCO—East Main Street &
Hyatt Avenue MOunt Kisco 6-5727

NEW ROCHELLE—281 North Ave.
New Rochelle 3-9300
NEW YORK—
East Side Airlines Terminal,
38th St. & First Ave. MUrray Hill 8-7744
West Side Airlines Terminal
436 West 42nd Street LOngacre 3-4436
310 E. 48th St. MUrray Hill 8-7744
41 Vanderbilt Ave. *(Reservations only)*
MUrray Hill 8-7744
Plaza Hotel, 59th St. Entrance
Plaza 5-9481
407 E. 61st St. Plaza 5-9481
115 E. 75th St. Regent 7-2525
219 W. 77th St. Susquehanna 7-4100
Grand Central Terminal
MUrray Hill 8-7744
Pennsylvania R. R. Station
MUrray Hill 8-7744
BROOKLYN—920 *Union St.*
Nevins 8-9326
10 Clinton St. Triangle 5-3590
QUEENS—LaGuardia Airport (Adjacent to
Gate 7) Twining 8-1153
New York International Airport (Idlewild) Olympia 6-5934
70-09 Austin St., Forest Hills
Liggett 4-2042
78-02 Roosevelt Ave., Jackson Heights
Havemeyer 9-7110
BRONX—1941 *Jerome Ave.*
Cypress 9-2345
NIAGARA FALLS—125 Main Street 8531
OGDENSBURG—Holder Driv-Ur-Self, Inc.
PLATTSBURG—Court & Marion Sts. 411
POUGHKEEPSIE—11 *Raymond Ave.* 277
ROCHESTER—Airport, Hyland Flying
Service, Scottsville Rd. Genesee 7657
39 Stone St. Hamilton 0535
SARANAC LAKE—Saranac Lake Airport
SARATOGA SPRINGS (See Glen Falls, N. Y.)
SCHENECTADY—Albany Airport,
Watervliet, N. Y.
900 State St. **6-6181**
SOUTHAMPTON—50 Nugent St.
SOuthampton 1-0140
SYRACUSE—537 S. Warren St. 74-6578
TROY—Albany Airport, Watervliet, N. Y.
Ashley 2-3142
2329—6th Ave. **Ashley 2-3142**
UTICA—62-64-66 N. **Genesee St. 5-1133**
WATERTOWN—219 *Franklin St.* **300**
WHITE PLAINS—268 Westchester Ave.
8-3024
YONKERS—12 Hudson St. **Yonkers 5-0411**

NORTH CAROLINA

ASHEVILLE—Haywood and Page 7754
***CHAPEL HILL*—Cor. Franklin &**
Columbia Sts. **8458**
CHARLOTTE—Douglas Municipal Airport,
Term. Bldg. 7-5579
435 W. Trade St. EDison 3-9160
DURHAM—Raleigh-Durham Airport,
Terminal Bldg. 4-5862
Cor. Cleveland & Liberty 4993-4
FAYETTEVILLE—100 *Green St.* 3-0469
GREENSBORO—Greensboro High Point
Airport Terminal Bldg. 4-7101
250 East Market St. 4-7101
HICKORY—Municipal Airport
Terminal Bldg. 3-6366
127 - 33rd St., S.W. 3-6366
HIGH POINT—Greensboro High Point
Airport Terminal Bldg.
Greensboro 4-7101
117 S. **Wrenn** St. 7975
RALEIGH—Raleigh-Durham Airport,
Terminal **Bldg.** 4-0704
609 Fayetteville St. 4-0702
WILMINGTON—New Hanover Terminal
Airport Bldg., **300 North 3rd St.** 4144
WINSTON-SALEM—Smith Reynolds Airport
2-9134
Corner 5th and **Spruce Sts.** 4-6559

NORTH DAKOTA

BISMARCK—323 - 4th Ave. 57
FARGO—Hector Airport 2-7115
723 N. P. Ave. 2-7115
GRAND FORKS—**University at 3rd** 4-4264
MINOT—24 N. Main St. 4-1104

OHIO

AKRON—*Akron-Canton Airport*
Canton 9-7836
Akron Municipal Airport
Stadium 4-1211
61 S. High St. Jefferson 5-5050
Union R. R. Station Je 5-5050
Sheraton-Mayflower Hotel Je 5-5050
Howe Hotel Je 5-5050
Portage Hotel Je 5-5050
CANTON—Akron-Canton Airport
HYacinth 9-7836
210 Walnut Ave., N.E. GLendale 6-8161
Onesta Hotel GL 6-8161
St. Francis Hotel GL 6-8161
Belden Hotel GL 6-8161
Penn R. R. Station GL 6-8161
CHILLICOTHE—171 Bridge St. 6396
CINCINNATI—Greater Cincinnati Airport
Boone County, Ky. **Dixie 1-8080**
Lunken Airport **EA 1-7711**
1130 Sycamore St. **Cherry 1-8079**
Sinton Hotel Cherry 1-8079
Union Station—Main Lobby CH 1-4410
CLEVELAND—Cleveland-Hopkins Airport
ORchard 1-4400
1790 E. 11th St. **CHerry 1-4400**
1906 E. 40th St. (Trucks & Main
Office) EXpress 1-0188
Union Terminal Concourse CH 1-4570
Pennsylvania Railroad Station
55th & Euclid **EXpress 1-0189**
COLUMBUS—Airport—Administration Bldg.
Douglas 6063
84 N. Front St. *CApitol* 1-4949
88 North Front Street CApitol 8-4507
Union Depot CApitol 1-4949
COSHOCTON—235½ S. 5th St.
2271, 3254
DAYTON—*Municipal* Airport, Lobby,
Term. Bldg. Mo 4-5961
117 W. 2nd St. Hemlock 6301
Dayton Union Railway *Hemlock* 6301
DELAWARE—11 Spring St. 2-2432
DOVER—(See New Philadelphia, Ohio)
ELYRIA—372 Broad Street Elyria 3385
Greystone Hotel Elyria 3483
JACKSON—(See Waverly, Ohio)
LIMA—Municipal Airport, Aviation Corp.
RFD No. 4 8-9341
125 W. North St. 9-8266
MANSFIELD—29 S. Walnut St. 3474-6
Pennsylvania R. R. Station 3474-6
MARIETTA—Cor. 2nd & St. Clair Sts.
Marietta 1652
MARION—*170 E. Center St.* 2-9973
MASSILLON—219 Lincolnway, E. 2-0126
NEWARK—Cor. 5th & Church Sts.
FAirfax 9-0871
NEW PHILADELPHIA—1st Drive & Allen
Lane, S.W. 4-2316, 4-2945
PORTSMOUTH—915 Waller Street
Elmwood 3-7040
SPRINGFIELD—27 N. Fisher St. 3-9611
TOLEDO—Toledo Express Airport
LU-7-2475
410 Jefferson Avenue CHerry 4-3747
Toledo Union Terminal CH 4-3747
Pennsylvania Station CH 4-3747

WARREN—Municipal Airport
Youngstown Airways, Inc.
Warren 3400-1
345 High St. 5-2177
WAVERLY—Emmitt & Clough Sts.
Waverly 9367
YOUNGSTOWN—Municipal Airport
Liberty 5-6417
Youngstown Airways, Inc.
Warren 3400-1
326 W. Boardman St. 4-5007

OKLAHOMA

ENID—216 West Maple ADams 4-6165
OKLAHOMA CITY—Municipal Airport
Melrose 4-4437
6 W. Main St. Central 2-3104
Union Depot Central 2-3104
Santa Fe Terminal Central 2-3104
Downtown Airpark Central 2-3104
TULSA—Municipal Airport Temple 5-9569
601 S. Boulder Ave. CHerry 2-8151
Union Depot CH 2-8151
Alvin Plaza Hotel GI 7-7181

OREGON

EUGENE—495 W. 7th 5-4257
KLAMATH FALLS—927 *Klamath Ave.* 2-1234
MEDFORD—Municipal Airport 3-4293
29 S. Bartlett 2-2395
PENDLETON—Temple Hotel Garage 108
PORTLAND—Portland Int'l Airport
5720 *Northeast Marine Drive*
Atlantic 2-3000
Portland-Troutdale Airport
Lincoln 5581
1225 S.W. 12th Ave. Capitol 2-9696-7-8
SALEM—195 S. **Commercial St.** **4-1451**
Southern Pacific Depot **4-1451**

PENNSYLVANIA

ALLENTOWN—421 Linden St.
Hemlock 4-6385
ALTOONA—Blair **County Airport,**
Martinsburg. Pa. **Altoona 3-7388**
1020 Green Ave. **Altoona 2-3200**
Pennsylvania **Railroad Station**
Altoona 2-3200
BRADFORD—356 W. Washington St. Ext.
9360
BRISTOL—4th Ave., U.S. Rt. 13 St. 8-4321
CARBONDALE—Main St. & *Lincoln Ave.*
2382
CARLISLE—288 E. High St. 559
CHAMBERSBURG—S. Main St. Extension
1241, 1225
CHARLEROI—15 McKean Ave.
Hudson 3-7113
CHESTER—1125-31 Edgemont Ave.
Chester 4-2248
EASTON—(See Phillipsburg, N. J.)
ERIE—Erie Airport—12th & Asbury Rd.
3-1109
117 W. 10th St. 4-6486
GREENSBURG—*Latrobe* Airport
624-632 S. Main St. 384
HARRISBURG—131 S. 3rd St. CEdar 3-4576
JOHNSTOWN—315 Bedford St. 5-2211
LANCASTER—223 Queen St. N. 3-5846
Pennsylvania R. R. Station 3-5846
McKEESPORT—5th Ave. & Huey St.
Orchard 2-6145
MT. POCONO—*(See Stroudsburg, Pa.)*
NEW CASTLE—125 W. Grant St. 5130
NORRISTOWN—300 W. Elm St. 8-8450-1
PHILADELPHIA—International Airport
Saratoga 7-9988
North Philadelphia Airport
ORchard 3-3347
1301 Race St. Rittenhouse 6-6065
1616 *Hunting* Park Ave. *(Near N.*
Phila., R.R. Sta.)
Gladstone 5-8080 & 5-6400
Robinson Auto Rental, Inc.
229 S. Hanson St. Sherwood 8-1500
No. Philadelphia Penn. R. R. Station
BAldwin 3-7101
Pennsylvania Railroad 30th St. Station
Rittenhouse 6-6065
Baltimore & Ohio R.R. Station
Rittenhouse 6-6065
PHILIPSBURG—*Black Moshannon Airport*
Philipsburg 6-R-4
PITTSBURGH—Greater Pittsburgh Airport
Amhurst 4-5515
County Airport
Homestead 1-6800, 1-4300
631 Stanwix St. Grant 1-5050
20 Tunnel St. Atlantic 1-4838
1127 Western Ave. Allegheny 1-7180
450 Melwood St.
Mayflower 1-0333-4-5-6
READING—235 N. 4th St. 3-5201
SCRANTON—Wilkes-Barre-Scranton Airport
Avoca, Pa. GL 7-5980
311 N. Washington Diamond 3-1414
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western R.R.
Station DI 3-1414
SHARON—Sharon Airport 2-0610
Budd Ave. 5508
Kimberly St. 2-6881
STATE COLLEGE—(See Altoona and
Philipsburg)
STROUDSBURG—Main & William Sts.
Stroudsburg 9181
WEST CHESTER—High & Chestnut Sts.
West Chester 9856
WILKES-BARRE—Wilkes-Barre-Scranton
Airport, Avoca, Pa. **OL 5-1161**
150 N. Main St. **VA 3-4223**

RHODE ISLAND

PAWTUCKET—18 Goff Street **PA 3-3700**
PROVIDENCE—Rhode Island State **Airport**
Hillsgrove **1-1968**
1 Dorrance Street Gaspee **1-0555**
WESTERLY—*N. Y., N. H. & H. Railroad*
Station WE 2166
WOONSOCKET—664 Front St. 5000

SOUTH CAROLINA

CHARLESTON—Municipal Airport
157 Meeting Street 3-4522
141 Calhoun St.
COLUMBIA—*Columbia Airport;* 4-8939
Lobby, Wade Hampton Hotel 4-8939
GREENVILLE—Municipal Airport
236 W. Washington St. 3-8178

SOUTH DAKOTA

ABERDEEN—Municipal Airport
23 Third St. 3996
HURON—356 Dakota Ave., South 6440
PIERRE—202 E. Capitol St. 622
RAPID CITY—325 West Blvd.
Fillmore 2-7350
SIOUX FALLS—Municipal Airport
320 S. First Ave. 2-3141
WATERTOWN—115-10th Ave., N.W. 2417

TENNESSEE

BRISTOL—Tri-Cities Airport
Lobby, Hotel General Shelby
North 2188
CHATTANOOGA—Municipal Airport 9-6612
119 E. 9th St. 7-6528
JACKSON—107 Main St. 7-3311
JOHNSON CITY—Tri-Cities Airport
906 Claibourne Ave. 2779
KINGSPORT—Tri-Cities Airport
KNOXVILLE—*Knoxville Municipal Airport*
3-0378
703 S. Gay St. 3-6183

MEMPHIS—*Airport Term.* WH 2-5061
110 S. 2nd St. (Adjacent to Peabody
Hotel) 37-6326
Hotel King Cotton 83 PL 136
Hotel Claridge 83 PL 133
Union R.R. Station 83 PL 5
Ill. Central R.R. Station 83 PL 134
NASHVILLE—Municipal Airport 5-7361
221 McLemore St. 5-5618
175—8th Ave., N. 6-8123
OAK RIDGE—Oakridge Turnpike 5-7664

TEXAS

ABILENE—442 Walnut Street 45258
AMARILLO—Municipal Airport DRake 6-6686
509 Pierce DRake 6-8173
Herring Hotel DR 6-8173
AUSTIN—Municipal Airport 53-4953
110 E. 7th St. 53-4953
BEAUMONT—*Jefferson County Airport*
4-3052
BROWNSVILLE—International Airport
8th & E. Levee Sts. 2-3561, 2-3914
CORPUS CHRISTI—Municipal Airport, Lobby
Term. Bldg.
706 North Carancahua St. TU-4-6580
DALLAS—
Love Field Airport Dixon 2621
Amon Carter Field Andrew 2-2447
1326 Commerce St. (Adolphus Garage)
Randolph 7800
Union Station Randolph 7800
EL PASO—International Airport,
Term. Bldg. 2-6044
400 N. Mesa Ave. 3-3798
FT. WORTH—*Greater Ft. Worth Int. Airport*
(Amon Carter Field) Main Bldg.
ATlas 4-2593
Love Field Airport **Dixon 2621**
809 Commerce St. (Biltmore Garage)
Fortune 2326-7
Texas Hotel **Fortune 2326**
Hilton Hotel Fortune 2326
Texas & Pacific Railroad Fortune 2326
HARLINGEN—1000 W. Harrison 3800
HOUSTON—Municipal Airport
OLive 4-1580 & 4-1331
1919 San Jacinto CApitol 8-9583-4-5
Shamrock Hotel Garage MOhawk 5-5702
Ben Milam Hotel Garage CApitol 2-1510
Union Station 114
Southern Pacific 431
KERRVILLE—Schriener Field
700 Water St. 64
LUBBOCK—Municipal Airport
1313 Main St. POrter 3-4747
McALLEN—1621 W. Highway 6-7411
MIDLAND—Midland Mun. *Airport No. 1*
4-4001
Midland-Odessa Air Terminal 6-4032
Scharbauer Hotel Lobby 2-8645
ODESSA—Midland-Odessa Air Term.
Airport Office 6-4032
ORANGE—(See Beaumont, Texas)
PORT ARTHUR—(See Beaumont, Texas)
SAN ANGELO—Municipal Airport 4484
Twohig and Oakes 4484
SAN ANTONIO—International Airport
Lobby Terminal Bldg. TA 6-6561
230 Nacogdoches St. 3-6693
Plaza Hotel Garage, Corner of Villita St.
and Dwyer Ave. BElmont 2-8122
TERMINAL—See Midland-Odessa
WICHITA FALLS—*Municipal Airport* 3-2280
903-8th St. 3-2280

UTAH

CEDAR CITY—Municipal Airport 657
198 N. Main St. 476
LOGAN—Logan Cache Airport
Valley Airmotive, Inc. 651-W, 2113
MOAB—Moab Airport
(Byrd Aviation Co.) 20-R-2
OGDEN—1970 Washington Blvd. 4-8511
Union Pacific R. R. Station 4-8511
PRICE—Carbon Airport
Carbon Emery Flying Service 083-R2
304 East Main 909
PROVO—175 N. 1st W. FRanklin 3-9500
SALT LAKE CITY—*Municipal Airport*
Administration Bldg. Lobby
Elgin 9-4904
449 S. Main St. EMpire 4-5050
Union Pacific Station EMpire 4-5050
D. & R. G.—W. P. Empire 4-5050
VERNAL—Municipal Airport 480W

VERMONT

BURLINGTON—Municipal Airport 2-3102
Central Terminal 4-6811
MONTPELIER—107 State St. CA 3-9035
Central Vt. R.R. Station CA 3-5292
RUTLAND—122 Merchants Row
Prospect 3-2774
WHITE RIVER JCT.—Cities Service Station
West Lebanon 1156

VIRGINIA

BRISTOL—Tri-Cities Airport;
Lobby, Hotel General Shelby North 2188
CHARLOTTESVILLE—*Preston Ave. at 9th*
2-8191
DANVILLE—544 Patton Street 4011
LYNCHBURG—Lynchburg Airport 7-2424
NEWPORT NEWS—Patrick Henry Airport
8-2436
4500 Virginia Ave. 4-4114
NORFOLK—Municipal Airport Lowel 3-0709
204-210 Boush St. MAdison 2-1019
PETERSBURG—104-110 W. Bank St.
Regent 2-9845
RICHMOND—Richmond Byrd Airport
97-2040
107 N. Sixth St. 2-1800
Broad Street Railroad Station 2-1800
Main Street Station 2-1800
ROANOKE*—*Municipal Airport
Woodrum Field 4-7611
111 Commonwealth Ave., N.E. 7532
WILLIAMSBURG—Williamsburg
Restoration, Inc. 330
WINCHESTER—210 N. Loudon St. 3848

WASHINGTON

ABERDEEN—*201 West Wishkah St.*
Aberdeen 2666
BELLINGHAM—1200 Cornwall Ave. 764
ELLENSBURG—8th and Main Sts. 5-5444
EPHRATA—(Stiltner's Shell Service) 228
HOQUIAM—*(See Aberdeen, Wash.)*
MOSES LAKE—Broadway and Alder Sts.
Rockwell 5-4033
OLYMPIA 618 S. Columbia St. 5733
PASCO 609 W. Lewis 9085
PORT ANGELES—107 E. Front St. 3585
PULLMAN Grand & Olson Sts. 8511
RICHLAND Desert Inn 7-3360
SEATTLE Seattle-Tacoma International
Airport (Lobby) CHerry 2020
1413 - 7th Ave. MUtual 5050
King Street Station MUtual 5050
Union Station MUtual 5050
SPOKANE *Municipal Airport*
Geiger Field RIverside 2777
1103 W. Sprague Ave. RIverside 2777
TACOMA—Seattle-Tacoma International
Airport Cherry 2020
714 Broadway Market 8165
Union Pacific Depot Market 8165
WALLA WALLA—20 E. Alder St. 130
WENATCHEE—*1st & Columbia Sts.*
NOrmandie 2-5520
YAKIMA—132 North First St. 2-9965

WEST VIRGINIA

BLUEFIELD—Mercer County Airport,
Terminal Bldg. 8901
Scott St. 8901
CHARLESTON—Kanawha County Airport,
Term. Bldg. 6-4134, 3-7679
220 Virginia St., W. 3-7679
CLARKSBURG—440 West Main St. 4-7751
HUNTINGTON—Tri-State Airport 7161
915-6th Ave. 7161
PARKERSBURG—Wood County Airport
Terminal Bldg. GArfield 2-6427
614 Juliana St. GArfield 2-6427
WHEELING—Wheeling Ohio County
Airport 1693
2110 Main St. 1693
WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS—
Greenbrier Hotel, Box 200B
110 Extension 54

WISCONSIN

APPLETON—112 W. Washington St. 3-1381
BOULDER JUNCTION—Boulder Junction
Airport (Open May 1 to October 31) 202
3-1381
EAGLE RIVER—Richmond Standard
Service 388
EAU CLAIRE—505 S. Dewey St. 2-3493
FOND DU LAC—Merrill & Main Sts. 472
GREEN BAY—Austin Straubel Field
Hemlock 7-5494
311 N. Monroe Hemlock 5-7469
HURLEY—(See Ironwood, Mich.)
KENOSHA—5313 - 13th Ave.
OLympic 7-3141
LA CROSSE—Fourth and King Sts. 2-7100
MADISON—313 W. Johnson St.
Alpine 5-4577
MANITOWOC—8th and **Chicago Sts. 8744**
MARINETTE—450 **Bridge St. 2-3334-5**
MILWAUKEE—**Milwaukee County Airport**
Mitchell Field **SH 4-3413**
Curtis Wright **Airport HOpkins 1-3222**
1001 N. Jefferson **BRoadway 1-1147**
710 N. 5th St. **BRoadway 6-8692**
Chicago & Northwestern **Railway**
Depot BRoadway 1-1147
Milwaukee Road Depot BRoadway 1-1147
Northshore Ry. Depot BRoadway 6-8692
Medford Hotel BRoadway 6-8692
Plankinton Hotel BRoadway 1-1147
Pfister Hotel BRoadway 1-1147
MINOCQUA—(See Woodruff)
OSHKOSH—Main and Polk Sts.
Blackhawk 3842
PRAIRIE DU CHIEN—123-127 S. Beaumont
Rd. 26
RHINELANDER—120 S. Brown St. 798
SHEBOYGAN—*Corner 9th & St. Clair* 7077
STEVENS POINT—115 Church St. 2825-6
STURGEON BAY—15 S. Third Ave. 950
SUPERIOR—1226-39 Ogden Ave.
Export 4-4409
WAUSAU—530 Washington St. 5855
WOODRUFF—Arbor Vitae Airport 9333

WYOMING

CASPER—200 W. 1st St. **2-0923**
CHEYENNE—Municipal Airport **2-3366**
415 W. 16th St. **8-8601**
Plains Hotel **3-3323**
CODY—1125 - 13th St. **971**
JACKSON—Jackson Airport — **026J12, 234M**
Francis Standard **Service,**
P.O. Box 557 **380**
LARAMIE—**Municipal Airport** **3566**
100 S. 3rd St. **2918**
MORAN—Jackson **Lake Lodge** **2231**
NEWCASTLE—*Main* **& Summit** **61**
POWELL—**Okay Chevrolet Company**
P.O. Box 270 **348**
RIVERTON—108 N. Third East **800**
ROCK SPRINGS—110 Elk St. **EM 2-5351**
SHERIDAN—30 N. **Brooks St.** **75**
WORLAND—300 Culbertson **242-J**

CANADA

ALBERTA

CALGARY—113 - **7th Ave., E.** **2-1030**
DRUMHELLER—Excelsior Motors **450**
EDMONTON—10341 - 106th St. 2-5262
MacDonald Hotel Office
No. 3 Ground Floor 4-2514
LETHBRIDGE—1234 - 3rd Ave., S. 4038
RED DEER—5073 - 43rd St. 2503

BRITISH COLUMBIA

CRANBROOK—Cranbrook Airport
145 S. 8th Ave. Jupiter 6-4644
KAMLOOPS—465 Victoria St. 1200
NANAIMO—Island Motors and Supply Bldg.,
Terminal Ave. 320
PENTICTON—2 Front St.
Day—4245-4156, Night—5747-2165
PRINCE GEORGE—487 George St. 377
QUALICUM BEACH—**Qualicum Beach Garage**
TRAIL—1299 Bay St. 286
VANCOUVER—Vancouver International
Airport Richmond 0646
1148 West Georgia Street Pacific 4922
VICTORIA—Patricia **Bay Airport,**
Sidney, B. C. **Sidney 192**
927 Douglas 4-5511
800 Douglas St. 4-4423

MANITOBA

BRANDON—11th and Rosser 4464
WINNIPEG—Municipal **Airport**
174 Lombard St. 936-249, 927-555
Royal Alexandria Hotel 936-249
St. Regis Hotel 936-249
C. P. R. Station 927-555

NEW BRUNSWICK

FREDERICTON—*Embledon Bros.*
Woodstock Rd. 9039
LANCASTER—(See Saint John, N. B.)
MONCTON—1677 W. Main Street
4-7348, 4-5418
SAINT JOHN—20 Smythe St. 3-3634

NEWFOUNDLAND

SAINT JOHN'S—115-119 Duckworth St.
4847
Newfoundland Hotel Lobby 5623

NOVA SCOTIA

GLACE BAY—(See Sydney, N. S.)
HALIFAX—Top of Blower's St. 3-9311
Canadian National R.R. Station 3-9311
NEW GLASGOW—216 Stellarton Road
2-6141
NEW WATERFORD (See Sydney)
NORTH SYDNEY (See Sydney)
SYDNEY—191 *Argyle St.* 6472, 5066
SYDNEY MINE (See Sydney)
WINDSOR—Stannas St. 3307
YARMOUTH—Yarmouth Airport 1097
Hillcrest Motors, Ltd., Main St. 1097

ONTARIO

ANSONVILLE—Lornie's Taxi 63
BELLEVILLE 200 Front Street WO 2-2650
BRACEBRIDGE—Manitoba St. 103

BRANTFORD—257-259 Colborne St.
3-2959
CHATHAM—80 William St., S. 2580
COBOURG—377 William St., East 28
DRYDEN—59 King St. 65
FORT FRANCES—265 Scott St. 508
FORT WILLIAM—*May and Myles St.* 3-7411
GUELPH—101 Macdonnell St. 5350
HAMILTON—193 King St., West
Jackson 9-8171-2
KAUPUSKASING—75 Dominion Ave. 793-W
KENORA—*221 Main St.* 9443
KIRKLAND LAKE—151 Government Rd., W.
177
KITCHENER—73-75 Frederick St. 2-3400
LONDON—345 Dundas St. 4-5283
NIAGARA FALLS—791 Victoria Ave. 840
NORTH BAY—113 Main St., E. 101
OSHAWA—143 King St., East 5-3541
OTTAWA—Cor. O'Conner & Slater Sts.
4-5094
Union Station 4-5094
PETERBORO—203 King St. 2-0419
PORT ARTHUR—76 N. Cumberland St.
5-5615
PORT HOPE (See Cobourg, Ontario)
ST. CATHARINES—77 Geneva St.
MU 2-8695
SARNIA—Corner Front & Exmouth St.
ED 7-2381
SAULT STE. MARIE—844 Queen St. E.
AI-3-5111
SUDBURY—*813 Copper Cliff Road*
Osborne 4-4975
THOROLD—(See St. Catharines, Ontario)
TIMMINS—241 Pine St., S. 2035, 2036
TORONTO—Malton Airport CHerry 1-9347
25 Dundas St., W. EMpire 4-4101
2378 Yonge St. HUdson 9-1881
Union Station EMpire 4-2615
Gray Coach Lines Ltd. *Terminal*
EMpire 4-4101
Ford Hotel EMpire 4-4101
WATERLOO—(See Kitchener, Ont.)
WELLAND—64 Niagara St. 3317
WINDSOR—196 **Park St. West**
Clearwater 4-7212
WOODSTOCK—**47 Norwich Ave.** 2216 W

QUEBEC

MONTREAL—*Dorval Airport*
Peel-Windsor Garage
Dominion Square Building UN 6-3415
QUEBEC—Airport (Ancienne Lorette)
571 First Ave. 4-2200

SASKATCHEWAN

MOOSE JAW—
Caribou & First, N. W. 3545
REGINA—1864 Broad St. 6633
SWIFT CURRENT—151 First Ave., E. 4381

ALASKA

ANCHORAGE—*5th Ave.* and "I" St.
22201, 22211
FAIRBANKS—Third & Wickersham 4004
KODIAK—Mission Road 3081

MEXICO

ACAPULCO—Calazda M. Aleman 167
GUADALAJARA—Fenix Hotel, lobby 1-89
MEXICO, D.F.—Municipal Airport 22-48-42
Colon 33 21-26-79
Reforma 26 13-56-44
TIJUANA, B. C.—Calle Segunda y
Avenida Madero 13-70

HAWAII

HILO, HAWAII—Big Island U Drive 3185
HONOLULU, OAHU—Honolulu International
Airport, 2400 Kalakaua 9-5221
LIHUE, KAUAI—Achor's Kauai Motor
Tours 2931
WAILUKU, MAUI—Paschoal's Gray Line
Motor Tours 32-3162

NEW ZEALAND

AUCKLAND—22 Wakefield St. 44-085
18 Clarence St. 71-608
CHRISTCHURCH—92 Gloucester St. 65-479
NELSON—Achilles Ave. 3789
WELLINGTON—10 ***Egmont* St. 52-238**

CUBA

HAVANA—Calle 23 esq. a 0
Vedado U-8837

HAITI, W. I.

PORT-AU-PRINCE—16 Rue Eugene Bourjolly 3742, 3731

PUERTO RICO

SAN JUAN—Lobby, Normandie Hotel
(Main Office) 2-0404, 2-1575
Condado Beach Hotel (Puerto Rico
Tour, Inc.)

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

KINGSTON—83 Harbour St. 3041

VIRGIN ISLANDS

ST. CROIX—9 *King St.*, Frederiksted 89

ENGLAND

LONDON—7 Eccleston St. Sloane 0022
Victoria, S.W. 1

IRELAND

COBH—(See Cork, Ireland)
CORK—Clontarl Street 21825
DUBLIN—Collinstown Airport 46851
Ex 267
Haddington Rd., Baggot St. Bridge
62005, 69492
LIMERICK—*Shannon Airport*
62 O'Connell St. 266

FRANCE

CANNES—(See Nice, France)
MONTE CARLO—*(See Nice, France)*
NICE—10, Avenue Cyrille-Besset 819-97
PARIS—99-101 Avenue de Neuilly
Neuilly, s/Seine Sablons 98-13

BELGIUM

ANTWERP—104, rue Haringrode 39. 39. 80
Cable address—Behermdrive—Antwerp
BRUSSELS 96, rue de Livourne 37.28.29
20 a 68, rue de Hennin 48.65.70
Cable address: BEHERMDRIVE—Brussels

HOLLAND

AMSTERDAM—7 *Lodewijk Boisot St.* 82103
Cable Address: Kroehulscar—Amsterdam

SWITZERLAND

GENEVA—11, Rue Mont-Blanc 32 81 23
Cable: Swissrentcar
LUCERNE—Horwerstrass 81 2 75 55
Cable Address: HERTZCARS—Zurich
ZURICH—Zurich Airport 93 74 71
Ext. 27.20
Muellerstr.12 23 66 66
Cable Address: WELTIFURER—Zurich

ITALY

ROME—E.T.A.—Via Sicilia 36-38 485-054

48 STATES

By WALTER DAVENPORT

While we've been trudging up and down these 48 hunting States of Mind, ran into a Milwaukee gentleman who told us that the son of a friend of his wanted to mail a letter but had only a six-cent stamp. Son tore six-cent stamp in half and stuck half on the letter and popped it into the box. It didn't work, but the postmaster said: "When the youth of America quits taking chances, this country will be in a bad way."

* * *

Lest you think the book-selling business is in a bad state, let us tell you something. To keep our intellectual self well nurtured, we dropped in at Orr's College Hill Book Store in Wichita, Kansas, for a travel-reading whodunit. Learned that the till had been robbed of $10,000. That's a lot of books even if they don't get read.

* * *

This thousand-mile shirt we've been roaming in has just finished its nine hundred and ninety-second mile. We aim to keep it working until we get to Little Rock, Arkansas, where there's a movie house with automatic washing machines downstairs. There we shall relax with Marilyn Monroe while reviving our linen.

* * *

Only the footsore wanderer knows what a comfort it is to arrive in Richwood, West Virginia, take off his shoes and lie back with the News Leader. All the news a man should know, and all clearly labeled. For example, reports of the latest weddings under the caption: "They Think Two Can Live as Cheap as One."

IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

After we and our seatmate in the plane over Oklahoma had discussed the political situation groggy, we told each other how much better meteorologists we were than the weatherman and exchanged a few dignified opinions about the plane hostess. Then we turned to the subject of divorce. "Mighty strange to me," said he, "that there ain't more divorces, considering the mind of people who get married."

* * *

Picking up the Seattle (Washington) Post-Intelligencer we find a spirited story about a lot of new laws the legislature thought up. One of these new laws, the paper says, "boosts the *lethal* speed limit from 50 to 60 miles an hour." This, presumably, so that the guy you hit won't suffer so long.

* * *

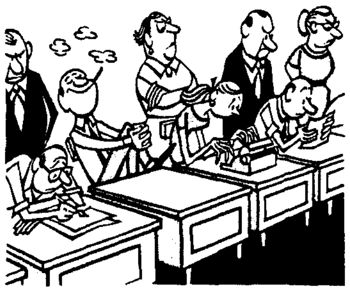
This, we are informed by the usually reliable Mr. Abe Charger, happened in St. Louis, Missouri. The lady's dog had tonsillitis. The vet so diagnosed it, anyway, while giving her a bottle of something and a few throat swabs to be used morning and night on the pooch. That evening she called him up. Said the dog objected to throat swabbing and could he please prescribe a good gargle instead.

* * *

In Spokane, Washington, Dorothy Powers of the Spokesman-Review told us that an FBI agent sought to cash a check in a local bank. He showed the lady teller his government credentials and backed them up with a sheaf of letters and identifying documents. Lady teller was not impressed. "May I see your driver's license?" she asked.

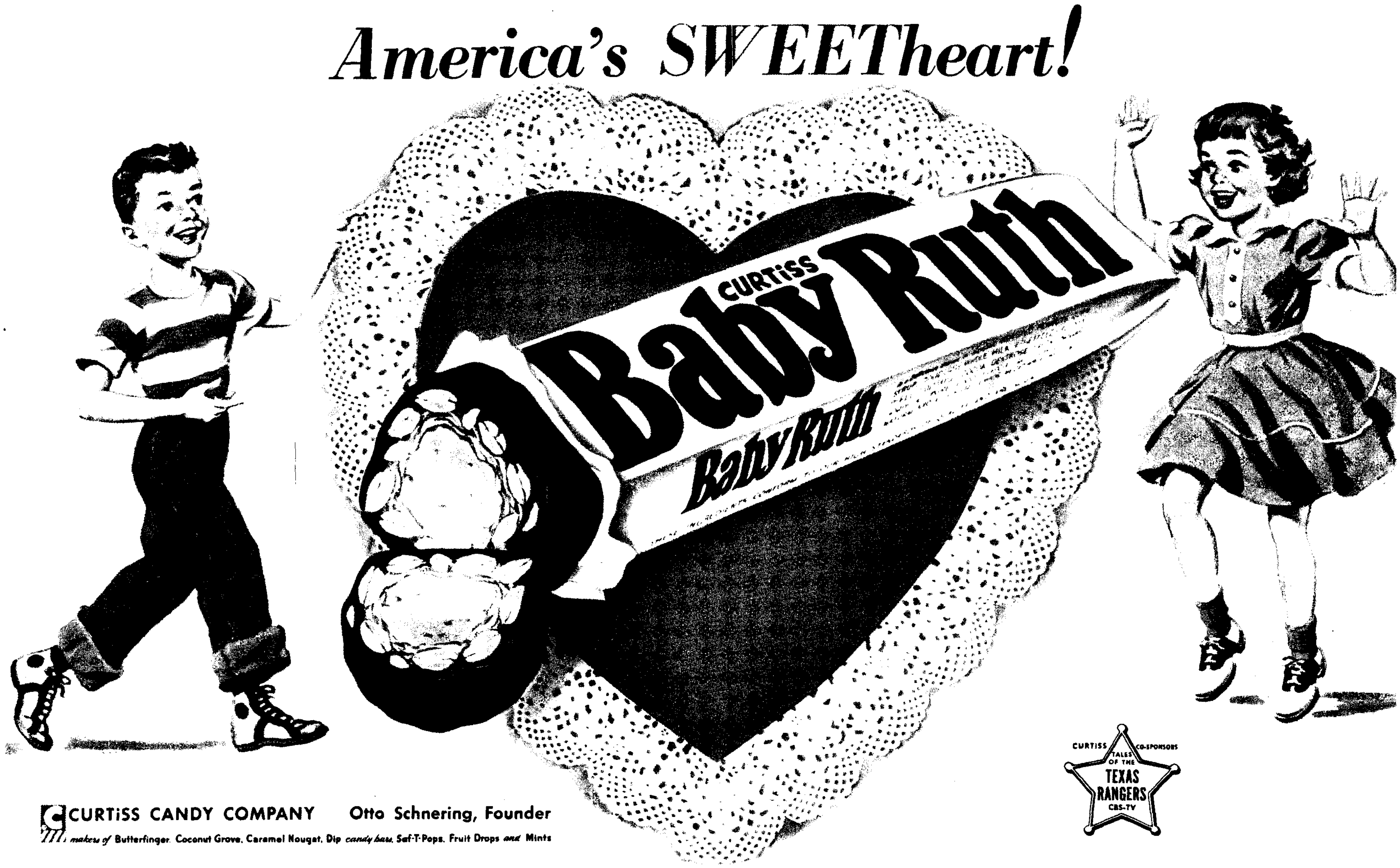
* * *

Fellow named Rad Jones was telling us in Portland, Oregon, that Mr. Herbert Hoover had ample right to be shocked by what he found in Bureauburg (Washington), D.C. It seems one of his investigators reported that he'd found one office in which 25 people were working under the direction of 24 supervisors. Said Mr. Hoover mildly: "Which supervisor was missing?"



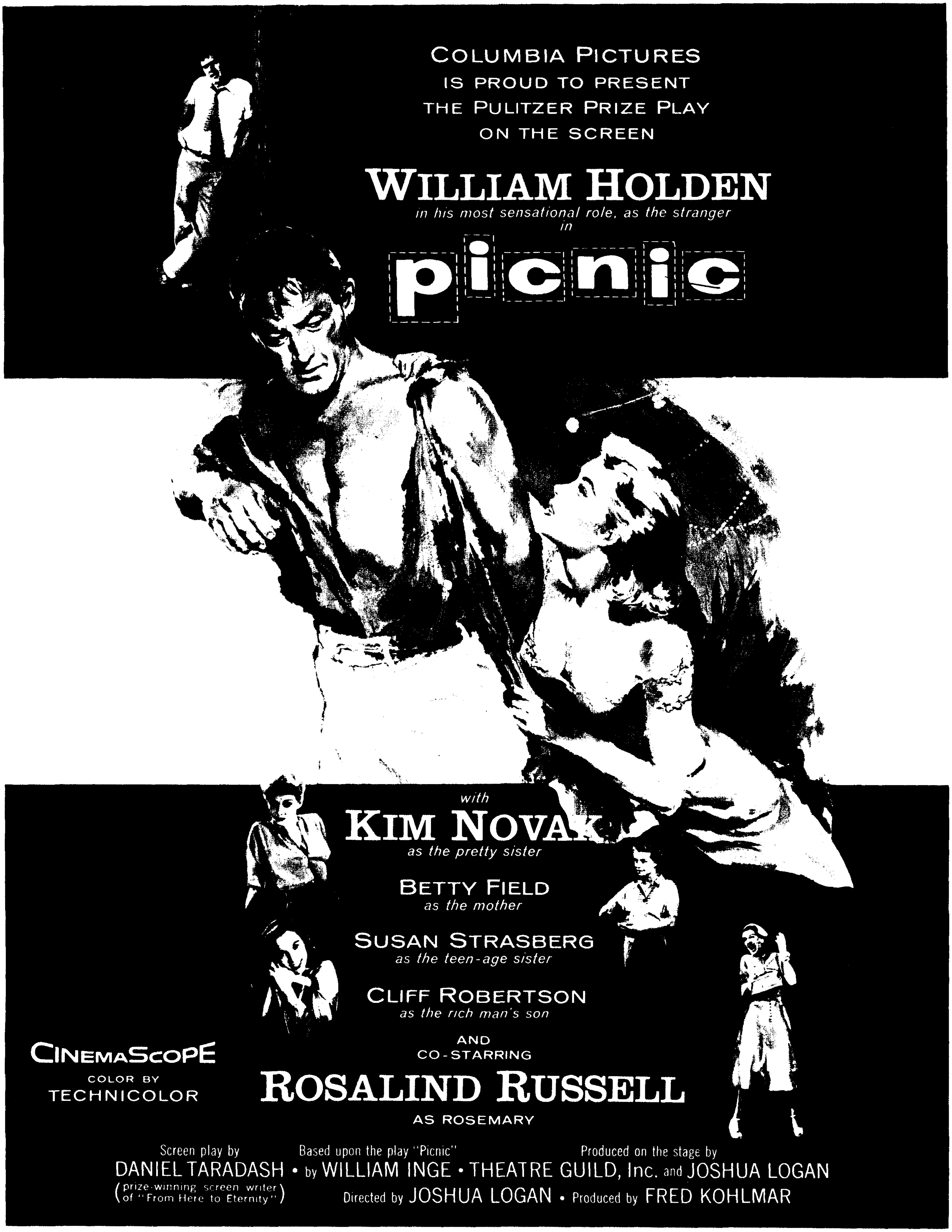
* * *

Didn't pause long enough in Pendleton, Oregon, to satisfy a burning yearning of ours. In Pendleton you pull up at the curb at the Temple Hotel, push a button and simper into a TV apparatus and you're on the air at least as far as the room clerk's desk. He sees you, hears you, tells you if there is a room for you. Don't have to get out of your car—unless he says, "Come in." Anyway, you can tell them back home that you've been on TV.



CURTISS CANDY COMPANY Otto Schnering, Founder
makers of Butterfinger, Coconut Grove, Caramel Nougat, Dip *candy bars*, Saf-T-Pops, Fruit Drops *and* Mints

CURTISS CO-SPONSORS TALES OF THE TEXAS RANGERS CBS-TV



COLUMBIA PICTURES
IS PROUD TO PRESENT
THE PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
ON THE SCREEN

WILLIAM HOLDEN
in his most sensational role, as the stranger
in

picnic

with
KIM NOVAK
as the pretty sister

BETTY FIELD
as the mother

SUSAN STRASBERG
as the teen-age sister

CLIFF ROBERTSON
as the rich man's son

AND
CO-STARRING
ROSALIND RUSSELL
AS ROSEMARY

CINEMASCOPE
COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

Screen play by DANIEL TARADASH (prize-winning screen writer of "From Here to Eternity") • Based upon the play "Picnic" by WILLIAM INGE • Produced on the stage by THEATRE GUILD, Inc. and JOSHUA LOGAN

Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN • Produced by FRED KOHLMAR

©Carling Brewing Company, Cleveland, O., Belleville, Ill., St. Louis, Mo.

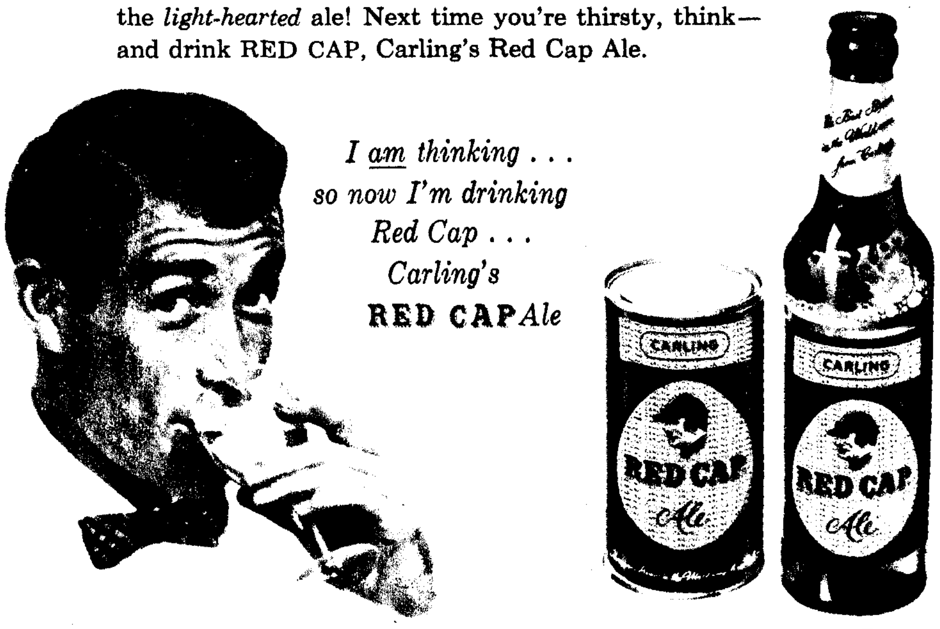
...and you'll drink

Red Cap

FIRST, think of the lightest, driest *beer* you ever tasted.

NEXT, think of the extra flavor and "heart" that only *fine ale* can give.

NOW, think of them both together. That's RED CAP, the *light-hearted* ale! Next time you're thirsty, think—and drink RED CAP, Carling's Red Cap Ale.



THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S

LETTERS

Blood and Tears

EDITOR: Our adopted Korean son had undergone major lung surgery, and a reaction to his blood transfusions had almost taken his life. Many uninformed people had expressed the opinion that the reaction was because the boy, Hong Koo Lee, was an Oriental, and Caucasian blood wouldn't mix in his veins. One afternoon Hong Koo opened his eyes and asked me: "Mother, did this accident happen to me because I'm Korean and the blood was American?" Reaching for Collier's September 2d issue I read the Psalm of the Bloodbank, by Carl Sandburg. My son said, "Read it again." I read it a second time. Tears slipped from his closed eyes but he smiled and said, "Thank you, that answers my question." Hong Koo is getting well; the Psalm of the Bloodbank is hanging by his bed. May your life in the New Year be rewarding.
MRS. J. HAMBY BARTON, Rome, Ga.

Aged in the Wood

EDITOR: Being as TV critic John Crosby is "old, fat and dissipated" (Letters, Dec. 23d), perhaps he needs someone to look after him . . . mix his Martinis . . . all of the little things to make him comfortable in his senility. I am applying. MRS. Y. M., Laredo, Texas
P.S. If you print this letter, please don't print my name. My husband is a reader.

No Time for People

EDITOR: I doubt if you'll publish this dissenting note but no harm to try. "People's Capitalism"—This IS America (Collier's Comment, Jan. 6th). Yes! People's boom—and when it comes, People's bust. How soon? Nothing but another war can stave it off more than one or two years.
UPTON SINCLAIR, Corona, Cal.

Mr. Sinclair, novelist and political candidate, has been studying the imminence of Armageddon for 50 years.

Road to Ruin?

EDITOR: Theodore White's appraisal of our highway problem, Where Are Those New Roads? (Jan. 6th), was overagonizing. The people should demand that Congress see this simple answer: during 1954 the federal government collected $2,345,898,000 in automotive taxes; but appropriated for federal aid to highways during that year was $875,000,000. We would raise hell if our school taxes were spent for foreign aid. Why let Congress do it with our automotive taxes? . . . L. B. MAUPIN,
Nebraska Free Roads Association,
Lincoln, Nebr.

The All-America

EDITOR: Why is Schaefer picked over Davenport on your 66th All-America Football Team (Dec. 9th)? . . .
L. S. THORNWALD, Springfield, Mass.

. . . The greatest guard in the country, Calvin Jones of Iowa, should have been chosen over Hardiman Cureton and Bo Bolinger. . . . DICK HENNAGIR AND JAMES DUGAN, Charles City, Iowa

. . . Have sportsmanship and character been forgotten on the All-America team? The display of temper by All-America end Ron Kramer in the Iowa and Ohio State games was unbecoming. . . . WILLIAM E. MCCULLERS, Iowa Falls, Iowa

The Short, Happy Life

EDITOR: I should not speak of your article The Late James Dean (Nov. 25th) because the pictures and the words were mine, but I am glad there was such a memorial of Jimmy, who was a very dear friend. This house was his spiritual home. The books, sculpture, music, talk and living of my wife and myself encompassed him. He lost his mother when he was eight and never saw much of his father after that. The large picture was not posed. A camera loaded with color was close by and I banged off a few exposures as Jimmy listened to a Bartók record that happened to be on. . . .
SANFORD H. ROTH, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. Roth's latest photographs and text, Liz Taylor, were in our Feb. 3d issue.

Correction

The map which accompanied the article, The Electronic Paul Revere, in the Feb. 3d issue was miscaptioned. In the master caption on page 83, the arrow marked Incoming Information should have been green. The arrow marked SAGE Control Impulses should have been red.

The Cover Carl Bakal

Sharing cover space with best-selling author Herman Wouk (The Caine Mutiny, Marjorie Morningstar) is the moon, the locale of his short novel The "Lomokome" Papers (page 69, complete in this issue). He chose the moon partly for the same reason other writers of parables and satires lean to imaginary settings (like Lilliput, the scene of action had to be a place no reader ever saw) and partly because, as he says, "I have always been a terrific science-fiction fan" • Upper right, Zinn Arthur's photo of Frank Sinatra, honky-tonk pianist in Around the World in 80 Days (page 62)

OHIO TURNPIKE

Ohio's "Highway of Tomorrow" is yours to use today!

On October 1, a superb highway—the 241-mile, all-concrete Ohio Turnpike—opened to traffic. Motorists acclaim the new Ohio Turnpike a magnificent engineering achievement. There are no stoplights, no crossings, no conflicts with oncoming traffic. The new Ohio Turnpike passes over 282 other highways, 41 railroads and 42 rivers and streams. This interference-free road gives drivers a new concept of motoring pleasure and saves 3½ hours driving time across Ohio.

Paving the Ohio Turnpike with concrete produced a vastly superior road and saved real money, too. For example, after analyzing two types of paving, the turnpike's engineers found that concrete would actually cost $2,803,000 less!

Like the Ohio Turnpike, over 67% of all toll roads in operation, under construction or on which paving materials have been selected are concrete. In addition, on 92% of the 25 most heavily-traveled rural highway sections in the United States, concrete carries the load.

Every motorist knows from experience that concrete is the safest pavement. Its gritty, skid-resistant surface permits quicker stops—even in the rain. Its light-colored surface provides better visibility and makes driving at night much safer.

Write today for interesting free booklet, "*It's Concrete, 11 to 1.*" Literature distribution is limited to the United States and Canada.

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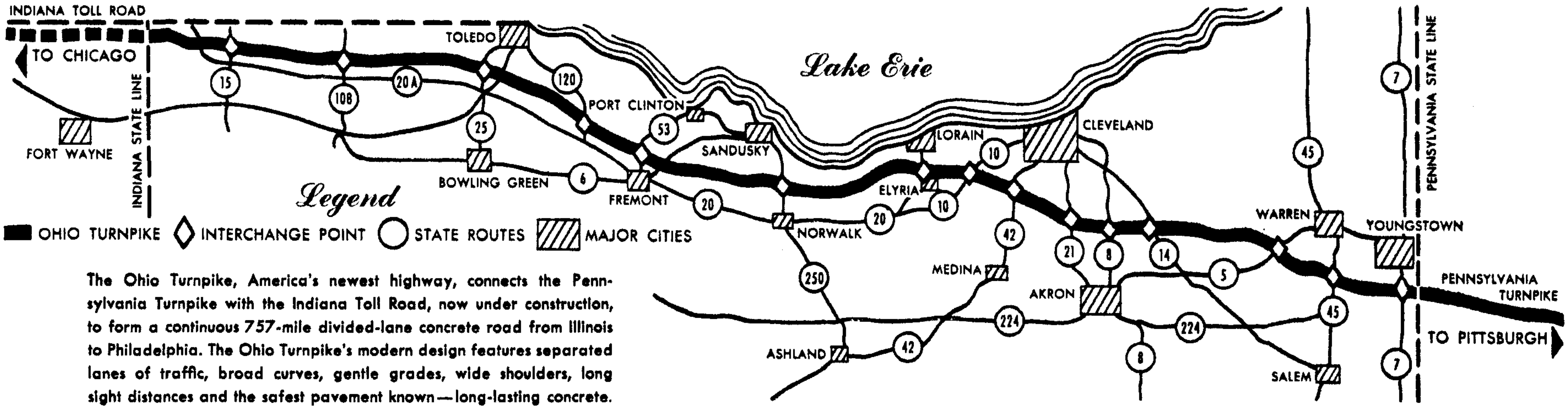
INDIANA TOLL ROAD
TO CHICAGO
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SANDUSKY
FREMONT
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Lake Erie
NORWALK
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ASHLAND
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ELYRIA
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CLEVELAND
MEDINA
AKRON
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WARREN
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YOUNGSTOWN
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SALEM
PENNSYLVANIA STATE LINE
PENNSYLVANIA TURNPIKE
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The Ohio Turnpike, America's newest highway, connects the Pennsylvania Turnpike with the Indiana Toll Road, now under construction, to form a continuous 757-mile divided-lane concrete road from Illinois to Philadelphia. The Ohio Turnpike's modern design features separated lanes of traffic, broad curves, gentle grades, wide shoulders, long sight distances and the safest pavement known—long-lasting concrete.

An Advertisement Presented in the Public Interest by New York Life

Should your child be a Home Economist?

by CATHERINE T. DENNIS

**President, American Home Economics Association,
State Supervisor of Home Economics,
State Department of Public Instruction,
North Carolina
(As told to LLEWELLYN MILLER)**

MANY PEOPLE are vague about the possibilities of our profession—perhaps because Home Economists can choose among so many different careers.

Recently I asked ten people a question:

"What exactly is a Home Economist?"

No one had a very clear idea.

Most of them answered, "Well . . . I know that they teach cooking and sewing and . . . ."

So perhaps I had better tell you something about our field before I tell you why it is one of the most rewarding a girl can choose.

The definition of Home Economics is "The science and art of homemaking."

This means a great deal more than learning to make a smooth cream sauce and cutting a pattern, though food preparation and sewing are two important parts of a homemaker's training. It means the study of every aspect of home life, from the efficient planning of a kitchen to the relation of the family to the community.

It is true that in the past most of the girls who chose Home Economics as a career planned to teach some subject related to the science and art of homemaking. There were not too many other important positions open to them, until manufacturers and merchants began to take notice of the fact that women are the greatest buying force in our country, controlling 85 percent of all family income and buying 80 percent of all consumer goods.

Who could advise better about what the homemaker would purchase than someone trained in the science and art of homemaking?

Suddenly the Home Economist was in demand in many places besides the classroom.

She proved herself so useful that today the girl with a Home Economics degree can choose among scores of positions in industry. Jobs are waiting for her in publishing, advertising, television, radio and research as well as in government, welfare and institutional management. And openings for teachers are now equally varied and challenging.

Training in Home Economics can open the doors of an almost unlimited number of fields to a girl. Today, these range from expert management of her own home to teaching, publishing, manufacturing, government—even radio and television broadcasting.

I know of no other training today that can open so many doors into so many different fields as Home Economics.

PERSONAL REWARDS for the girl who chooses Home Economics are matched by no other training. I say "girl" because, while an increasing number of men are entering our field, it is one where women shine predominantly. In it women work on a stimulating professional level *with* men who respect their special knowledge, rather than in competition *against* men for the same jobs.

The girl who has a Home Economics degree will have a good general education, including English, the sciences, psychology and art when she graduates. She also has studied nutrition as well as the buying, preparation and service of food. She knows about fashion and the care and testing of textiles as well as sewing; about interior decoration as well as the use of the newest home equipment; about budgeting for family security; about buying a home and buying insurance; about child care and child development, family relations and a great deal about good citizenship.

So she is ready for a professional career and also has the best of preparation for the most satisfactory of all careers: the management of her own home, for the health and happiness of her family—in it and in the community.

And it is easy for her to turn her knowledge and skills to account outside of her home, if she wants to combine a working career with marriage.

How often we hear the complaint from disappointed parents,

"We sacrificed so much to give our girl a profession but she married and had a big family right away. Now all her training is of little use."

None of a Home Economist's training is wasted.

It is of constant use to her, no matter what life brings.

Because she has studied homemaking as a science and art, her chances of a successful marriage are better than average. If she wants to return to work after her family is established, her experience in running her own home usually is an asset rather than time lost from a career, and there are many chances for her to combine a part-time position with her duties at home.

OPPORTUNITIES in Home Economics are open to girls of many different temperaments, talents and interests.

Let me give you a few examples by reporting on the activities of some recent graduates:

Janet has an inquiring mind and a leaning toward the technical. She is delighted with her position in a purchasing department where, with other Home Economists, she tests stoves, washing machines, draperies, rugs and dozens of other items for home use.

"Every day is different. There is nothing routine about this job," she says.

Betty has a talent for showmanship and is keenly interested in fashion. Her Home Economics degree won her a job in a department store as a consultant about the buying, care and making of clothes. Now she assists another Home Economist on a television show dealing with the interests of homemakers.

Joyce specialized in nutrition. Her Home Economics degree in this field opened a bewildering number of jobs to her—in a manufacturer's test laboratory, with an insurance company, as dietitian in a hospital, as food authority in a hotel.

She wants to work up to one of the important and well-paid jobs in institutional management. So, for her first job, she is helping to select, order and supervise preparation of meals in a boys' school. It provides good income and experience and leaves her free to study for her Master's degree in the summer.

Alice has a flair for color, art and interior decoration. She is making use of her special talents as Home Economist with a housing agency.

Sara likes to travel. She finds it easy to move all over the country, because Home Economists are in demand as demonstrators of equipment.

Lucille has a strong sense of service and likes to meet many different people. Her Home Economics degree brought her a position in a public health department.

Joan is shy and studious. She is happy in her work as a Home Economist in a governmental research laboratory.

Dorothy has a talent for writing. Her Home Economics training won her a job in an advertising agency. Her best friend, also a Home Economist, is assistant to the Woman's Page Editor on a newspaper.

Susan is married and has two small children. Her Home Economics degree opened a job as nutritionist in a school cafeteria. This part-time work adds pleasantly to the family income and leaves plenty of time for her home duties.

Many Home Economists find work in the field interesting as well as rewarding. Representing Government Agencies or working with Home Demonstration Clubs, 4-H Clubs and the like, they help homemakers in both rural and urban communities. Above, a Home Economist instructs a group in making curtains.

Margaret is a born teacher. Her only problem was to choose among the many posts open to her. The Home Economics teacher is needed in dozens of specialized fields. She can work with children in nursery schools or with classes of adults. The scope of high school teaching is wide and particularly valuable. Because so very many young people are getting married, there is now great emphasis on teaching both boys and girls something about family relations and home responsibilities before they graduate from high school. In addition to classroom teaching, these youngsters are reached through the school-sponsored youth organizations, The Future Homemakers of America and the New Homemakers of America, which focus interest on the importance of good family and family-community relations. University and college posts have their especial appeal and distinction for the teacher of experience who holds advanced degrees.

Extension work is a fascinating part of our educational program, so *Laura*, who loves country life and working with people, is a home demonstration agent. Home Economists instruct the 1,500,000 rural women who belong to Home Demonstration Clubs and work with the more than 2,000,000 rural boys and girls who "learn by doing" in 4-H Clubs. The goal of both groups is the improvement of rural living and the development of rural leadership.

COST OF TRAINING varies widely depending on whether a girl lives at home while studying, goes to a State University where fees are moderate or to an independent college where expenses are higher. Over 500 colleges now offer degrees in Home Economics, so your girl has a wide choice.

The standard course leading to a Bachelor's degree is four years. As in all professions, the ambitious student who is aiming at the top jobs will work for her Master's degree. This she can get in summer or night classes or by an extra year in college.

The girl who needs to pay some of her expenses herself usually has no trouble finding work that gives useful professional experience as well as income—as laboratory assistant, in food service or dormitory management, as assistant dietitian, or as camp counselor.

And the demand for student Home Economists as baby sitters is enormous!

FINANCIAL REWARDS also vary widely. Teachers of Home Economics command the same salary as teachers of English, chemistry, or any other subject. This varies from state to state. College professors average around $7,000 a year while deans and heads of big departments may receive as much as $12,000 a year.

In business, salaries may be even higher depending on the initiative, talent and energy brought to the job.

Under any circumstances, your girl should have no problem finding a position immediately after graduation. In recent years, demand for Home Economists has exceeded the supply, and it is now so acute that we do not know how we are going to fill the need.

REQUIREMENTS for success as a Home Economist are a matter of both mind and heart. Ask yourself these questions about your girl, to see if she is developing the characteristics that will make her happy in this field.

Is she cooperative? Does she share voluntarily in household duties? This means more than just setting the table or washing the dishes when asked. It means the instinct to take part of the responsibility for the comfort and pleasure of the family group. The Home Economist must have a capacity for teamwork.

Does she make friends easily, and keep them? The warmth of the personality that comes from interest in people and liking them is important in our profession.

Has she an inquiring mind? Does she like to try new tools, recipes, patterns and ways to entertain? Nothing in our profession stands still.

Does she have satisfactory grades in ALL of her studies? Home Economists must have the capacity to see things through competently, even though their special interests are not involved.

Is she creative and resourceful? This does not mean with her hands, necessarily, though manual dexterity is an asset. It means a capacity to make the best of what is at hand.

Is she tolerant? The Home Economist is likely to deal with people of all ages and backgrounds. She needs patience with children and sympathy for the problems of all people.

Is she reliable? The Home Economist often carries heavy responsibilities and must be trustworthy.

Has she high standards of truth, loyalty and personal dignity? The Home Economist sets an example in many fields to many people.

If your girl meets these requirements, a fine future is waiting for her in Home Economics—important and interesting work, recognition, respect and, best of all, the knowledge that no matter what specialty she chooses she will be helping others, as well as herself, to a better, happier and more comfortable life.

Nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on Home Economics is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry *and* Banking. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

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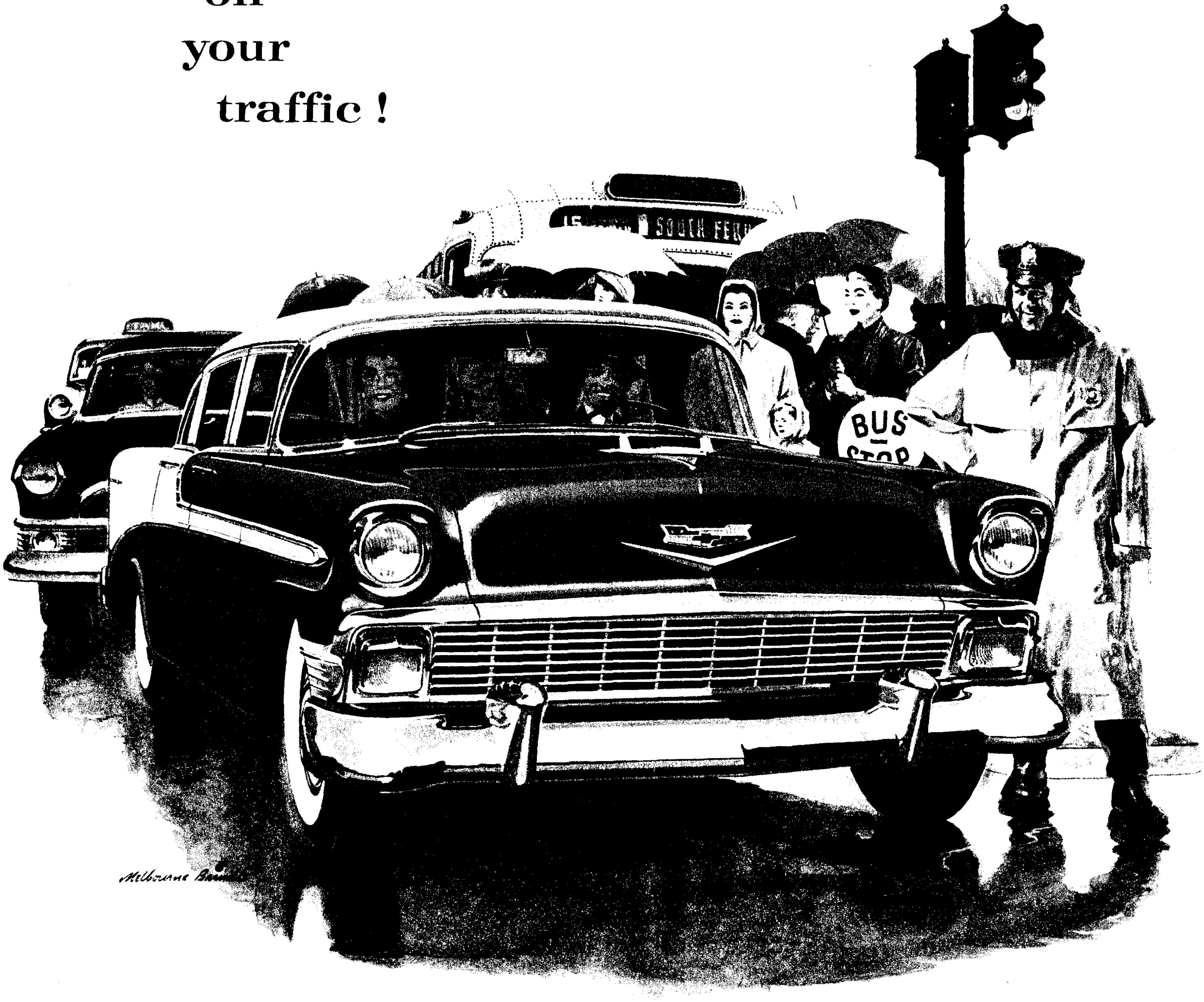


Who says driving in traffic has to be a headache! Just you try it in a new Chevrolet.

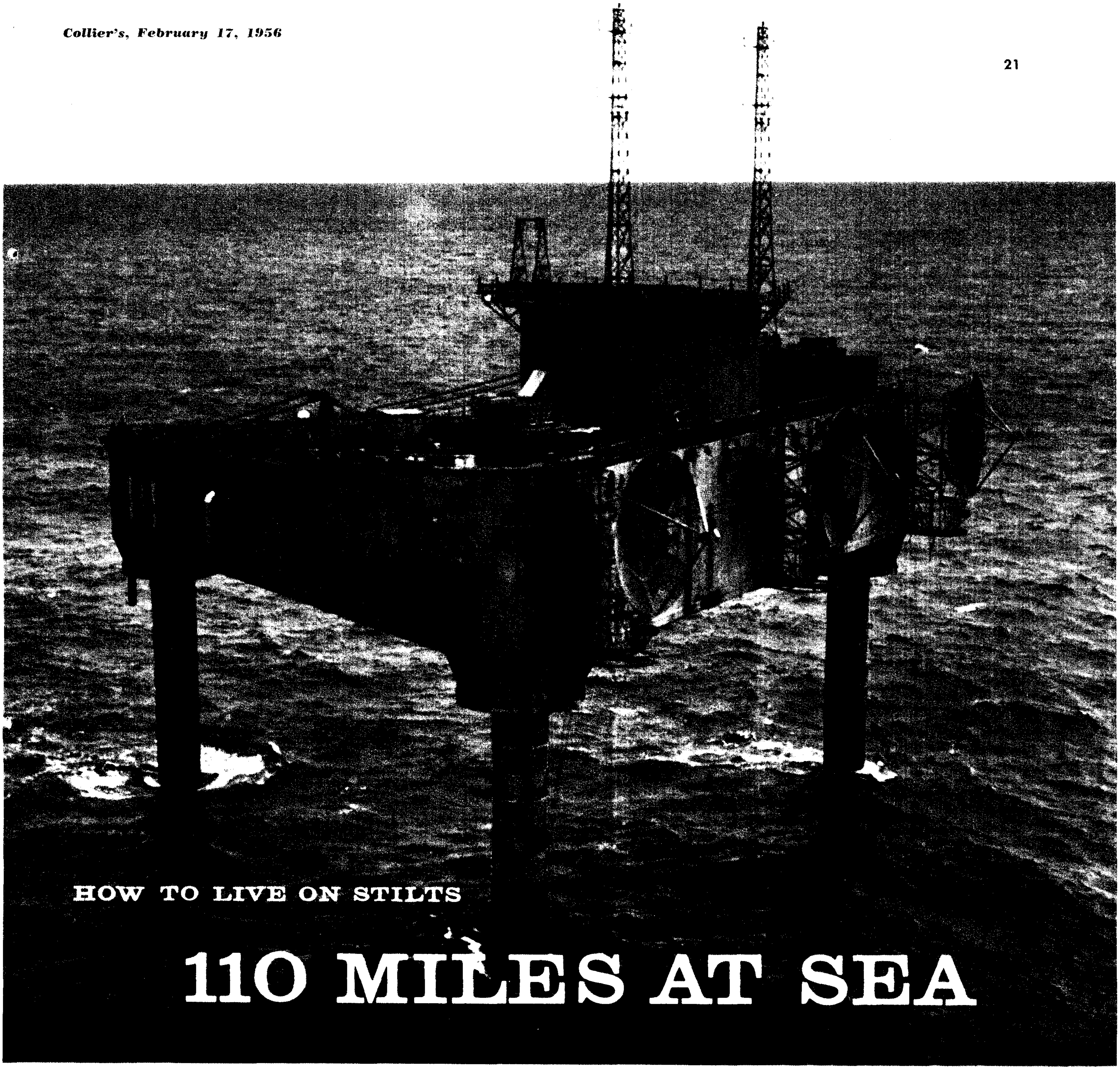
This frisky, footsure beauty really takes the pressure off the five o'clock rush. You're calm and confident at the wheel because you know you're driving a car with cat-quick reflexes . . . a car that turns wishes into *action!*

Have to hustle to match a change in the traffic pace? Just give Chevy's record-breaking V8 the word—and you *move!* Power now ranges up to 205 h.p. Is this where you turn? Nothing to it. This new Chevrolet steers like it knows the way home. Red light ahead? Ease down on the brake pedal and you feel the silk-and-steel grip of Chevrolet's outsize brakes cushion you to a heads-up stop.

You seem to sift through traffic tangles and scoot away from trouble spots. And you enjoy an utter sureness of control that makes *all* driving safer and more fun. Your Chevrolet dealer will be happy to let you try this on *your* traffic. Just name the day. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

THE HOT ONE'S EVEN HOTTER

CHEVROLET
Traffic-test it—it's a beautiful thing to handle!



HOW TO LIVE ON STILTS

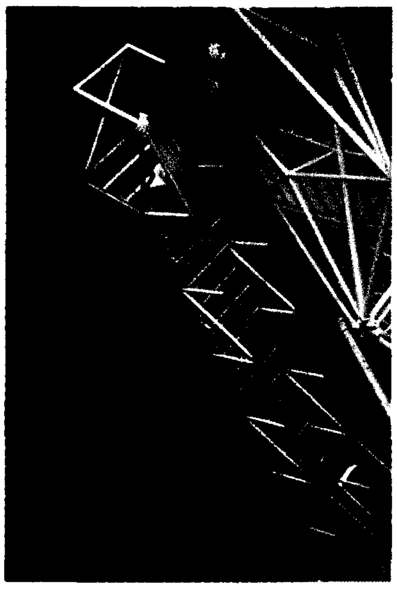
110 MILES AT SEA

MAYNARD CLARK

By JAMES J. HAGGERTY, Jr.

We first saw the Texas Tower as we stood off a half mile or so on the seagoing tug El Sol. Jutting up from the desolate emptiness of the Atlantic Ocean, its deck perched high above the water on three great, foam-washed legs, its antenna masts stretching skyward and lights shining dimly through its portholes, the gray, steel, man-made island presented a weird and monstrous appearance, heightened by the half-light of a murky dawn. "It looks," the awed photographer with me said, "like something from another planet." AND SO THE STORY BEGAN . . . . .

The sea brings terror and boredom to lonely men guarding the U.S. on a man-made Atlantic island



Author James Haggerty inspects one of the microwave relay radar antennas

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LARRY FRIED

LIVE on a steel tripod out in the Atlantic Ocean, 110 miles from the nearest land, at the mercy of mighty seas which have threatened to batter this man-made island out of existence—that was the assignment Collier's gave photographer Larry Fried and me. We were told to bring back a report on what life is like on this radar island, dubbed the Texas Tower because it resembles the floating platforms used by oil drillers in the Gulf of Mexico.

We lived among and talked with the men who built this Texas Tower and the first Air Force crew to man it. We wondered, as had others before us and as each new arrival will, just how much sea battering it can take. We experienced the absolute boredom which will be the lot of the USAF radarmen on this lonely outpost.

Fried's first reaction was one we were to note many times during the days we spent on the tower. Far from the regular air lanes and shipping routes, where the bleak horizon is broken only by the occasional visit of a curious sea gull, you get a feeling of utter isolation, as if you had lost contact with the rest of the world. In fact, the fortunate ones who have completed their tours on the island refer to their return to the mainland as "going back to Mother Earth."

With this tower, and others like it now under construction, the Air Force hopes to buy valuable time in the detection of approaching aircraft by moving the scanning limits of its radar farther out to sea.

The first tower, located 110 miles east of Cape Cod and known officially as Georges Banks Air Force Station, will be manned by about 50 officers and men of the 762d Aircraft Control and Warning Squadron, based at North Truro, Massachusetts, and commanded by Major Roderick Kallman, of Riverside, California, who was along with us on our visit.

It will actually have two crews, detachments of the 762d, who will alternate the duty 30 days at a time, for the Air Force reasons that a month is about the limit of endurance on this lonely, monotonous island.

Tower No. 1 was built, under Navy supervision because it is more or less a stationary ship, by two contractors working as a joint venture—Raymond Concrete Pile Company and DeLong Corporation, the latter being the company which built the original Texas Tower oil rigs in the Gulf of Mexico. The triangular tower was built at Quincy, Massachusetts, and towed out to Georges Banks, an ocean shelf where the water is only 50 feet deep. There its three huge steel and concrete legs were jacked up to their present position by great air jacks. The legs are anchored firmly in the ocean floor; they were designed to take the best the fighting ocean can dish out.

The tower has two interior decks, the lower housing heating and air-conditioning equipment, storage tanks for gasoline and water, distilling equipment, a battery of huge generators which supply electrical power, and other machinery for the operation of the tower and its radar.

The upper deck houses the crew's living quarters, which are more spacious and better equipped than those on most military bases. Topside, there will be three large radomes, not yet installed, and their control rooms, plus a landing area for helicopters, which will maintain a shuttle service between the tower and the mainland.

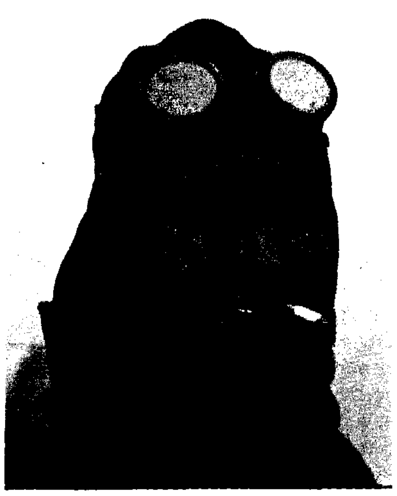
The sides of the triangular deck are more than two thirds as long as a football field, fairly large in one sense, but the feeling of restriction makes it seem smaller. As one veteran of too many days on the island said, "That deck gets tinier every time I look at it."

The DeLong tug El Sol is the life line between the tower and Mother Earth.

The helicopter shuttle operation had not yet started when we arrived at Georges Banks after an all-night ride from Quincy in the tug, so just getting up on the deck was something of an experience in itself. The deck is 87 feet above the normal water line, so we rode up in what might be termed an outdoor elevator—a small aluminum basket which is hauled up from the tug's deck by a giant crane.

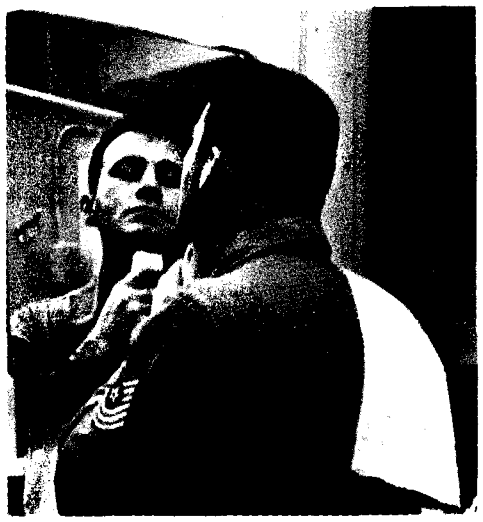
The steel cable which holds the basket—or "doughnut," as it is called—can lift several tons, according to the specifications, but somehow that is not very reassuring when you are swaying pre-

Edward Robertson (left), building crew rigger, spent 21 weeks working on the Texas Tower

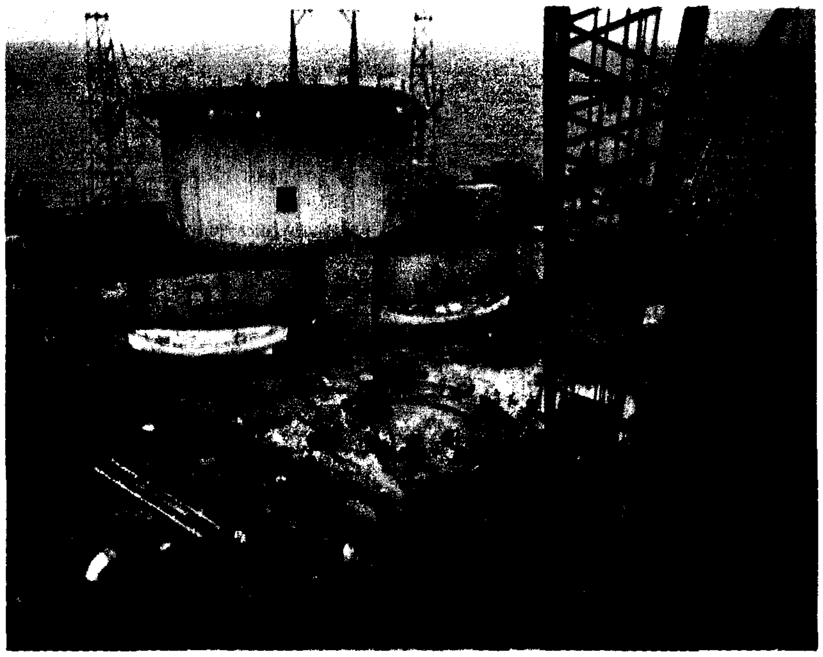


Sam Buccheri, of East Boston, Mass., was a welder on construction gang

George Bauer, superintendent for the DeLong Corp., which built the tower



Air Force Sgt. George Ruth of unit manning the tower



The triangular deck, more than two thirds as long as a football field, will be a landing field for helicopters. It is littered with the equipment of the construction crew which is building three radomes, one of which is in the background. They will house communications and radar facilities

Big storm's huge waves tore 80-ton fender loose from one of tower's legs. Four welders, lowered in bucket, cut it free

cariously seven or eight stories above the rolling ocean. We wore life preservers, of course, but, as one wag remarked, "They would be a great help in recovering the bodies." We made our first trip without incident, but later I was to have a more interesting basket ride.

The first thing we noticed on the tower was its sway, a gentle but perceptible rocking motion, as if the giant legs were protesting the ocean's strain. Allowances were made in the tower's design for a sway of as much as 18 inches, I learned later, but regardless of your degree of confidence in the designers and builders, the movement breeds a feeling of uneasiness. It is a constant reminder that you are not on a solid island. The tower novitiate finds himself waking in the middle of the night to a particularly loud creak, contemplating the battle between the ocean and this man-made intruder.

Fried and I spent our first day aboard "USS Ridiculous," as someone nicknamed the tower, on an inspection tour of the facilities. The tower, we found, is completely self-sufficient, in case a stretch of bad weather should maroon the crew. It has a number of food freezers for storage; evaporators distill ocean water to make it suitable for drinking or bathing. It has radiotelephone communications with the mainland affording the bored crewman an opportunity to talk occasionally with his home and reassure himself that he is not on Mars. There is a large and well-equipped dispensary, where all but major surgical cases can be treated.

The beer hall, traditional locale of Air Force bull sessions, is missing on the Texas Tower, for the USAF has decreed no liquor—it's too easy for a fuddled crewman to step over the side. Instead, the neat and roomy mess hall is the center of community activity. It is the cafeteria, reading room, television room, motion-picture house and post exchange. Movies are shown nightly, but for the most part they are of an early vintage. As one bored cinema-goer put it, "I think we get the ones that are too old for television."

As for TV, although the tower has antenna masts reaching 100 feet above the topmost deck and a whole battery of electronics experts, the television set, at the time of our visit, had successfully resisted all efforts to tune it. We watched a football game one afternoon and had to wait until we got back to the mainland to find out who won.

Other recreation facilities (now en route) will include billiards, table tennis and golf. Yes, golf. The Air Force received a donation of a golf machine wherein you hit a stationary ball and an indicator tells you how far it would have gone and how much you hooked or sliced. You plot this data on a picture map of a real golf course and compute your score from that.

"Doesn't sound like much of a golf course," cracked radar mechanic Staff Sergeant Norman Sandnes, of Chicago, Illinois, "but, boy, have we got a water hole."

Almost without exception, the airmen feel that even 30 days is too long to spend on the monotonous tower. At the time of our visit there was little to do during the workday beyond general housekeeping; even when normal operations start this spring, the tower will never be a beehive of activity. I recall one conversation that points up the ennui of life on the steel island.

"What day is it?" asked someone who was writing a letter.

"Thursday, I think," said another.

"Naw, we had a Thursday this week. Must be about Saturday."

"We never know what day it is," said Chief Petty

The three-legged tower swayed and groaned but stood through its first real test—36 hours of battering by 60-foot waves and 80-mile winds

Officer Albert K. Lowe, of Somerset, Pennsylvania, a Navy man assigned to instruct the USAF personnel in the handling of the marine equipment on board. "We get last week's newspapers and last month's magazines. Anyway, it doesn't really matter what day it is. We're not going anywhere."

"There's one day I'll know when it gets here," contributed Master Sergeant Paul Gallipeo, of Cohoes, New York. "The day I get off this tripod."

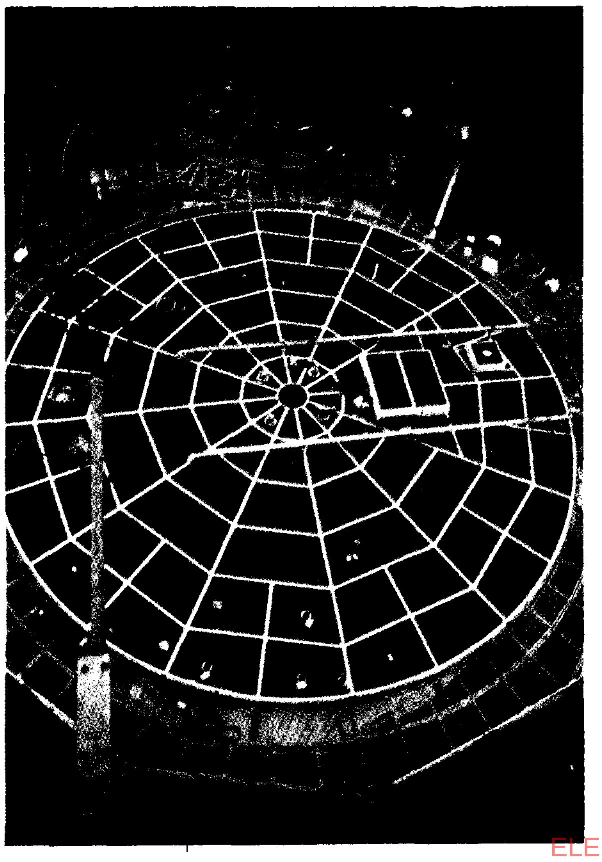
Captain James Phelan, of Fall River, Massachusetts, first commanding officer of the tower, admits that boredom will be one of his biggest problems. "If you want to take an optimistic outlook, though," Phelan said, "it's not too bad. In the radar business, you're always subject to these oddball assignments, anyway. I'd rather be here than in some places I can think of—like the Far North radar outposts, for instance. Here, at least, we know we're only an hour and a half from home by helicopter, even if we only get to make the trip once a month. And this job is rated as an overseas assignment and we get foreign-duty credit for the time we spend on the tower."

There is also extra pay for the airmen on overseas duty, but it is nothing to get excited about—it ranges from eight dollars a month for a basic airman to about $16.60 for a master sergeant.

IN CONTRAST to the attitude of the airmen, the construction workers, some of whom spent five months on the radar island without a break, found it a very likable job. For one thing, they averaged $1,200-$1,300 a month plus room and board, a factor that tends to make monotony quite bearable.

"But we really didn't have any time for monotony," said Edward Robertson, of Medford, Massachusetts, who sported a luxuriant beard as testimony to 21 weeks on the island. "We worked 12 hours a day, seven days a week, and when we weren't eating or working we were sleeping to get ready for the next 12 hours. I admit I got awfully tired of looking at that water, but the work itself was completely different from the ordinary jobs we get and it was interesting all the way."

"Best job I ever had in 30 years of construction work," agreed Laurence "Swede" Johansen, of New York City. "Saved up enough to make a big dent in my mortgage." Johansen liked it so well he is planning to go to work on the next tower, which will be located off Montauk Point, Long Island.



Looking down on one of the radomes, which will be roofed over with a big plastic or canvas dome

Topic A of conversation on the tower is the Big Storm, which occurred about a week prior to our visit. You were either a tower veteran or a rookie, depending on whether you had lived through the Big Storm. Each veteran delights in retelling the story and each rookie listens avidly, because he knows that sooner or later in his two-year tour of duty he will encounter a similar storm.

THE STORM STARTED early one morning as a moderate rain, but by noon it had grown to a downpour accompanied by strong winds and heavy seas. The seas grew in intensity all day long until by nightfall enormous waves were smashing as high as the under part of the bottom deck, 63 feet above the normal water line.

All work was suspended and all personnel were ordered below deck as winds of more than 80 miles per hour lashed the tower.

On two legs of the tower had been installed giant 80-ton "fenders," doughnutlike steel contrivances which fitted around the legs to absorb the shock of heavy seas or bumping vessels. The force of the mighty waves ripped one of these fenders in half and it sank to the ocean floor; the other was torn loose from its moorings, but it did not sink. Instead, it clung to the leg, smashing against the steel and concrete with each battering wave, shaking the entire tower.

All night long the crew below decks "sweated out" the damaged fender, while the tower creaked and groaned under the force of the mighty winds. They listened to the periodic "thump" as the fender banged against the leg, sending a shudder through the entire frame, and even the men who had sunk the great legs in the ocean floor wondered how much they would take.

"It wasn't that we had any real doubt about the tower's ability to take it," said one. "It was just that, after all, this was the first tower and this was its first real test. I think most of us would have preferred to be elsewhere while it was being tested."

After 36 hours of battering, the storm subsided, and though the tower was slightly worse for wear, it had passed its test.

"Actually," said construction superintendent George Bauer of DeLong Corporation, "the tower will take a lot more than that storm had to offer." Bauer, intimately acquainted with every detail of the tower's construction, was probably the only one on board who was completely unconcerned during the storm.

Airman Second Class Duane Mitchell, of Charlestown, West Virginia, agreed that the storm had reaffirmed his faith in the solidity of the tower. "But," he added, "the guy who came up with the theory that the waves can only be as high as the water is deep had better revise his textbook. They got a lot bigger than 50 feet, and that's supposed to be the water depth here."

A marine engineer explained later that while the water is only 50 feet deep on the shelf where the tower stands, it is a lot deeper a short distance away and the big waves had rolled in from the deeper water.

One morning, through our porthole we saw the tug El Sol approaching the tower. This was our cue to bid good-by to the tower, a not very sorrowful good-by because in only a few days we had developed a good case of cabin fever.

"Old Solly," as we had come to know the tug, spent the morning off-loading construction equipment no longer needed—the building job was virtually complete and the tower had officially been turned over to the Air Force a few days earlier. During the morning, a fairly stiff breeze sprang up and the water became choppy, complicating the problem of dropping the heavy construction equipment on the pitching deck of the tug. By mid-afternoon, when we were to leave, some fair-sized seas had developed, and El Sol was bobbing about in a manner which indicated that we might have some trouble in landing on the deck. And, as it developed, we did.

There was an even dozen passengers leaving the tower, and six of us, including Major Kallman and four of his airmen, climbed into the first doughnut and were lowered over the side. Crane operator Tom Barrett's technique was to swing the basket onto the deck like a fly-casting fisherman, but on his first try Old Solly rose on a swell just as we were coming in and we bounced hard off the stern rail of the tug.

Tug Captain Patrick Carlough was having a hard time holding his ship in position, and before we could make another pass, El Sol had drifted out of reach.

So we sat there, about 40 feet off the water, while the doughnut rolled in the wind and Carlough maneuvered for another try. Two of the airmen, white-faced, stared into space, refusing to look up or down. The other two swapped wisecracks.

"You know," Staff Sergeant John A. Keeler, of New York City, shouted above the whistling wind, "you'd pay good money for this at Coney Island."

"And we get it for free," yelled Staff Sergeant Sandnes. "Another benefit of a career in the Air Force."

AFTER SEVERAL MINUTES of speculating whether there were sharks below us and how long a man might survive in the icy waters, El Sol's deck slid below us for a second try. This time we actually touched deck, but Solly suddenly pitched violently and before we knew it we were out over the water again. Major Kallman, who had had one foot on the deck and the other in the basket, spent a strenuous few seconds climbing back in while we swayed over the ocean watching El Sol drift away again.

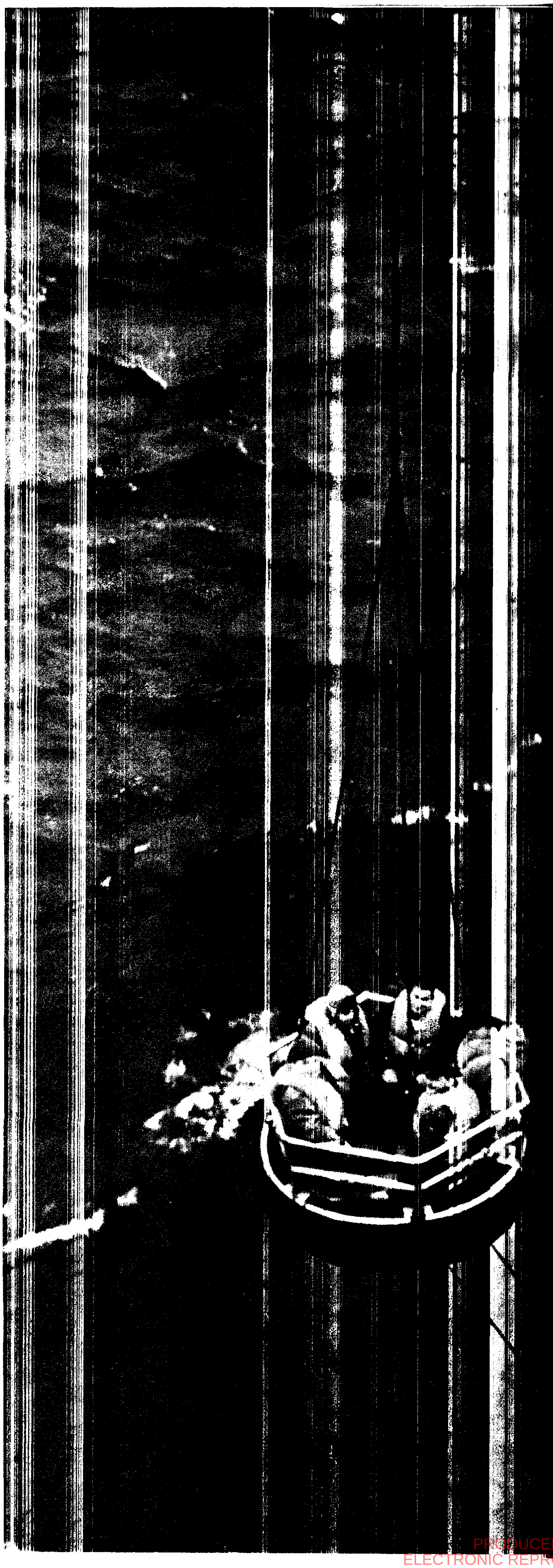
Our third pass, some minutes later, was similarly unsuccessful, but on the fourth try Barrett dropped us neatly on deck, catching the tug on the rise. My companions insisted later that we had set a new record for clearing the basket once we touched solid deck; the thought of several more minutes suspended over the ocean spurred all of us to heights of athletic prowess we didn't know we possessed.

I checked my watch; it had been exactly 28 minutes since we had left the tower deck. It seemed like several hours.

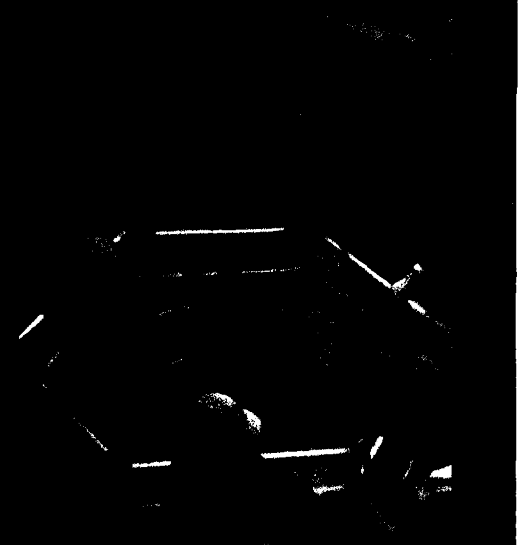
The occupants of the second doughnut were luckier than we had been. They hit the deck on their first try, although the doughnut overturned and spilled them out. Our last passengers safely aboard, Captain Carlough headed the tug for Mother Earth.

We watched the tower fade in the distance.

"This is the best view of that thing," said one airman. "Going away from it." THE END



Leaving the tower—
in a basket
swung out
eight stories
above the
ocean, and after
several tries
dropped on
the deck of a
rolling tug.
And then (below)
everybody sets
a new record for
clearing the basket



The sit spin: *"You feel that you're still and everything else is going around and around"*

CHAMPION'S

During that sleepy hour of the morning when the cat purrs at the milkman and the daily paper lands in the shrubs, a young skater is already working—with titles on her mind

The figure eight: *"Each circle must be exactly round and three times the height of the person"*

DAWN

IT'S barely dawn, but a young girl skates. Intent, incessant, she is a touch of color in the dark shroud of an empty rink. Slowly, endlessly, studying her tracks, she cuts circles, loops and figure eights. And the barren bleachers return the snip, snip, snip of blades slicing ice.

Then suddenly she leaps, shattering the shroud. She flies away, a bird in a current, soaring, swooping, swirling, spinning. Laughing, exultant, poem of swift motion, she is Tenley Albright, champion of the world.

Even at dawn, Tenley Albright is alight with life—radiating the vitality that an attack of nonparalytic polio at the age of eleven could not suppress; she won the Eastern U.S. Ladies Juvenile Championship four months later. Then came the U.S. Ladies Novice, Junior and Senior titles and, at seventeen, the North American and world crowns. Now strong and twenty, she's been called "a Pavlova on ice," and the best ever.

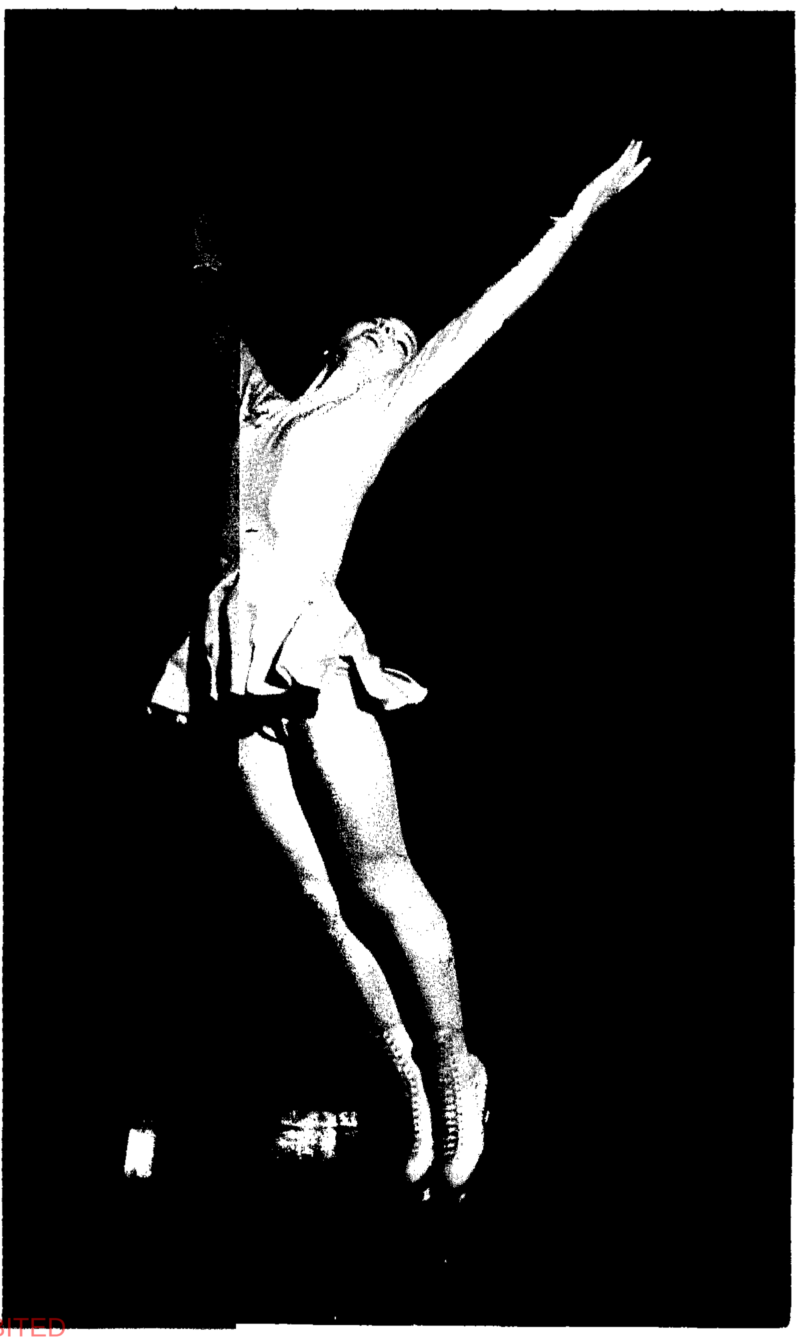
Champions make sacrifices, and Tenley's is sleep. In a region where hockey squads abound, she can find ice near her Newton Center, Massachusetts, home, only by using the hours when others are in bed. Indoors, outdoors, in neighboring Boston or its suburbs, she takes whatever rink she can get, and sometimes rises at 3:30 A.M. to get it. A surgeon's daughter, she must also juggle time for junior premedical studies at nearby Radcliffe College.

But this month is Tenley's, when the early-hour devotion to those circles, loops and figure eights suddenly makes sense. For no sport exalts fundamentals like figure skating—in competition they are 60 per cent of the score—and this month Tenley competes twice, once for her country at the Winter Olympics in Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy, and once for herself at the World Championships in Garmisch, Germany. For about ten minutes, Tenley will cut a prescribed number of school figures. Then for little more than four minutes and the other forty per cent, she'll whirl through free-seeming, but carefully planned, dance numbers.

It works out to something like 1,500 hours of practice for 15 minutes' competition. To a champion, a reasonable ratio.

—LEONARD GROSS

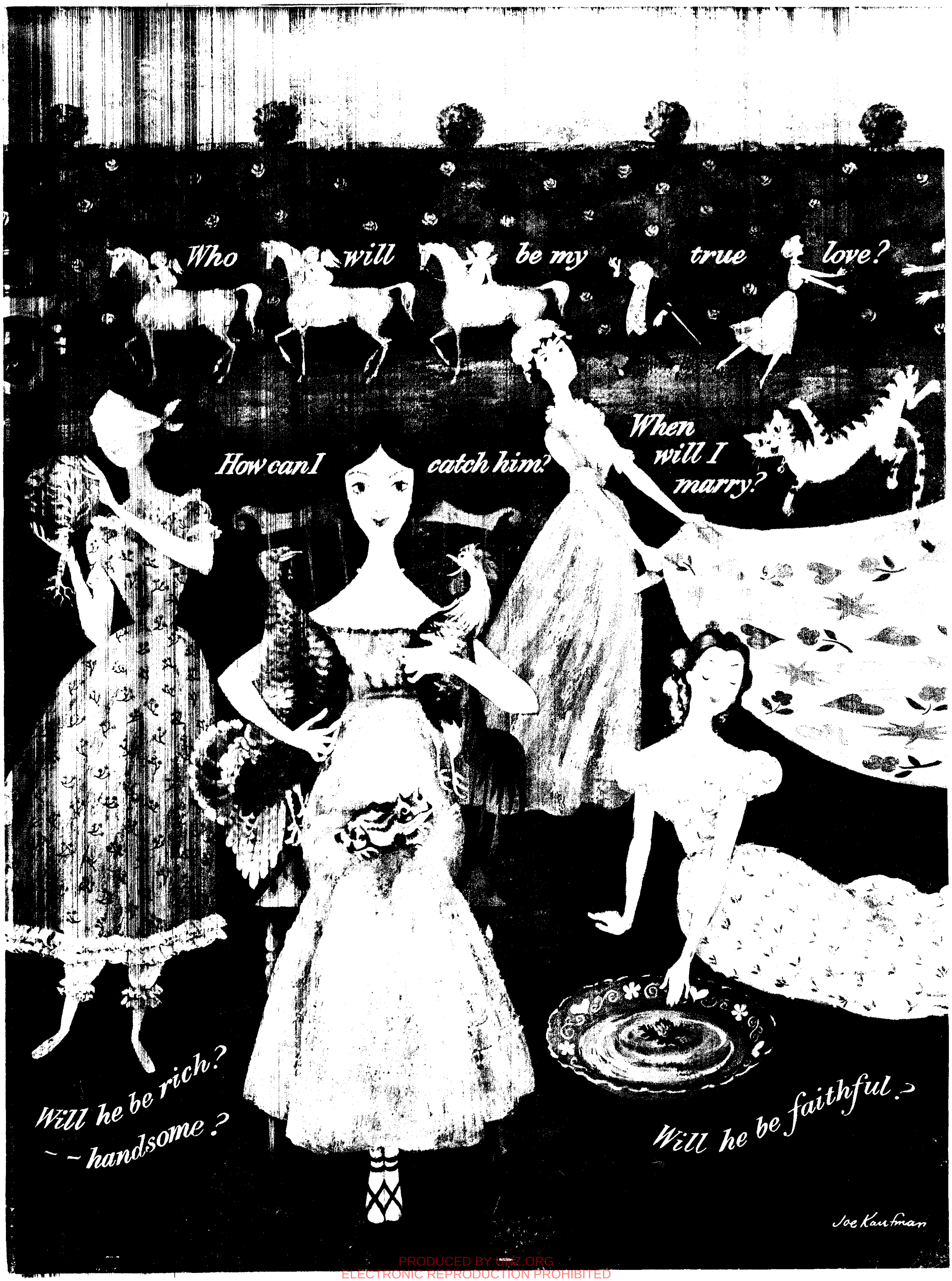
At left, a spiral: *"You start at top speed and you go all around the rink in a big circle. It's a feeling of gliding like a bird."* Below, a moment of suspension between two of whirling flight



At right: *"There's such a wonderful feeling of freedom when you free-skate."* Tenley competes twice this month in Europe—first in the Olympics, later in World Championships

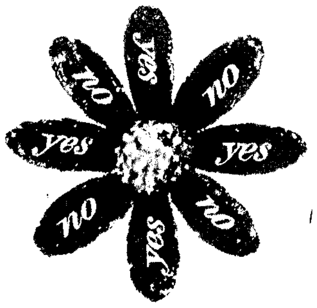
At right, the cross-foot spin: *"Sometimes you get forty turns from it."* Below: a spray stop

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LEW MERRIM


Who will be my true love?
How can I catch him?
When will I marry?
Will he be rich? — handsome?
Will he be faithful?
Joe Kaufman

When romance is beset by trouble, lovers often seek the solution in the wistful, warm traditions that make up . . .

The folklore of love



By DUNCAN EMRICH

WHAT WITH VALENTINE DAY upon us and spring not far behind, the time is as ripe as ripe can be to take a look at our curious customs, beliefs and superstitions about love and courtship—the folklore of love. Not marriage, but love: gentle, idiotic, desperate, swooning, springtime love.

How do you know, for example, whom you are going to marry? What does your future helpmeet look like? Is he (or she) true to you? When will you marry? What potion can you use to charm someone your way? How can you catch and hold the one you want?

Very important matters at this season—and particularly for the ladies, who have created and nurtured most of the folk beliefs dealing with love.

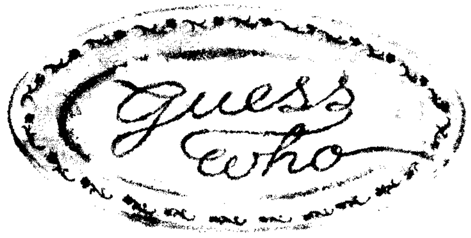
The questions of love are important not only for the youthful but also for the young in heart. For age does not count when Cupid is on the warpath. A lady living near Oroville, California, for example, sent me this proved recipe for catching a gentleman: "Here is a sure shot for an old maid to get a husband within a year. Raise a game rooster to eleven months old. Kill and draw before the body cools. Cut the heart out and swallow whole as fast as it can be removed, blood and all, and if she don't choke to death she will be married in eleven months. Our schoolteacher tried it and she married the janitor. She was 58 and he 61."

Note that this custom or belief comes not from the Carpathians and the Middle Ages but from the golden state of California in 1956. The letter was one of a number which came to me at the Library of Congress (where I was until recently head of the folklore division) after I had made some network broadcasts dealing with various aspects of folklore. Of course, the rooster-heart practice, like many others, may have its roots deep in the past. Like others, though, it is firmly implanted now in at least one section of America. Scratch below the surface and you dig a rich mine of traditional beliefs, some of them as wayward and fantastic as the game rooster, others as gentle and well known as the petal-pulling "He loves me, he loves me not, he loves me . . ."

The reason for the beliefs is obvious. It's love, or the desire for love. And anything which may help love along is all to the good. "You never can tell. It worked for her, it might work for me." "I'm not rightly sure that I believe in these things, but it can't do any harm to try them." "I remember as a youngster cooking and serving a dumb supper . . ."

The dumb supper is perhaps the most curious and complicated of all the procedures for determining who one's future mate is to be. It smacks of witchcraft, and if a young girl is at all impressionable or nervous, it is more than likely that she will wind up the evening with high hysterics.

The dumb, or silent, supper must be prepared late at night, entirely in the dark, and the several girls who participate must not speak a word during the whole affair. Everything connected with the supper must be done backward—the place settings at the table are backward, the chairs placed back to the table, the food served walking backward from the kitchen, and the order of the meal itself reversed. When everything has been completed in utter darkness, the girls each sit back to the table and wait patiently in dead silence for the stroke of midnight and their guests. As the town clock booms out the witching hour, the girls, staring fixedly into the black room, will see their future husbands either walking toward them or suddenly standing before them.



The origin of the dumb supper goes back to Midsummer Eve customs in seventeenth-century England, when young swains also walked backward into the garden at night to pick a rose, and when young girls made salt cakes and salt eggs to discover their husbands. Both the cake and the egg survive in America today, and like the dumb supper must be prepared at night and in silence.

The cake is made simply (if not tastily!) by combining a quantity of salt with just enough liquid and flour to hold it together. Before going to bed at night the girl eats half the cake, without drinking any water, and places the other half under the pillow. During the night she will dream that her future husband comes to her and offers her a drink.

The egg, on the other hand, is hard-boiled, cut in half, the yolk removed, and the whole cavity filled with salt. Having prepared the egg, the girl must then sit upon something upon which she has never sat before, eat the entire egg, and then walk to bed backward. She also will dream that her future mate comes to her carrying a cup of water. If the cup is of silver or gold, she will be wealthy; if it is glass, moderately rich; but if it is of tin, she will be poor. And if the unfortunate girl helps herself to a drink in the dream rather than waiting for her husband, she will never be married.

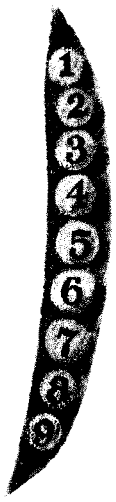
There are gentler means of divining one's true love, and they can be recommended to any seeker after a sweetheart in the spring days ahead. On the last day of April, for example, a girl can wash her handkerchief and hang it that night on a stalk of corn or spread it over growing wheat in the field. The morning sun of May will dry it, and the initials of the man she is to marry will appear in the wrinkles of the handkerchief. Or, on the same April night, she can dust a pie plate with a thin layer of corn meal and place it in the garden. During the night a snail will come and with its tracks leave the initial of her lover. A snail can also be placed upon a slate or a piece of brown paper, and the silvery trail that marks its passage will spell out the initial. Or it may be put in a fruit jar overnight, and by morning the initial of her true love will be outlined on the jar, again in the snail's track. The use of a snail to divine the future husband goes back to eighteenth-century England.

Divining may also be done with the ever-lucky clover. Folk belief has it that if you place a four-leafed clover in the heel of your left shoe you will marry the first man you meet. If a girl places four-leafed clovers beneath each corner of the bed sheet, she will dream that night of her destined mate. Also, if she thinks of a man while swallowing a four-leafed clover, she will marry him. And if she hangs a four-leafed clover over the doorway, the first man to enter will become her husband.

Also to be hung over the doorway is any

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE KAUFMAN

A pod with nine peas may mean marriage; an "M" on your hand, wealth



pea pod found to contain the magic number of nine peas. The first man to walk under it in nine days' time will presumably be the future husband. Or a girl can wrap nine peas in a piece of paper upon which she has written, "Come in, come in, my dear," slip it under the door mat, and wait for the first unmarried man to enter. He will be her husband.

The moon is also called upon in traditional rhyme. The rhyme is to be recited while looking at the new moon over one's left shoulder, and is followed by a dream that night:

New moon, new moon, pray tell me
Who my own true love will be,
The color of his hair,
The clothes that he will wear,
And the happy day he will wed me.

A very sweet variant of this rhyme goes:

New moon, true moon,
Dressed in blue,
If I should marry a man
Or he should marry me,
What in the name of love
Will his name be?

The source of these rhymes again goes back to England of the eighteenth century, but they are thoroughly at home in America and are known from coast to coast. Love never has known boundaries.

There are literally hundreds of these folklore divinations for discovering one's future mate.

When a young girl in Maine (or Missouri or Montana, for that matter) visits a friend's house or takes a trip and sleeps in a strange bed, she can, before going to sleep, give the four corners of the bed the names of four young men. During the night she may dream of one she will marry, but if she does not, the first corner toward which she looks in the morning will disclose her husband-to-be. Or she may dream of him another way. Before going to bed, she can place a pair of shoes in the shape of the letter T, the point of one touching the middle of the other, and recite: "When I my true love want to see, I put my shoes in the shape of a T."

She can also write the names of three young men on slips of paper and place them beneath her pillow. Just before retiring at night, she should—without looking—remove one of the slips of paper, and in the morning, on waking, remove a second. The one remaining will be her true love. Or, if she wishes to dream of her future love, she may also sleep with a mirror under her pillow, for either three nights in a row or seven.

Very curious is the divination based on the finding of a hair, the color of which is supposed to be that of one's future husband. A Texas folk belief goes to the effect that if you walk backward nine steps on a dusty road and lift your left heel you will find under it a hair the color of your husband-to-be. Another is to walk backward three steps, whirl around three times on your heel, and in the hole made by this movement you will discover the hair of the husband. In Missouri and throughout the South, any hair found in your left shoe when you hear the first dove cooing in the spring will be like that of your husband. This same belief is held in Scotland, where the spring bird is the cuckoo rather than the dove; the magic association of finding a hair and linking it to a husband undoubtedly came to us from the early Scotch settlers.

A more contemporary and complicated means of discovering who the husband is to be comes from Illinois. According to this method the girl must write down the license numbers of 10 automobiles on which these numbers occur in succession: 000, 111, 222, 333, 444, 555, 666, 777, 888, 999. She must begin with the 000 and proceed consecutively to the 999. An 888 seen before a 777, for example, does not count. After she has the license numbers, she must then see three white horses and a bald-headed man. Following this, the first man whom she meets will be her future husband. One poor girl I know of said it took her 15 months to get the license numbers (but whether she ever met the three horses, the bald-headed man, and her future husband is unrecorded).

In all of these items of divination, the obvious element involved is chance. Still, how many husbands and wives have met on any other basis than pure chance? These customs may in the long run be no more ridiculous than a secretary's Bermuda cruise made for the express purpose of meeting a future husband. The point to remember, in the case of the folk beliefs and the Bermuda cruise alike, is that the woman is looking around. She has set her cap for love. The end result is apt to be a husband.

Apart from divining who the husband is to be, his character also can be important—his disposition, financial condition, possible occupation and physical qualities. Forewarned may mean forearmed. One woman from a Midwestern state wrote about the belief that spilling flour on the dress or apron while baking is a sign that the husband will be a drunkard or shiftless: "I know this is so, for I never bake unless I get flour all over myself, and my husband drinks anything he can get." It is a general and widespread belief also that to spill dishwater on your apron is a sign you will marry a drinking man.

Another woman wrote me that she divined the occupation of her husband by placing the white of an egg in water at midnight: "When I was a girl, one night when the bells were ringing out the old year and the new one in, I got out of bed and got a glass half full of water and put the white of an egg in it, and set the glass in a window. I did not say a word while doing this, and then went back to bed. In the morning when I got up, I found a perfect ship in the glass, and I married a sailor." It is quite possible in a case of this sort, of course, that the omen of the ship induced the girl to look for a sailor.

Another curious method of determining occupation is to grate a hazelnut, nutmeg and walnut, mix these grated nuts with butter and sugar, and make pills of the paste. Before going to bed at night swallow nine of the pills. If you dream of wealth, you will marry a gentleman; of white linen, a clergyman; of darkness, a lawyer; of noises, a tradesman or laborer; of thunder and lightning, a soldier or sailor; of rain, a servant. A girl may also go blindfolded into a vegetable garden and pull up a cabbage by the roots. (This custom, by the way, was known to Robert Burns and comes from the British Isles.) If the roots are straight, her husband will be handsome; if crooked, he will be ugly: and if a considerable amount of dirt clings to the roots, she will marry a wealthy man.

There are a variety of others. If the lines in the palm of your hand form the letter "M" (standing for money), you will marry wealth. If a dog follows a girl home, it should be encouraged, because it is a sign that her husband will be handsome. If you take the next to the last biscuit on a plate, your husband will also be handsome. but if you should drop a biscuit, he will be poor. And, of course, if a girl inadvertently takes the last biscuit, she will not marry.

These folk omens and divinations dealing with the identity and character of a possible mate have their base in our very natural desire to probe the future. We are all in some degree subject to this curiosity. Some people tackle the future through astrology, palmistry, numbers, ouija boards, and the reading of dreams. Others—statisticians, business prognosticators, pollsters—look ahead in somewhat more rational terms, drawing on facts and trends to forecast the foreseeable tomorrow.

Often enough, all of these are in error; often enough they are right. In a sense, the same is true of the folk omens. They may be right, they may be wrong. The future shifts and changes beyond any seeing. What

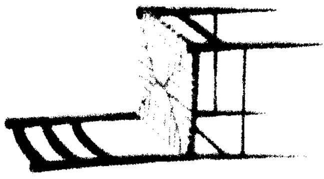
is permanent and unchanging, however, is the curiosity about it. And that curiosity exists in a girl or young man in love with love. What more natural? And what more natural than that a young girl should seek for signs? Even though she may only half believe in them, half belief in the spring is "better than no moon at all." Ask anyone's daughter.

Having discovered who the husband is to be, either by means of a four-leafed-clover dream or by a chance meeting at a country dance, the girl has the problem of attracting and holding the man she desires to marry. There are folk charms covering this need (and need it is when one is in love).

The girl can steal the band from her man's hat and make a garter of it. The original owner will perforce fall desperately in love with her. She can also borrow a garter from a married woman: "I had a girl friend who wanted a man she was very much in love with," reported one letter, "and she borrowed a married woman's yellow garter and put it on her right leg and made a wish that she would get that man, and she did marry him."

Along the Texas border, I am told, young women occasionally wear horned toads under their clothes, believing that they will attract their lovers and even make them more amorous. Vance Randolph, the noted folklorist of the Ozark country, reports that Ozark girls sometimes carry little wasps' nests or the beard of a wild turkey gobbler concealed about their clothing, believing that they somehow attract men. Another charm is to pluck a feather from the tail of a rooster, put it in your glove, and then shake hands with the man you want.

Young men are not left out in the matter of charms. In sections of Arkansas it is still customary for them to make a love potion from the web of a wild gander's foot, drying the foot and crushing it to a powder. A pinch of this powder in the girl's coffee will cause her to fall in love and also to remain faithful. (Randolph says that the matter of faithfulness is probably linked to the belief that wild geese take only one mate.) Also, to make a young girl fall madly in love, a man can hide the dried tongue of a turtle dove somewhere in her room. Once this has been done, she will be helpless to resist his advances.



Suitable for both sexes is a Coué-like charm from Illinois. It should certainly induce love in the person using it, whatever effect it may have on the person for whom it is intended: "When you meet a person at a party and you wish him or her to be your affinity, repeat their name in a low voice twenty times right there. Then that night just before going to sleep, wish twenty times you will see them again, and you will sure get them." Grammar and all, love is wonderful!

Having attracted a young man, there arises occasionally—and unhappily—the necessity for checking his faithfulness. Young love has its doubts, and also its hurt and bitter moments. There are gentle and amusing folkways to separate the true love from the false, and to test faithfulness.

A country girl, for example, can pick a cocklebur, name it for her lover, and throw it against her skirt. If the cocklebur sticks, the loved one is true to her; if not, he is false. Walking in the fields also, she can bend the stalk of a mullein plant toward the ground and in the direction of her lover's house. If the stalk remains bent, he does not love her, but if it rises again, he does. Any girl who can tie two knots in a love vine is surely loved: "When I was a girl I was always trying to see if my beau loved me by tying knots in a love vine." A love vine planted at the corner of a house is also an omen. If it grows, you are loved; if it dies, you are not.

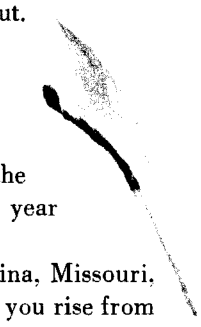
On going to bed at night a girl can also cut a lemon in half, rub the four corners or posts of the bed with both halves, then place the halves under her pillow. If she dreams that night of her loved one, he is true. Or, instead of the pleasant scent of the lemon, she can place a blue thistle bud named for her lover in a pan of water under her bed. If the bud is all in bloom in the morning and floating on the water, she is loved.

Matches may also be used as tests. The simplest test is to name a match and strike it. If it lights, you are loved by the one named. Another is to light a match and hold it straight up. As it burns down, if it bends toward the loved one's house, he (or she) is true: if it bends in the opposite direction, the person is inevitably false. If a lighted match also burns from end to end without breaking or going out, the loved one is true.

Apart from the matter of faithfulness, there occasionally arises the matter of losing one's love through some inadvertent act of negligence. A proverbial belief, for example, such as, "Where cobwebs grow, beaux never go," has its sensible moral: "If a house isn't neat, the beaux will not visit." Less realistic is the belief that you should never write a letter to your loved one after dark; you will lose him. There are others also: if you lose your garter, you will lose your sweetheart. If a girl lets dishwater boil, her lover will go up the flue. If you have no lover's quarrels, you will fight after marriage. If your apron becomes untied, you have lost your beau. Give a pair of shoes to your loved one, and he or she will walk away from you. If you lose a hairpin, it is a sign that you will lose your lover. And the man who strikes kitchen matches on the bottom of his chair will certainly lose his girl.

Strange? Some of them, yes. But no stranger than your own believed or half-believed fear or faith in three on a match, black cats, hat on a bed, open umbrella in the house, walking under a ladder, knock on wood. . . .

The signs of a coming marriage, the prospects for having one and the roughly approximate time form the last part of the folklore of premarital love. If a bachelor, for example, sits between a man and wife at the dinner table, he will be married before the year is out. If you believe in the chance and luck of cards, you can remove seven cards from the deck at night without looking at them, and place them in an envelope under your pillow. Look at them in the morning, and if the majority are hearts and diamonds, you will be married within the year. If they are spades and clubs, you will have another year to wait before true love comes your way.



An omen of bad luck is a falling chair. In North Carolina, Missouri, Kentucky and elsewhere it is believed that if a chair falls as you rise from it you will not be married within that year. In other places, country girls who have the misfortune to knock over a chair leap wildly to set it upright before they can be jinxed by an ill-wisher. It is also bad luck to permit anyone to sweep under your feet or under a chair upon which you are sitting; you will not marry.

Widespread throughout the South and Midwest of the United States (but again going back to England) is the charming custom which country girls have of going out into the woods after dark, taking hold of the tip end of a leaf, and saying slowly the following words:

If I am to marry near,
Let me hear a bird cry.
If I am to marry far,
Let me hear a cow low.
If I am to single die,
Let me hear a knocking by.

Usually this is done alone, but very often two girls go together. One woman wrote that she had done this as a youngster with a friend, and that she had heard a bird cry, but that her friend after repeating the verses heard a knocking—possibly the branches of trees. "I got married, but she never did."

What psychologists would make of these beliefs and customs, I do not know. Nor do I particularly care. It is not my business to interpret them, but merely to report them, as a historian reports the facts. These practices are part of our folklore, as much a part of our grass roots as the speech of Maine or the ways of a Wyoming cowboy. To me they add color to our land. What more appealing than the Tennessee girl's belief that if a redbird flies across her path she will kiss her sweetheart twice before evening?

Would you change such things? I wouldn't. Nor will young love when the crocus and daffodil bloom.

THE END

Amid wild acclaim from Tunisian tribal chieftains and patriots, independence party leader Bourguiba rides in triumph into Tunis

THE MAN TO WATCH IN NORTH AFRICA

He's Habib Bourguiba, who forced France to scrap her century-old North African colonial policy and grant Tunisians the beginnings of self-government. Has he set a pattern for rebellious Morocco and Algeria?

By DELIA and FERDINAND KUHN

Tunis, Tunisia

NOT long ago the people of Msaken, a walled Moslem town in eastern Tunisia, went wild. They exploded with joy, an emotion that has been scarce in French North Africa in recent years. What set them off was the sight, far up the highway, of an ice-blue Packard flying the red and white flag of Tunisia. As it rolled slowly through the town gate, a crowd that jammed the narrow street jumped, waved and chanted, "Yah, yah, Bour-gui-BA!" Every last jalopy in the town honked its horn in the same rhythm. It was a signature-tune of victory, like the theme of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in World War II.

The crowd surged into the road and brought the car to a stop. Old men in Arab robes, young men in Western shirts and trousers, boy scouts and children fell over one another to reach a small, gray-haired man as he stepped out of the car. Those who could get near him patted his shoulder or kissed his hand. Some kissed him on both cheeks, as Tunisians do on emotional occasions.

The cause and the object of this delirium was Habib Bourguiba, president of the Neo-Destour (New Constitution) party, the leader of the independence movement in this eastern corner of French North Africa. For 22 years he had welded his movement into a tough political party; for half of those years, while the party was outlawed by the French, Bourguiba had led it from prison, from hiding or from exile.

Now he was paying his first triumphal visit to Msaken since his return from exile. A crowd of 4,000 in the town square shouted itself hoarse as Bourguiba was carried, shoulder high, through lines of volunteer guards to a speakers' platform. To these people he was "the supreme fighter," the father of his country: a combination of George Washington and Garibaldi, with a dash of the Scarlet Pimpernel thrown in.

Bourguiba was back in Tunisia because he had won from the French—notably from Premiers Pierre Mendès-France and Edgar Faure—the first home-rule agreement France had ever made with a rebellious North African possession. Under this agreement, ratified by the French Assembly last summer, Tunisia now has its own cabinet with considerable powers, and a timetable leading to self-government by definite stages in the next 20 years.

At last the French had conceded that their eighteenth-century slogan of liberty, equality and fraternity was an item of export to North Africa. It had taken a fiery little Moslem, Bourguiba, to convince them. For this reason Bourguiba is a very big fish in North African waters, even though he swims in the small and relatively quiet Tunisian pond.

His country, which rarely breaks into the headlines, is nevertheless a place to watch. If the Tunisian experiment works, it may, in time, provide a pattern that can be adapted to Morocco and Algeria. Its success would be in American as well as French and North African interests. Continued chaos in North Africa would threaten the five American-built air bases in Morocco and the auxiliary fields that stretch across Tunisia toward the Middle East. Whenever the "colonial issue" tears the United Nations apart, the United States is uncomfortably torn between its obligations to France and its concern for people who are struggling to be free. And finally, the downward spiral of repression, terror and more repression, if it continues or spreads, will split France politically and weaken her militarily as a European power.

To see the effects of terror and repression in North Africa, you have only to travel from the Atlantic coast of Morocco eastward to Tunisia, as we did in the weeks before Bourguiba's ovation at Msaken.

We found Morocco an armed camp. A pall of hate and fear hung over the country. Every day there were six or seven terrorist murders in Casablanca alone. Patrols of French troops, their rifles ready, filed grimly through the alleys of the walled native quarters. Political and personal freedoms—for Moroccans—did not exist. Every Arabic-language newspaper was suppressed, and no more than three Moroccans could assemble without risking arrest and imprisonment. In eastern Algeria the flower of the French army was fighting a small-scale war against nationalist rebels.

But in Tunisia, people could breathe the air of freedom. Guerrilla warfare was a thing of the past. The independence party was legal. Political meetings were in full swing, and Tunisian guerrilla fighters who had been killing Frenchmen two or three years before were back on their farms and busy with party politics.

Foreigners like ourselves could travel freely and safely in every part of the country except near the rebel-infested border with Algeria. The day we arrived in Tunisia, Bourguiba asked us, "How would you like to come with me on a three- or four-day trip to Msaken? It's only about a hundred miles south of Tunis." We jumped at the chance to see the man in action. This was how we happened to be wedged in the crowd in the Msaken market place on the day the town went wild.

The hero worship, the chanting of "Yah, yah, Bour-gui-BA!" told us little about the man or his movement. Many other leaders, good and evil men, have evoked the same kind of adulation. Yugoslav crowds yell, "*Zhivio* Tito!"—Long Live Tito!—in much the same way. And one can imagine Hitler, at least in his early days as Fuehrer, bringing the same joy to young German faces as Bourguiba did to the faces in the market square.

The organization of Bourguiba's party, too, raised some unpleasant images in our minds. Young Destourians in khaki uniforms controlled the crowds, their arms linked, their words of command obeyed. Like the Communist and Fascist parties, Neo-Destour evidently reached into every cranny of town and village life. Even the party vocabulary might raise suspicions, for each local committee in Tunisia is called a *cellule*—a cell.

But during the days of following Bourguiba around village clubhouses, party headquarters and homes, we found that his party had no affinity with Communism. The word "cell" simply reflected the secret, underground nature of the party during the long years when it was outlawed. The cement that still held the movement together was human rather than ideological. It was primarily Bourguiba himself, and the folklore of revolution of which he is the living hero.

Although the Tunisians are generally rated as the "soft" people of North Africa, contrasted with the warriors of Morocco, their underground movement could hardly be called kid stuff. Thousands of men and a few hardy women waged guerrilla war and served time in French prisons or desert concentration camps.

Among the scores of ex-guerrilla hands we shook was that of a "general" who, his friends boasted, had commanded a thousand men. Out of ex-guerrilla pockets which used to hide grenades came snapshots of "my company—and that's me holding the Tommy gun." Whenever we sat in a circle of independence fighters, drinking the inevitable thick black tea in tiny liqueur glasses, their conversation seemed to begin with "Remember when . . .?" The burden of the story was not how "we killed" but how "we foxed the French."

BOURGUIBA LIKES to begin his speeches with stories that recall the courage and the cunning of those days. He did this in the public square at Msaken, and within five minutes he had ripples of laughter flowing through his audience. But he soon got down to serious matters, in a high, rather thin voice. His deep-set blue eyes burned with earnestness as he talked about the hard work, the new responsibilities ahead.

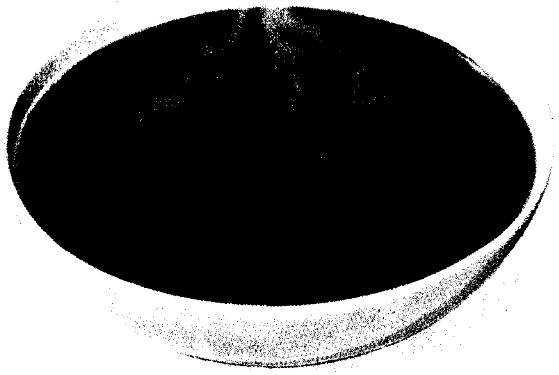
"By your dedication to our country," he pleaded with the crowd, "you will be setting an example for our brothers in Morocco and Algeria." And he ended by telling his all-Moslem audience that Tunisia was a house of many mansions: "We are all Tunisians now, whether we are French or Arab, Christian or Moslem or Jew. We are all children of one country, and all of us must work together for the good of all."

In the Moslem world, with its instinctive hate of "infidels," is there any other leader who speaks today such words of reconciliation and friendship toward men of other faiths and backgrounds? We know of no other. Certainly Bourguiba outranks every other North African nationalist, in character, achievement and reputation, by a wide margin.

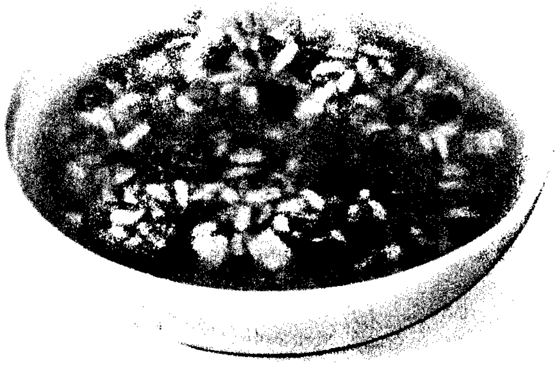
Many other nationalists in Tunisia and Morocco, like Bourguiba, are intelligent, cultivated and French educated. They call themselves the "elite," which is a fair description of them. Bourguiba is both a member of this elite and head and shoulders above it.

As a law student in Paris during the 1920s, he absorbed with the other young nationalists the philosophy of the rights of man. He plotted revolution with them in the Latin Quarter of Paris, where both nationalist parties, the Tunisian Neo-Destour and the Moroccan Istiqlal, were born. Like most of the intellectuals, he was a "city boy." But soon after he got back from his Paris studies to Tunisia, with a law degree in his hand and the blueprint for a new independence movement in his head, he set out for the countryside. "I got into my seven-horsepower Peugeot and decided to cover my country," he told us. And he did cover it, to the last sun-baked village on the edge of the Sahara. He talked with the people, met their village leaders, and organized the local cells of an independence movement. It was a precinct operation that a Tammany Hall veteran would admire.

Somehow he knew what the other city-bred revolutionaries did not: that an independence movement, like a *(Continued on page* 36)

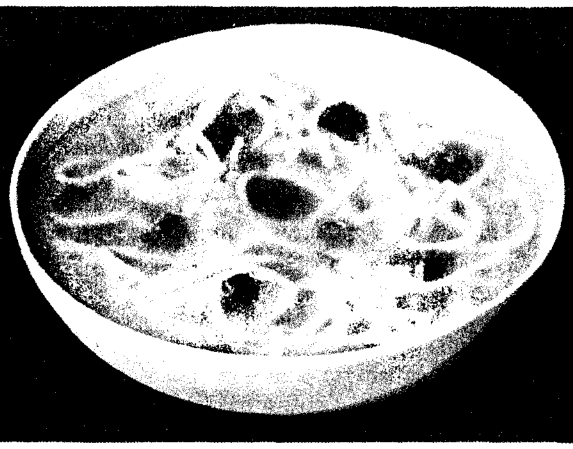


★★ **TOMATO**—Most popular soup to start a meal—a perfect purée of the famous Campbell Tomato, smoothly blended with fine dairy butter.

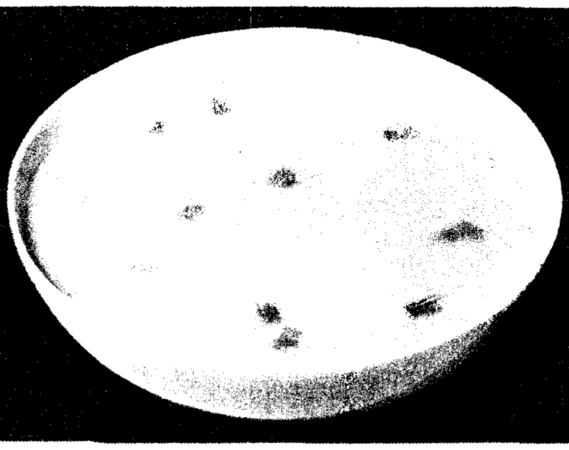


★ **CHICKEN GUMBO**—A nourishing chicken and
★★ vegetable soup! Tender chicken pieces mingled with tomatoes, okra, celery and fluffy rice.

★★ **CONSOMMÉ**—Stimulating beef stock—flavored with tomatoes, celery, carrots. Have it hot for breakfast! Have it cold and jellied for lunch!

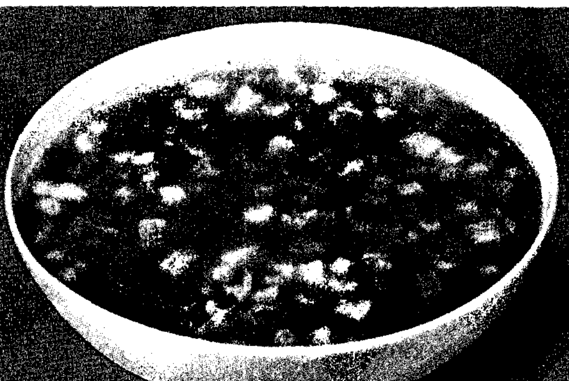


★★ **BEEF NOODLE**—Solidly satisfying—with fine lean beef and egg noodles in a real old-fashioned beef broth. Have it at lunch with a vegetable salad.



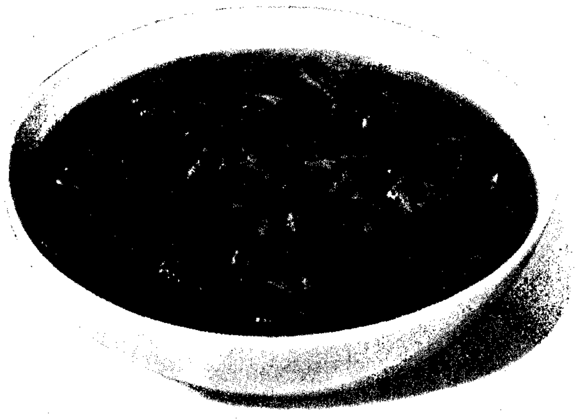
★ **CREAM OF CELERY**—The soup with the delicate
★ flavor of crisp Pascal celery and sweet country cream. Makes a delightful pour-on or cooking sauce.

★ **VEGETABLE BEEF**—Almost a balanced meal in
★★ itself—rich with beef, vegetables and beef broth. Have a hearty bowlful for lunch or supper.



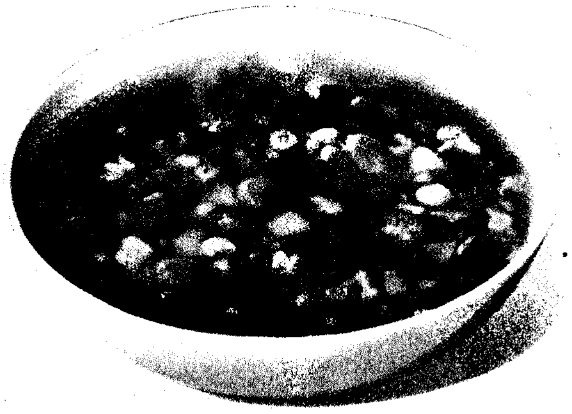
★ **PEPPER POT**—The pride of Philadelphia chefs—
★★ a spicy soup thick with fine vegetables, macaroni and nourishing meat. Substantial for a cold day.

★★ **BEAN WITH BACON**—An old-fashioned energy soup—prize beans, slow-cooked the careful way—laced with smoky bacon! A wonderful warmer upper!



★ **ONION**—It's soup as the French like it—dark and rich in flavor with sweet onions and tangy Cheddar cheese. Perks up the appetite—leaves a pleasant glow!

★ **CLAM CHOWDER**—Hearty and tastes of the sea
★★ —choice bay clams blended with tomatoes, carrots, potatoes in zesty clam broth. A popular Friday soup.



★★ **VEGETABLE**—A delicious way to have the nourishing vegetables you need. 15 proud vegetables in a robust beef stock, seasoned to bring out best flavors.

Follow the stars for
food-value clues!

★ These soups supply vegetables of the kind we need every day—with their vitamins and minerals.

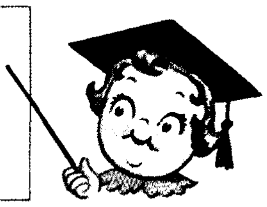
★ Meat, chicken and seafood soups help provide proteins, vitamins and minerals—for growth and upkeep.

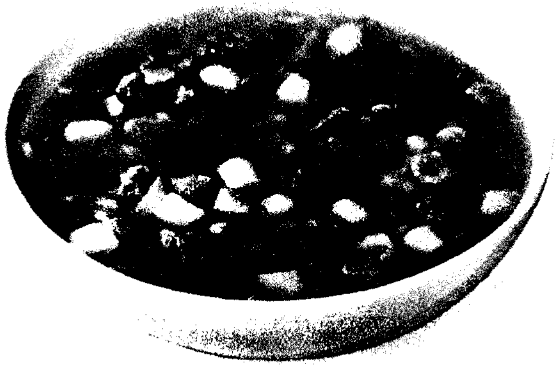
★ These soups are higher in protein.

★ Satisfying, low-calorie soups for weight watchers.

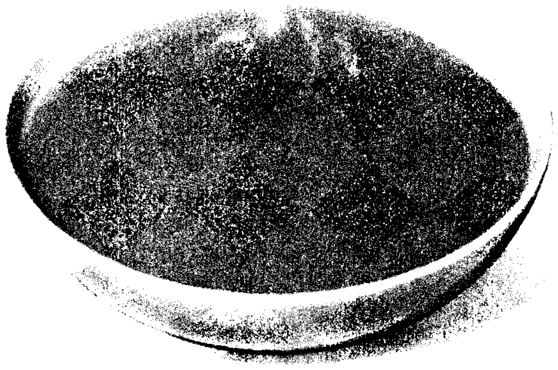
These soups are made with nourishing milk.

When made with milk, all of these soups add needed calcium and protein. Warm liquids in all soups aid digestion.

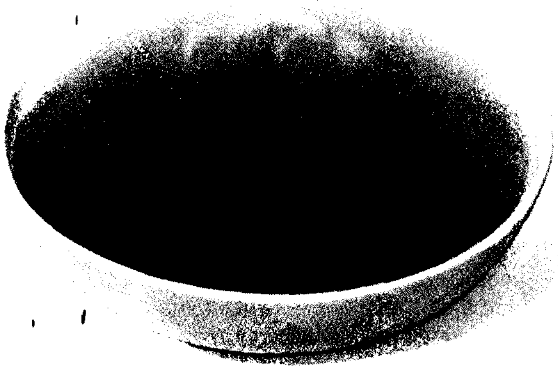




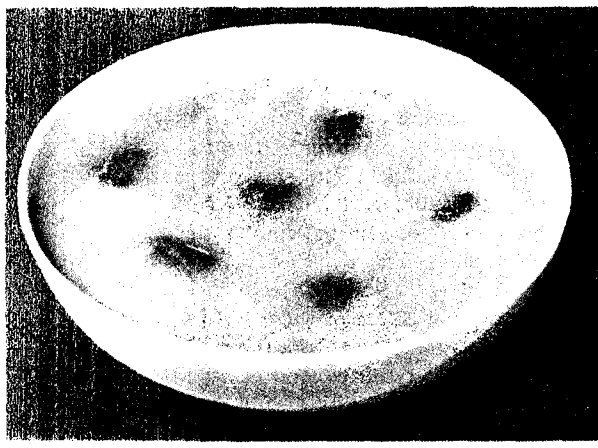
★★ **BEEF**—The square-meal soup for *big* appetites—savory beef stock brimming with chunks of fine, lean beef, *garden-good tomatoes, carrots, potatoes, barley.*



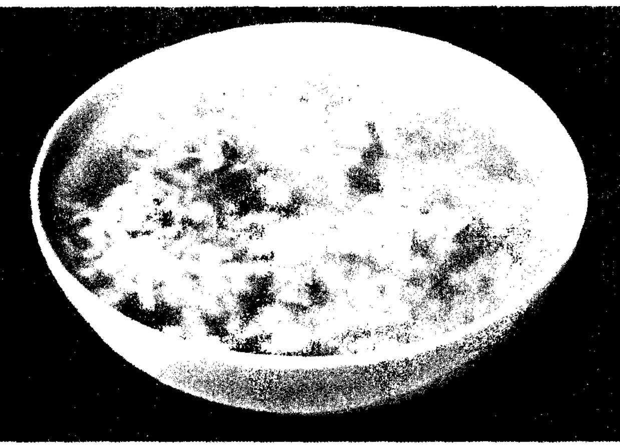
★★ **GREEN PEA**—Heavenly-smooth—this creamy purée of sweet green peas . . . blended with butter and *seasoning. Try it with ham and cheese sandwiches.*



★★ **BOUILLON**—Clear and tangy soup . . . made from fine, lean beef. Poured over ice, it's "Soup on the Rocks." *A wonderful low-calorie appetizer.*

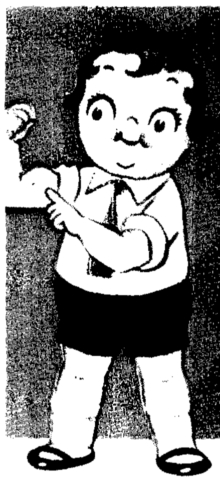


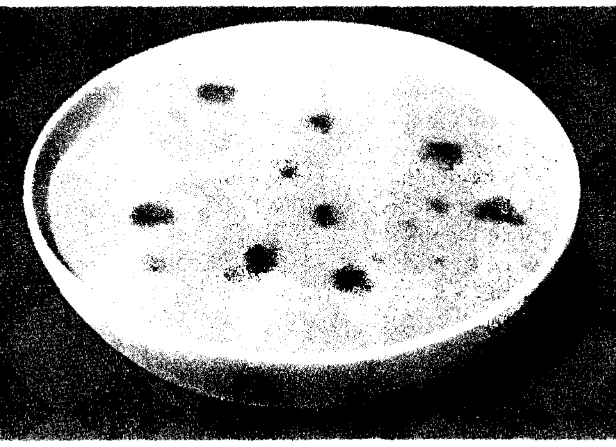
★ ★ **CREAM OF ASPARAGUS**—Year-round breath of spring—a purée of tenderest asparagus—with milk and golden butter. Helps make any meal a banquet.



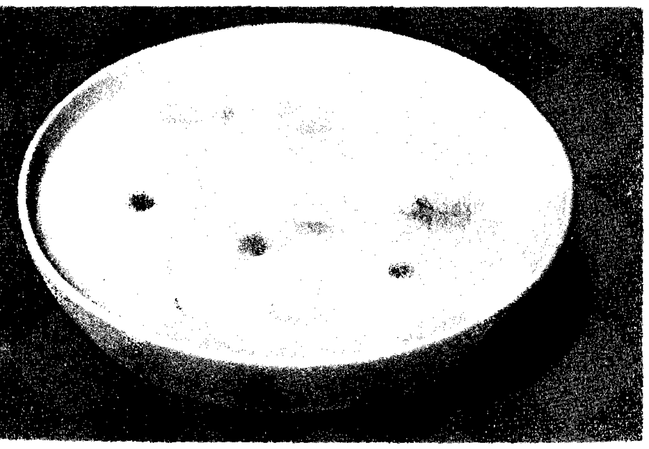
★★ **CHICKEN WITH RICE**—Sparkling-clear chicken broth shimmering with fluffy long-grain rice and tender pieces of chicken. Great to start the day—or to end it!

★★ **CHICKEN NOODLE**—Beloved by young and old—full of golden gifts: chicken, egg noodles and a shimmering broth. So quick and easy for a busy day.



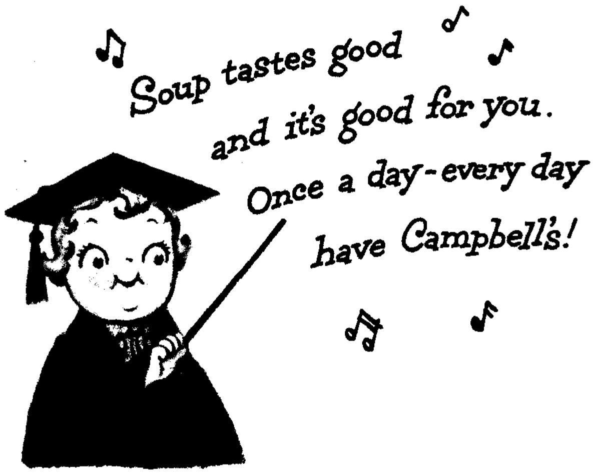


CREAM OF MUSHROOM—The elegant flavor of finest mushrooms smoothed with cream. A luxury soup! Makes a perfect sauce for meat and chicken dishes.



★ **CREAM OF CHICKEN**—Pure pleasure—flavorful chicken broth rich with cream, full of pieces of chicken and celery. Gives a big lift to lunch or supper.

★ ★★ **SCOTCH BROTH**—Give yourself a build-up—with a "souper" soup: mutton, carrots, onions and barley! Sturdy and satisfying. A breakfast favorite.


Soup tastes good
and it's good for you.
Once a day-every day
have Campbell's!

★★ **VEGETARIAN VEGETABLE**—Delicious fare for meatless days! 15 nourishing vegetables in an artfully seasoned all-vegetable broth.

21 DIFFERENT, DELICIOUS WAYS TO START THE MEAL

Once a day...every day...Campbell's Soup

SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS

For Tunisia, Bourguiba wants a strong executive, popularly elected, as in the United States

(Continued from page 33) government, must put down roots in the village as well as the town. And it has to grow from the grass roots. The acquaintance that Bourguiba struck up with the Tunisian people during his party-building tours of the 1930s has flourished over the years. It has kept him and his movement alive in many dangerous moments. His main support while he was in exile came from the rank and file of his people. They took up collections in secret, and smuggled the money out of the country with the help of the Egyptian consulate. When Bourguiba needed to go into hiding, or to escape from house arrest, the villagers provided the means.

These were his Scarlet Pimpernel days. It could have been said of Bourguiba, too:

They seek him here, they seek him there,
Those Frenchies seek him everywhere. . . .

ON ONE OCCASION he was escaping on foot, disguised as a sailor. The day was scorching. "I stopped in a village to buy some oranges from a small shopkeeper," he recalled to us. "I bought two dozen—all he had. When I started to pay for them, the poor fellow must have recognized me. He refused the money and embraced me, saying he was happy to be able to do something for his country. I lived on those oranges for two weeks in the Libyan Desert."

In 1945, while under house arrest at his home in Monastir, Bourguiba decided that he would have to go outside his own country to look for support and allies for his cause. One morning, as usual, he walked to the market place of the little seaport town, followed, as usual, by his two French soldier-guards. He bought a big fresh fish, carried it home, and gave orders that it was to be cooked for his lunch. The guards settled down in the courtyard for a midday siesta while their charge was eating. When a Tunisian woman, heavily veiled according to custom, swished past them and disappeared into the street, they took no notice. Not until two hours later did they discover that their prisoner had flown. By that time, with the help of his people, Bourguiba was aboard a fishing boat bound for Tripoli.

Exile and imprisonment accounted for half Bourguiba's years between 1934 and 1955. During this period, which included many months of solitary confinement, he grew from a firebrand and a party organizer into a political thinker. From his cells in a dozen French jails he poured out a volume of letters, tracts, proclamations and messages of cheer to his fellow Destourians. Although forbidden to communicate with the outer world, he turned every prison wall into a sieve. Somehow he managed to keep pencil and paper hidden in his clothing. Occasional visitors, friends or relatives, carried out manuscripts in their shoes. He circulated messages to his fellow prisoners, sometimes in the lining of a vacuum bottle from which they drank their coffee, sometimes wedged into the pump of the primus stove on which they boiled their tea.

The French once made the mistake of sending him from one prison to another with two Moslem soldiers as his guards. He made friends with the guards and persuaded one of them to mail a letter for him. "If you want to please Allah and go to heaven," he told the guard, "just drop this letter in any mailbox." The theme of the letter, like that of all Bourguiba's messages to his people, was this: "Never despair. People who fight for freedom always win, sooner or later."

He had faith, too, that someday France would come to her senses in her dealings with Tunisia. His trust in the French is hard to understand except in the context of his own French background. He had breathed his first free air in Paris and had married a Frenchwoman. He had sent his son to Paris to be educated. He speaks French impeccably, with exaggeratedly French gestures. Although Tunisian independence has always been his goal, and still is, Bourguiba has never suggested that his country cut all its ties with France. In one breath he declares, "Colonial rule robs people of their dignity"—and in another says, "We shall need France for decades and decades."

Bourguiba showed his grasp of world affairs in a letter smuggled out of a Vichy-French prison in 1942. Writing in one of the darkest periods of the war, three months before there was any hint of an Allied landing in North Africa, he begged his people to throw in their lot with General Charles de Gaulle's Free French; he was convinced that the Axis would be beaten. It is ironic that the Gaullists were the first to trample on Tunisian nationalism as soon as they had the chance.

Bourguiba has seen too much of tyranny ever to want a dictatorship, whether Fascist or Marxist or home-grown, in his own country. He has no use for Communism, or even for doctrinaire Socialism. While we were with him in his house in the Arab quarter of Tunis, he received a delegation of 30 Socialists from Sweden. He astonished and dismayed them by saying that he did not believe in Marxist controls. "A man should not be dragged into heaven by a rope around his neck," he told them.

At the same time, he does not want to transplant the chaos of French splinter parties and shifting governments to the new Tunisia. "We must have a strong executive elected by popular vote," he said to us. "The party that's elected must be allowed to govern for four or five years. Then the people can look at the results, and re-elect them or throw them out. That's the system you have in America, and in this respect I like your system."

Like other successful revolutionaries, Bourguiba now faces the hard, prosaic job of building a viable state. Unlike most of them, he has refused public office; he has preferred to operate from the side lines as leader of the dominant political party. His most urgent tasks in 1956 will include: pulling his badly split party together, winning a general election, fashioning a constitution, and grappling with Tunisia's poverty and unemployment. Can this rebel become a peacemaker and a nation-builder? We have met many famous ex-rebels in the last 30 years, and have watched many of them in action: Gandhi and Nehru of India, De Valera and Cosgrave of Ireland, U Nu of Burma among them. Bourguiba can hold his own in this company. He is not as humble as Gandhi, as intellectual as Nehru, as serene as U Nu; yet he is a clearer thinker and a more magnanimous person than some of them. Most of his problems as a nation-builder are not very different from theirs. But one of them is without a parallel in the other countries, and Bourguiba understands it. This is the agonizing dilemma posed by the multitudes of French settlers in North Africa, and specifically in Tunisia.

The French have settled in North Africa as farmers, businessmen, civil servants and *petits blancs*—poor whites—in such numbers that they constitute a problem unique in the colonial world. In Morocco, where France has ruled only since 1912, there are 300,000 French and 59,000 Spaniards, Portuguese and Italians alongside a native population of 7,800,000, including 200,000 Jews. In Algeria, which France took over in 1830, more than a million French and other Europeans live on top of 8,500,000 Moslems. In Tunisia, where France became the ruling "protector" in 1881, there are 200,000 French, 82,000 other Europeans and 70,000 native Jews with a Moslem population of more than 3,000,000.

IN SHEER NUMBERS this formidable body of Frenchmen living on African soil creates a predicament that would stump King Solomon himself. Elsewhere in the French Empire—in Indochina or Madagascar, for example—the French never settled in anything like hundreds of thousands. The British never colonized their empire in such numbers except in virgin lands like Australia or North America. One British colony—Kenya, in east Africa—has been settled on a comparable scale, but the black majority in Kenya is not comparable in past or present attainments to the white Moslem majorities in Morocco, Algeria or Tunisia. North African Moslems belong to the vast brotherhood of Islam, which embraces one seventh of the human race. They have memories, at least in Morocco and Tunisia, of a culture that flowered a thousand years ago, in the aftermath of the Arab conquest.

Toward this Moslem majority, the French and other European settlers are, in the main, contemptuous. They call them the *sales Arabes*—the dirty Arabs. They regard them as "lazy," as "children." How, the settlers ask, can such "inferior" people be expected to govern themselves, much less their superiors? There is also a racialist streak in many of these transplanted Frenchmen. We first heard it expressed in Paris by General Pierre Koenig, former Minister of Defense and a powerful spokesman of the North African colonists. "We white people," he said, "have to stick together."

In the face of the Moslem nationalist threat, thousands of the settlers have organized into groups calling themselves "L'Union pour la Présence Française"—so named because the French have always regarded their "presence" in North Africa as essential to the salvation of the area.

The Moroccan organization, with 5,000 avowed members and perhaps 80,000 active sympathizers, is a formidable pressure group. It has lobbyists in Paris, agents in the office of the French resident-general, hundreds of members in the police force, and a fanatical wing of counterterrorists on the Ku Klux Klan or vigilante model.

In Tunisia the rabid wing of the Présence Française is small. Its philosophy was summed up by a Corsican general who once said,

The TAREYTON *Twosome*

HERBERT TAREYTON
CIGARETTES
Cork Tip
MODERN SIZE
FILTER TIP
TAREYTON
CIGARETTES
MODERN SIZE
TAREYTON

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the perfect choice for better smoking

HERBERT TAREYTON

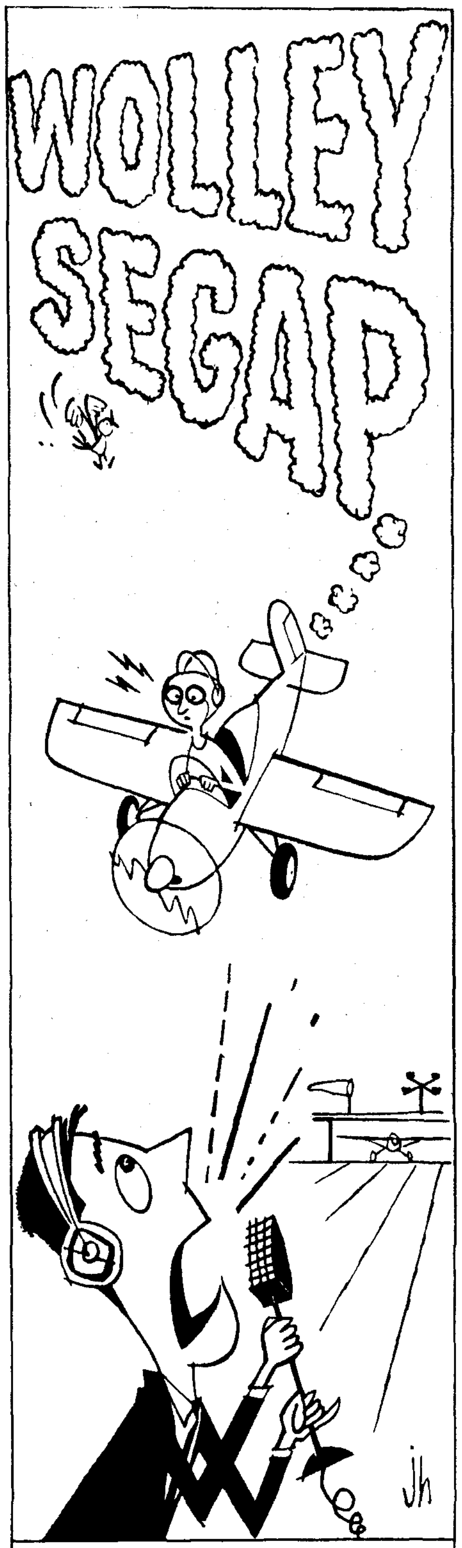
For better smoking, ask for Herbert Tareyton. You'll enjoy the mild, rich-tasting blend of famous quality tobaccos and you'll like the genuine cork tip that always stays firm and fresh . . . that adds so much to your smoking pleasure.

FILTER TIP TAREYTON

All the pleasure comes thru . . . the taste is great! Filter Tip Tareyton smokes milder, smokes smoother, draws easier. And Tareyton's filter is pearl-gray because it contains Activated Charcoal for real filtration. It's the best in filtered smoking!

Only FILTER TIP
TAREYTON
gives you
Activated Charcoal
filtration

PRODUCTS OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES



NO, NO, MORTIMER!

You've spelled it backwards
Not WOLLEY SEGAP...
It's **'YELLOW PAGES'.**
You know... when you're
looking for something...
you find it fast in the
'YELLOW PAGES' of your
Telephone Book.

Find It Fast
In The
'Yellow Pages'

Ads with this symbol
make your shopping easier

"The lowest, meanest Frenchman is better than the best Arab." This mentality is less widespread among the French farmers than among civil servants, and less among Frenchmen from France than among the Corsicans, naturalized Sicilians and Maltese who fill the whole range of government jobs in Tunisia down to the last postal clerk and railway ticket taker.

These are the people who most bitterly fought Tunisian self-government, fearing it would cost them their jobs and pensions. These are the people whose trade-union, in 1952, demanded hereditary rights "for the children of personnel in office at the present time."

THE FRENCH FARMERS in Tunisia feel that they, too, have a valid claim for themselves and their children. Many who are second-generation settlers firmly believe that in cultivating Tunisia's only belt of rich, rain-fed land they have "developed" the country. On a rainy autumn day a French friend drove us 100 miles southwest of Tunis to visit a family of these French *colons* on their farm. They were M. and Mme. Jean Bernier, who welcomed us with great courtesy. Their comfortable house and 200-acre farm had been their home since 1936. In spite of the loneliness and isolation, they said, they liked their life in Tunisia. It was better than most French farmers enjoyed in the homeland.

M. Bernier reminded us that the French government had offered his father and thousands of other settlers inducements to come to Tunisia in the 1890s. It had given them easy credit to buy rich land at $2 an acre. Now, he felt, France had deserted the people it persuaded to colonize Tunisia.

"The French government doesn't understand us or listen to us." M. Bernier said. "When Mendès-France offered the Tunisians their autonomy, do you think he consulted us? All we got by way of consultation was a visit from a committee of members of parliament. They were in Tunis for three days, and spent most of their time buying rugs in the bazaar.

"Our government has left us only two choices. We can sell our land and go back to France, as some are doing. But what can I do to earn a living in France? Or we hang on here and hope for the best. But for my son, who is eighteen, there is no future here."

This point of view, understandable to many Europeans, is deeply resented by the Tunisians. It wounds and angers them to find that the French have so little faith in Tunisian honesty and ability.

"Why should the settlers leave?" exclaimed the mayor of a Moslem town, his eyes flashing. "We have promised that no one will touch them or their property. They have nothing to be afraid of."

Nevertheless, the honest fears of French *colons* were very much on the mind of their government when representatives of the two peoples sat down in Paris in September, 1954, to negotiate the home-rule agreement which Mendès-France had promised. The Tunisians conceded one all-important French claim: France kept full control of Tunisia's defense and foreign relations. But it took nine months of hard bargaining to reach the following compromises in five power-laden sectors of government:

- Police will come under Tunisian officers gradually over 20 years. For the whole of that time, police chiefs in the large cities, where the French have settled, will be Frenchmen, and a third of the police force will remain French.
- Justice will be meted out for 15 years by mixed French-Tunisian courts wherever the cases involve Europeans. At the end of that period, a mixed commission will decide whether justice can be entrusted wholly to Tunisian courts.
- Civil service tenure, salaries and pensions will be guaranteed to all French officials with permanent status. As the French retire, they will be replaced by Tunisians.
- Education will continue in separate French and Tunisian school systems.
- In municipal government—the field in which the Tunisians held out for the legal principle of full sovereignty in internal affairs—the French will be represented on municipal councils in areas where 10 per cent or more of the population is French.

The Tunisian government took immediate control of its own finances, with the assurance that France would continue to meet the Tunisian budget deficit, which came to $18,000,000 in 1955. If Tunisia wants financial or technical help from abroad, she will have to go to France for permission. Finally, a mixed commission sitting in Paris will consider disputes arising out of the settlement.

In applying these agreements, France is putting its best foot forward in Tunisia. The French are resolved, for the moment, to carry out the deal they made. They seem to have realized—as they did not realize in Morocco—that repression is a blind alley. Their residents-general in Tunis, many of them tyrant-kings in Tunisian eyes, have been replaced by a high commissioner.

In choosing their first high commissioner, the French dipped into their diplomatic service and pulled out one of their brightest young men: Roger Seydoux, for two years French minister in charge of information in Washington, and later deputy to General Pierre Boyer de Latour, the last resident-general in Tunisia. The liberal-minded Seydoux, tactful and persuasive, is determined to play the new game of co-operation to the limit. Between him and Bourguiba, understanding is easy and friendly. But co-operating with the Tunisians is not the most difficult of Seydoux's assignments.

"MY HARDEST JOB," he told us, "is to give the French people here a sense of confidence." He knows that many of them are bitter and fearful of losing their farms, their jobs, their French freedoms. Most of them have been sulking on the side lines; Seydoux wants them to get into the game and make the new agreement work. He spends much of his time on official visits to the cities and areas where French settlers are most numerous. Wherever he goes, he preaches the gospel of co-operation with the new regime. If the agreement succeeds, it will be partly because of Seydoux and the new French attitude which he personifies.

Looking ahead, only a reckless optimist would predict that the agreement would work exactly as its French and Tunisian signers intended. A 20-year timetable so delicately balanced, so complex and detailed, would be hard to carry out successfully even if perfect confidence and understanding could be created between French and Tunisians —and among Tunisians themselves— over the next 20 years. There are at least three reasons for keeping fingers crossed as the two peoples proceed with their experiment.

The first is that French conservatives see this agreement as the limit of their concessions and the end of Tunisian demands; the Tunisians emphatically do not. Bourguiba has always said that he regards the pact as a step toward complete independence; he sets great store by the fact that the agreement provides for periodic revision at the request of either side. If the French think they have put a fence around Tunisian nationalism for 20 years, they are in for a shock.

There must be a second reasonable doubt about the Tunisian future. Tunisia is a poor, dry country no bigger than the state of New York. It has not been able to make ends meet without an annual subsidy from France. It has few natural resources except for a narrow strip of good wheat and vine land along the Mediterranean, a belt of olive-growing country in the center, and low-grade phosphate mines in the far south. Its population has more than doubled in 73 years.

BOURGUIBA and the younger moderates of his party will have to show their people that the new government can deliver the goods. That is, it must make a dent in unemployment, get tens of thousands of children off the streets into schools, and begin to attack the rural poverty which now sends thousands of landless, workless Moslems streaming into Tunis from the parched south in search of work and food. Bourguiba himself confesses that he and his party have not had time to think through the problems of economic rehabilitation; he says they have been too busy waging the fight for political freedom. But they had better hurry. If the new government does not give the rank and file of the people a sense of going ahead within five years, it will risk being taken over by extremists.

A fanatical pro-Arab faction, demanding "independence now," has already broken with Bourguiba and the moderate leadership of his party. That this group has come into the open so boldly, so soon after the agreement with France, is a third reason for caution in predicting the course of the Tunisian experiment.

The leader of these extremists is a fast-talking French-educated Arab lawyer named Salah ben Youssef (not to be confused, of course, with the Moroccan sultan of the same name). Ben Youssef and Bourguiba were colleagues in the early days of the independence fight, but their paths parted. Bourguiba stayed in the thick of the struggle, in and out of jail; Ben Youssef spent most of the same bitter years in comfortable exile, many of them in Cairo, where Arab League propagandists took him over. As soon as he saw that the agreement with France would not grant immediate and complete independence, he fought it tooth and claw. After Bourguiba's triumphal return to Tunis last June, Ben Youssef, then secretary-general of the Neo-Destour party, was invited back from Cairo in the hope that he would see the error of his ways. Instead, he promptly delivered a speech in the Grand Mosque of Tunis bitterly denouncing the agreement with France as a betrayal.

Ben Youssef is out to wreck the agreement, and makes no bones about it. With engaging frankness, he told us that he wanted complete independence now. "If the French refuse to give it and go back to repression," said this amiable firebrand, "we will have to take

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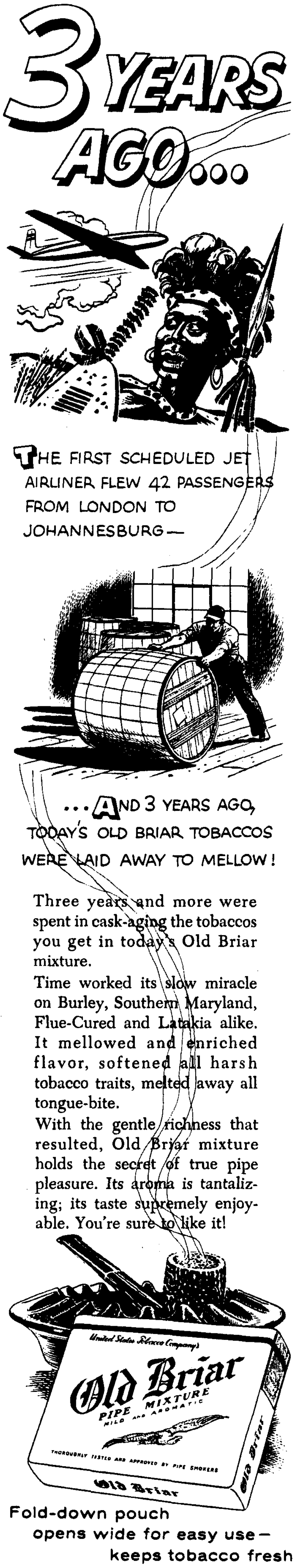

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countermeasures, and there will be violence in Tunisia again."

Since then, violence has come—but not against the French. In November, when the Neo-Destour party congress unanimously expelled Ben Youssef for his wrecking tactics, his followers answered with the crack of gunfire. In the first ten days of December, five Tunisians were killed and 34 wounded in bloody clashes between Ben Youssef's supporters and those of Bourguiba. The casualties included Ben Youssef's chauffeur and one of Bourguiba's husky bodyguards. The French High Commissioner, M. Seydoux, rightly saw this rift as a threat to the whole French-Tunisian agreement. His response was to strengthen Bourguiba's hand by turning over important units of the French-officered mobile police to Tunisian control. The French have every reason to fear Ben Youssef, and to resent the unabashed support he receives from the Egyptian government and the Arab League.

BEN YOUSSEF welcomes this foreign support. He insisted to us that Tunisia's future was linked to that of the Arab world. He talked with emotion about ties of blood and culture, about feeling "at home" in Egypt, Syria, Lebanon and Iraq. (Bourguiba, in contrast, has little patience with the cult of Pan-Arabism and thinks the Arab League is a fiction.) Yet Ben Youssef was not convincing to us when he protested his love for the Arabs. His sumptuous house on Mont Fleurie, overlooking the roofs and minarets of the city of Tunis, was Western in every detail except the Turkish coffee. The furniture was modern French. His charming young wife wore smart Western clothes. Of his two children, one goes to a French school and the other to a Catholic school. We could not help feeling that this man was chiefly interested in using the Arab League as a springboard for power.

The biggest obstacle in his way is the personal legend of Bourguiba. Largely because of it, Ben Youssef lost the first round at the party congress which expelled him in November. The second round will be fought in the general election, now scheduled for April. But even if Ben Youssef and his rabble rousers are defeated again, as they probably will be, they are not to be underrated as michief makers. They have it in their power to tear Tunisia apart, to distract the new government, and to delay the attack on the new nation's problems of poverty and unemployment.

Bourguiba faces possible trouble from another quarter: from two powerful men who now support the agreement with France. One is his trusted lieutenant, Mongi Slim, who holds the all-important post of Minister of Interior in the Tunisian government. Within two years this man will have the police chiefs, both French and Tunisian, as well as the local government services under his control. In his office across the street from the ancient Kasbah, the fortress where Bourguiba was imprisoned for a time, Slim pooh-poohed the influence of Ben Youssef and the Arab League faction. "Let them talk," he said. "Everyone in Tunisia has the right to express his opinion."

But when violence broke out a few weeks later, Mongi Slim suspended a pro-Ben Youssef newspaper and forbade all public meetings without a permit. Mongi Slim's critics say that while he pays lip service to civil rights, they fear that he is an authoritarian at heart.

Another leader who may challenge Bourguiba's moderate policy is thirty-three-year-old Ahmed ben Salah, head of the up-and-coming trade-union organization in Tunisia. Ben Salah is a friend and admirer of Walter Reuther in the United States, and one of the few leaders who is thinking hard about the central problem of the Tunisian future —namely, the economic plight of a country that is too poor to support itself for years to come.

We heard Frenchmen in Paris and in North Africa accuse this brilliant youngster and his trade-unions of being under Communist influence. But they never have been able to prove it. Furthermore, as Salah reminded us, he took his organization into the anti-Communist International Confederation of Free Trade Unions.

"I am not a Marxist," he told us. Yet he said he wanted the new Tunisian government to own the means of production, and he hopes his country will refuse the help of foreign private capital. Ben Salah holds in his hands the threat of a general strike whenever he wants to call one. He believes that without such a threat the government can never be prodded to pay attention to unemployment and rural poverty.

When we saw Ben Salah he had not yet decided whether his trade-unions would support Bourguiba's party in the coming election, as American labor organizations usually throw their support to one party or the other, or whether the Tunisian workers would form a party of their own, as British labor has done. We felt that this man, more than any other, might be Bourguiba's heir apparent or might, in time, supplant him.

Rival leaders and groups often fall to quarreling and jockeying for power when a fight for freedom has been won. Every independence movement has within it the seeds of factionalism and even of civil war, and Bourguiba's movement is no exception. If Bourguiba can win a smashing election victory over the extremists, if his people can drag themselves out of their morass of poverty, if French and Tunisians can weather the squalls of the next 20 years —three big ifs—the Tunisian experiment has a chance of success. Will it offer any pattern to the rest of North Africa?

The answer is less clear when you have been on the spot than when you know "French North Africa" simply as a blob of one color on a map. It is true that Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia have much in common: a body of French settlers who have done prodigies in developing the territories, for themselves; a mass of underprivileged and undereducated Moslems who speak Arabic and follow the Islamic way of life; a skyrocketing population and a lack of resources to feed it and employ it; and a small French-educated elite of nationalist politicians who dream of a better deal for their people.

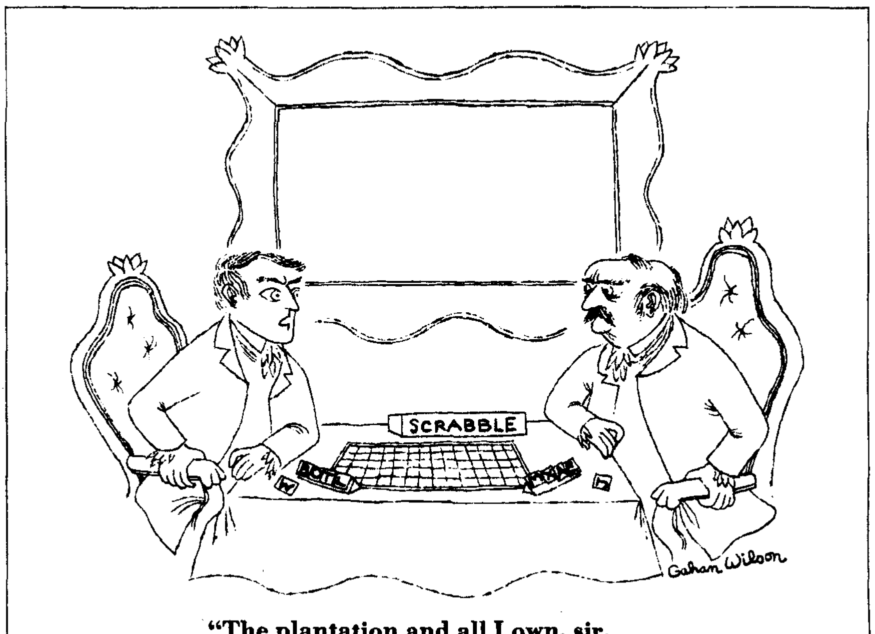
Yet the three countries are at widely different stages of evolution. Politically, Tunisia is far in front of the others. Its Moslem elite is the smartest, its middle class is the largest in North Africa, and the country, for all its poverty, is the readiest for self-government. Home rule in Algeria may be decades away; in Morocco it is sure to come sooner. But whatever the timing may be, self-government in North Africa cannot work unless it takes into account the "Tunisian experiment" and the two great truths embodied in it.

The first truth, conceded by Bourguiba himself, is that independence in North Africa cannot come all at once. The presence of a multitude of French settlers requires a gradual approach. It calls for special safeguards that will protect them for at least a generation to come.

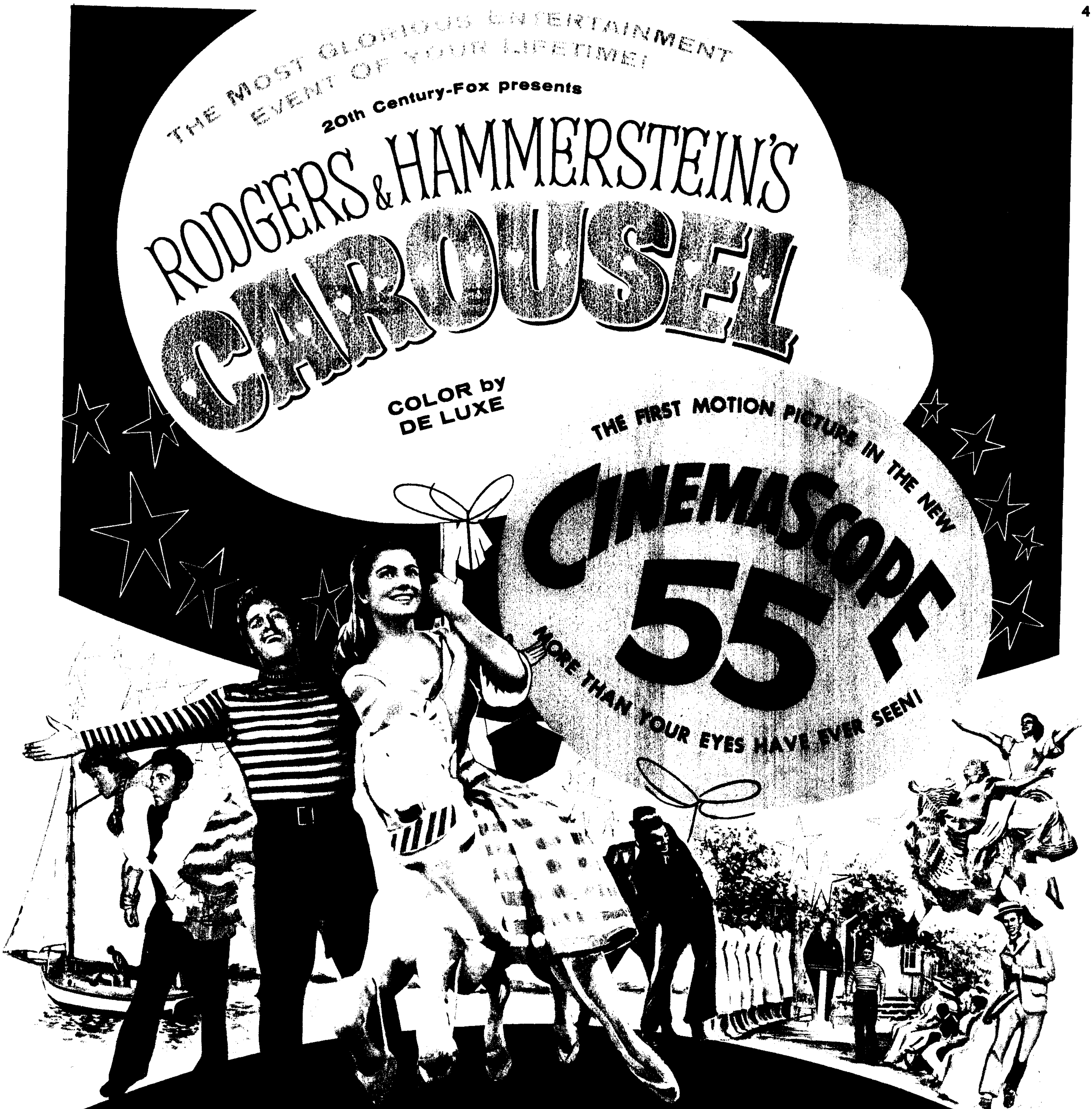
The second truth, conceded by Mendès-France and his successors, is that repression simply breeds more hatred and more repression. The Moslems of North Africa want and will get self-government. It will be in the best interests of France to prepare them for it.

HALF A CENTURY AGO a famous French soldier-priest, Father Charles de Foucauld, made a grim prediction out of his long experience as an explorer, surveyor and French advance agent in Morocco. He saw two choices facing France in North Africa: If she pursued a benevolent policy, preparing the Moslem peoples for responsibility, he thought she could hold her influence and power and have an "admirable empire" in 50 years. If she attempted a policy of exploitation, suppressing Moslem aspirations by force, she would risk losing North Africa.

That prediction was written in 1906. The 50 years are up. France seems ready now—perhaps not too late—to take De Foucauld's advice to heart. The Tunisian experiment may be France's last, best hope of saving something, at least, from the otherwise inevitable wreck of her empire. THE END



COLLIER'S "The plantation and all I own, sir, against the hand of Cindy Lou . . ." GAHAN WILSON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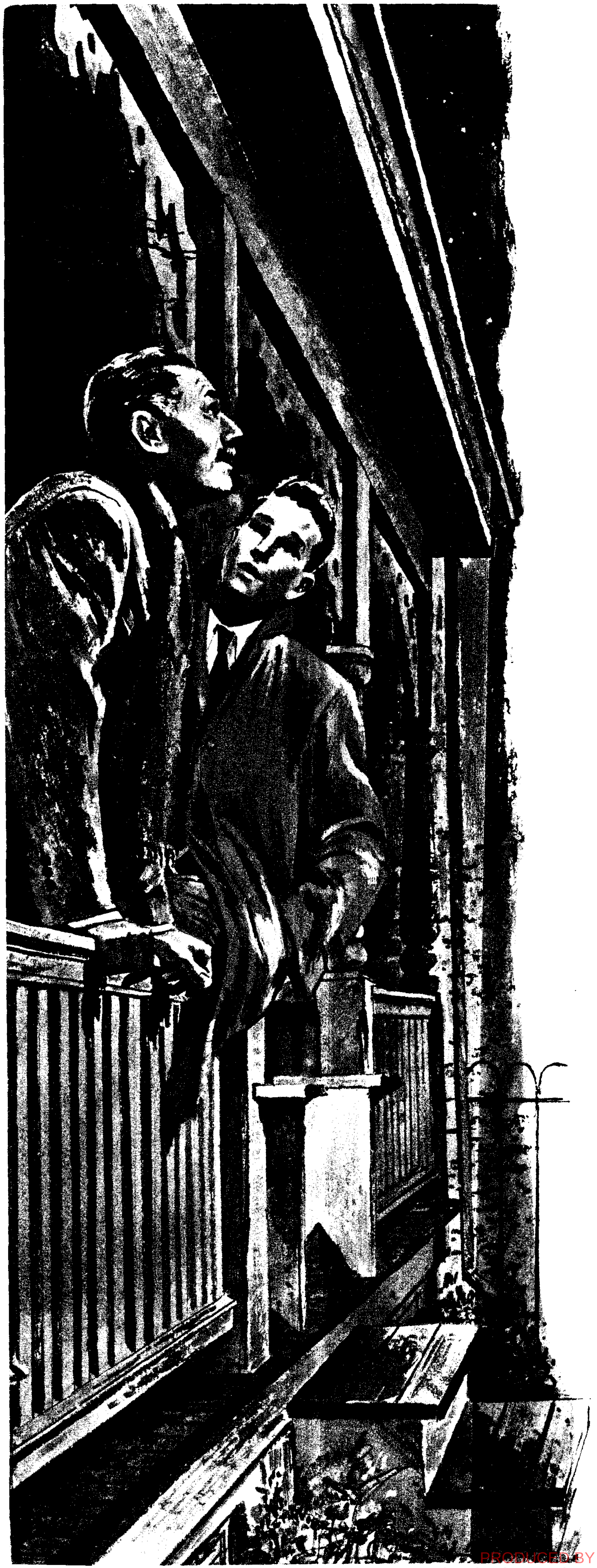

WHAT EVERY MAN KNOWS

By GLENDON SWARTHOUT

My father and I both had our troubles. He had his and I had mine. And then his were mine and mine were his, and boy, was I getting old fast!

FOR months after my mother died my father and I were very united. We lived in the same big house and kept it exactly as it had been. To fight loneliness we did the housework together, went fishing often and to many movies, and he told me stories about his boyhood that I had never heard before. We isolated ourselves. This was probably natural.

Then the year I was fifteen a lot of things happened. I shot up three inches taller and went out for the basketball team and started messing around with a razor. My father began dating. I found out who, too, even though he didn't tell me. Widowers are more interesting to small towns than world events. To think that he could commit such a sacrilege hurt and enraged me, and to maintain self-respect I started to smoke a pipe on the sly, but limiting myself in order not to stunt my spectacular growth. I hid the pipe and tobacco can on a beam in the basement, and whenever my father went out in the evening I would sit on the steps in front of the furnace and smoke up a mutinous cloud.

But most of the really symbolic things happened all in one day. It was not only the coldest but the most symbolic day of the year.

We were just closing the front door of the house in the morning. He always walked as far as school with me. We heard the telephone ring and went back inside. He answered, standing up. It was long-distance for him from the state Capitol.

"You don't mean it," he said. He sat down. It was the first time I had ever seen the face of a grown man go completely white. "Bill," he said, "we're all right here. We *can't* close. We're all right, I tell you."

Whatever it was, he could not comprehend it. He sat at the telephone wearing the beautiful brown Cheviot overcoat that I liked best of anything he wore. He had paid eighty dollars for it, and though it was four years old it looked as fine as it had when new. It was big-city, that overcoat, not small-town, and so was my father when he wore it.

"We're all right, we're sound," he kept saying and shaking his head. But it was no use. Finally he put down the telephone, and

When I got home my father was on the porch. "How was the date?" he asked. "Okay," I said. I was busting with what I wanted to tell him

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD HOOK

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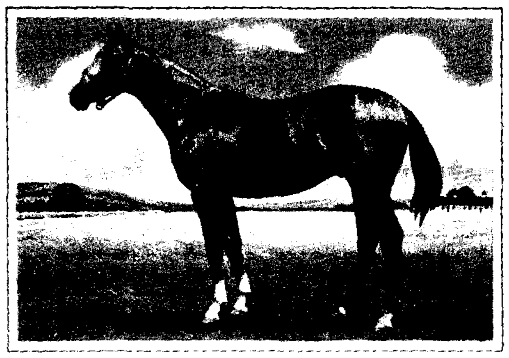


enty-four dollars in my savings account. "I hate her," I said steadily.

We looked at each other, each of us locked in his own vault. My father picked up the Journal of Commerce. "The directors are meeting at six, as soon as the stores close," he said. "You'll have to get your own supper."

I went home and sat on the basement steps in silence and betrayal and smoked one pipeload after another.

THAT night I had a date with Dorothy Phoebus. Her farm was north and east of town, up over the hills and into the flat country near Bowne Grange. It was good to be by myself out in the open, driving. Our car then was a 1928 sedan with just over forty thousand miles on it. The temperature must have been ten below zero. The snow was banked car-high on each side of the road, but they had plowed it down to the gravel and I could open up the car. The sedan would do a little over seventy but it was a very special seventy, for at that speed a stream of sparks always shot out from the exhaust and made you feel you were doing a hundred. It was fun to watch in the rearview mirror and see the sparks burning red and snapping into the snow.

At one corner I stopped and got out and stood for a minute beside the car. The night was very dark and the stars were so high and small I could hardly see them. A winter's night in Michigan is much lovelier than the Colosseum by moonlight. I cleared my lungs with ice-cold air and shot a basket at the stars and told myself that nothing had changed, really. The kids in my grade would soon forget about the bank closing. The teachers would be paid. My father would go on drawing his salary and eventually get over his passion and perceive his irreverence to the memory of my mother.

The main thing was, I was all right. Inside I had not been touched or hurt in any basic way, and my life would be the same. I got back in the car feeling a lot better.

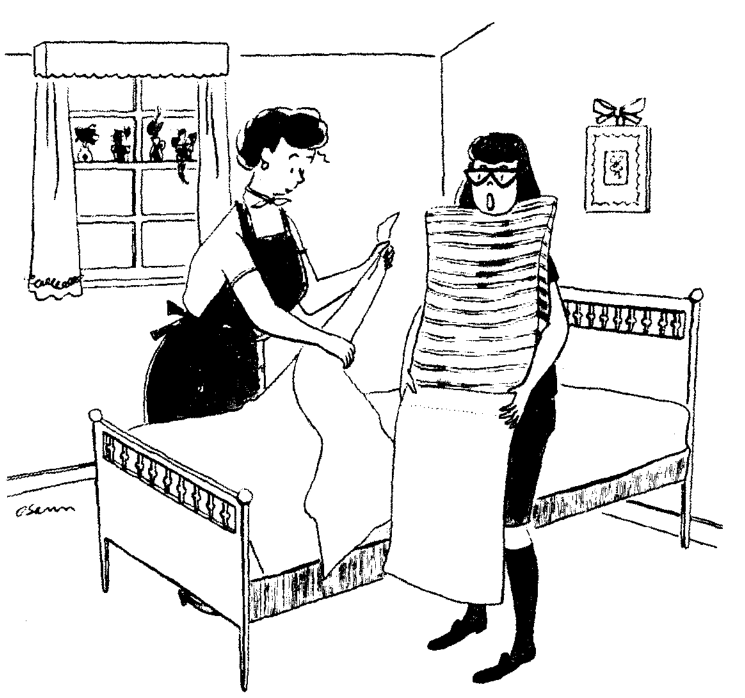
Dorothy Phoebus was the first girl I had formally dated and my dates with her were always the same. I would go in the side door of the farmhouse and into the big kitchen and sit and talk for an hour with Dorothy and her folks around the table. Her mother would often give me a slice of cake she had baked that day, and sometimes I had a glass of elderberry wine with her father. Mrs. Phoebus was round and sturdy and cheerful, and Dorothy would be like her someday. Mr. Phoebus was giant and spare, with big hands and a lantern jaw. I could tell they liked me and were glad to have me going with Dorothy.

Then after a while they would say good night and go to bed in the bedroom off the kitchen. Dorothy and I would wait a few minutes and then tiptoe into the dim parlor and sit on the sofa and kiss. We would sit there close together for two or three hours, not saying much but kissing all the time, long damp kisses, so long that we had to stop to breathe. She was fifteen too, and kissing was very vital to us and to our friends at that age. We were always playing post office and spin the bottle at parties. There was no arrangement between Dorothy and me about ever being engaged or getting married or even going steady, just the kissing. We both enjoyed it and found it more interesting than anything else.

BUT tonight Dorothy was alone in the kitchen. When I asked her about her folks she said they had gone to bed. I felt the same peculiar way I had felt when Dan Wingeier had let me into the bank that afternoon. Dorothy was very quiet. I stood around a few minutes and then took her hand and led her into the parlor. But when we were on the sofa she sat beside me stiffly, and when I tried to kiss her she wouldn't let me. The skin of her arms was cold and goose-pimply. I couldn't help noticing how plump and cold she was. I asked her what was wrong.

She started to cry with little sniffling noises and said the bank closing would ruin her father and mother because they had a mortgage and would prob-

TIZZY



"It's quite a problem. If you go out with a lot of fellows the boys think you're fickle, and if you date somebody steady the girls think you're unpopular!"

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ably lose the farm. I tried to tell her it wasn't my fault or my father's fault or anybody's, and that the bank would open again soon. But she just sat there plump and cold in one corner of the sofa making sniffling noises. It was certainly not very conducive.

From the bedroom off the kitchen I could hear her folks talking together in bed—not understand what they said, but hear their voices—probably talking about me or my father or their farm. The below-zero cold outside made the joists of the old farmhouse creak loudly. Besides the sound of her crying and her folks' talking together in bed and the creaking of the joists I could still hear the pounding on the glass doors of the bank. I had never felt more detached. I didn't know anyone in the world could be as lonely and detached as I was.

Now I knew that I had been wrong in what I'd thought when I stood by the car under the stars, and that an old-maid teacher had been right. The closing of the bank was going to be very important to me after all. My life would not be the same. For one thing, I would probably never have another date with Dorothy Phoebus. And worse, I might never again date or kiss any other girl in the tenth grade. Suddenly a whole series of kissless years stretched before me—all the way through high school and maybe even through college, if someone from my town went to the same college and word about the bank got around. It was a dread prospect.

"Dorothy," I said, "you've *got* to kiss me."

"I won't," she whimpered.

It was too serious a thing to be stoic about. With long strides I marched from the parlor and into the kitchen and stood before the closed door of her folks' bedroom. "Mr. and Mrs. Phoebus," I said, "there's something I have to tell you."

My voice was high-pitched and scary, but I had to go on now that I'd started. I was as determined about this as I had been once about staying on the hot-air register right through the shooting.

"Dorothy won't kiss me because she thinks it's my fault or my father's fault that the bank closed today," I said. "I've tried to tell her it isn't but she won't believe me. And I don't think it's fair of her. I don't know how you feel about it but I just want you to know this—my father said the bank was sound. And besides, he would never let you lose the farm no matter what happened. Not after your being so nice to me, giving me cake and elderberry wine and letting me go with Dorothy and everything . . ."

THEN I heard someone sitting up in bed. It must have been Mrs. Phoebus. "Dorothy," Mrs. Phoebus said.

"Wha—what?" quavered Dorothy.

"You ought to kiss him, dear," her mother said gently.

"Nooo . . ." Dorothy sniffed. She was a very stubborn girl.

Then I heard someone sitting up in bed with a giant grinding of the springs and I knew who that was. "Kiss 'im!" thundered Mr. Phoebus.

"All right," Dorothy said meekly.

"Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Phoebus," I said.

I marched back into the parlor. Dorothy came to meet me. She had stopped crying. It seemed to me, in fact, that she was glad to obey her parents. She kissed me.

It unlocked the vault. I stood there realizing so many things at once that I felt almost imperial. It was *Veni, vidi, vici*, but in different order. I had come, I had conquered, and now I saw.

I saw that my father had already spent a couple of kissless years. He and Miss Ames probably didn't kiss on their dates. People that age do not play around with the physical.

I saw that if Miss Ames was not as beautiful as my mother it was not her fault.

I saw that my father did not belong to me entirely, any more than the bank belonged to him, or Dorothy belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Phoebus. All Gaul was divided into three parts and that was the way it had to be with people. They had to be shared.

I saw that I had deserved the D in Latin.

And I saw that I had to leave.

Dorothy had already taken her place on the sofa, but I found my coat and told her I had to go. I promised to come out the next night and kiss her amply. Then I took off. I really red-sparked the car back to town.

WHEN I turned our corner I saw someone on the front porch. I drove into the garage and went to investigate. It was my father, standing there alone looking up at the faraway stars, just as I had done out in the country. I would never have thought people his age did that either. I stood beside him and noticed for the first time that I was as tall as he was.

"How was the date?" he asked.

"Okay," I said.

I was so busting with what I wanted to convey to him it was hard to be adult and aloof. "When are you getting married?" I asked.

I heard him draw a deep breath, filling his lungs with ice-cold air. "Oh, in a few weeks," he said.

It must have been twenty below zero by then, but we were very warm. "We'd better bank the furnace," he said.

That was something we always did together. We went into the house and down the basement steps, and while he banked the big furnace with ashes for the night I sat on the steps. It was a pleasant, private moment. On the fruit-cellar door was painted the head of a fox and the words *Fox Patrol*. We had held patrol meetings there a long time ago, when I was fourteen. Some of my mother's canned pears and raspberries were probably still on the shelves, for we hadn't been able to bring ourselves to eat many of them even though she would have wanted us to.

When I looked at my father again he had my pipe and tobacco can. I had left them in plain, defiant sight that afternoon. My heart began to pound but he just handed them to me stoically. To be doing something, I packed the pipe and lighted up.

"I keep it under control," I said. "I have to stay in condition for basketball."

He lighted a cigar and sat down beside me. The furnace rumbled and radiated even more warmth.

"I was thinking," I said. "I think you ought to get married right away. It would be good for the town. It would show people that you're not worried about the bank closing and that in your opinion everything is going to be basically all right. It would be symbolic."

"It might at that," he said.

After a while he said, "It would be good for your Latin, too."

We sat together smoking. Both of us had several emotional things to think about.

—GLENDON SWARTHOUT

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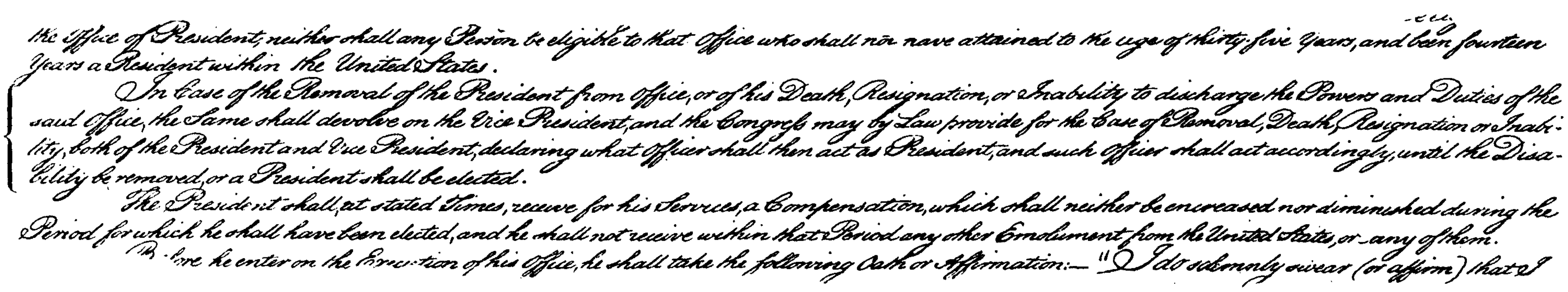
The Changing Role of the VICE-PRESIDENT

By ROBERT BENDINER



the Office of President; neither shall any Person be eligible to that Office who shall not have attained to the Age of thirty five Years, and been fourteen
Years a Resident within the United States.
In Case of the Removal of the President from Office, or of his Death, Resignation, or Inability to discharge the Powers and Duties of the
said Office, the Same shall devolve on the Vice President, and the Congreſs may by Law provide for the Case of Removal, Death, Resignation or Inabi-
lity, both of the President and Vice President, declaring what Officer shall then act as President, and such Officer shall act accordingly, until the Disa-
bility be removed, or a President shall be elected.
The President shall, at stated Times, receive for his Services, a Compensation, which shall neither be encreased nor diminished during the
Period for which he shall have been elected, and he shall not receive within that Period any other Emolument from the United States, or any of them.
Before he enter on the Execution of his Office, he shall take the following Oath or Affirmation:—"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I

In the words above, the Founding Fathers propounded the great riddle of American government: Just what is a Vice-President supposed to do? In recent years, a part of the confusion was cleared away by giving the office greater responsibility and prestige. But then the President fell ill—and once again a problem arose: When should the No. 2 man take over the No. 1 spot?

TWO boys—so goes a classic little tale of American politics—ran away from home. One went to sea, the other became Vice-President, and neither of them was ever heard of again.

To test the point of this brief fable, read a dozen books about the Civil War and see how seldom you come across the name of Hannibal Hamlin. Or recall what you know of World War I and, if you are under fifty, try to place a certain Thomas Riley Marshall. If either name rings more than the faintest of bells, the response is unusual.

Yet the obscure Mr. Hamlin, overnight and at the very climax of the war, would have replaced the immortal Lincoln had Booth chosen to shoot the Emancipator a year sooner than he did. And if the stroke that paralyzed Woodrow Wilson had come a few months earlier and been a shade more damaging, the "Big Three" at Versailles would have been Clemenceau, Lloyd George and T. R. Marshall, a gentleman from Indiana now known to history for having said, "What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar."

Thanks to a remarkably kind Providence, we have come through 166 years under the Constitution little the worse for that document's one conspicuous flaw. This defect, which almost everyone concedes, which many enjoy as a source of humor and which few ever try to correct, is the provision for what is perhaps oddly known as the second-highest honor within the gift of the American people.

It is hard to find an authority on the subject who will not tell you that practically everything about the Vice-Presidency is questionable—its political insignificance up to the very moment its occupant may be called to the succession; the vagueness that surrounds the Vice-President's role when the chief executive is disabled short of death; and the cavalier way the post is filled, often out of considerations no loftier than those given to the choice of an old-time Chicago alderman.

Today, in the wake of President Eisenhower's heart attack, the weaknesses of the Vice-Presidency are getting a more thorough airing than at any time since the Wilson crisis. To get a rounded look at the problem and its possible solutions, I have sought the views of former Vice-Presidents, of ex-President Herbert Hoover (since his term in office he has served with two Commissions on Organization of the Executive Branch), of members of Congress who are now drafting legislation on the subject, and of experts in the field of political science.

Where illumination seemed most in demand on the morning of last September 24th was in the language, uniquely cloudy for the Constitution, that sets forth the one significant purpose of the Vice-Presidency: "In Case of the Removal of the President from Office, or of his Death, Resignation, or Inability to discharge the Powers and Duties of the said Office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President . . ."

What constitutes "inability"? Who is to decide that the President is unable to discharge his duties? And which is it that "devolves" on the Vice-President—the "Powers and Duties" of the Presidency or "the said Office" itself? Nobody, it appears, knows the answers, and few even care to guess.

Inevitably, as President Eisenhower lay in the hospital at Denver, minds in Washington and elsewhere echoed these questions, which only twice before in the history of the Republic had come up as anything but academic conundrums. Clearly in those early days of his illness, the President was not physically able to discharge the duties of his office. He could not have made policy decisions and he could not have made an urgent appointment. His doctors would not even allow him to sign his name. But by great good fortune, Congress was not in session at the time, no bills or treaties awaited his signature, and, with the course of the approaching Foreign Ministers Conference at Geneva already plotted out, no major decisions were needed.

In the circumstances a policy of drift and hope was possible and was eagerly seized upon. Not only was this the simplest and most obvious course, but it was the one laid down by precedent. From July 2, 1881, the day President James A. Garfield was shot, until September 19th, the day he died, the United States drifted along with a chief executive in name only. Except for signing a single extradition paper, Garfield performed no official act in close to three months. For a span of about six weeks in 1919, President Wilson was unable to pass on any legislation sent to the White House, and 28 bills became law without his signature. For more than six months he did not hold a Cabinet meeting, and when he ultimately found out that Secretary of State Robert Lansing had been calling the Cabinet into session without him, he promptly fired Lansing for exceeding his authority.

Must the country, then, simply mark time while its President is incapacitated? And what if circumstances make marking time impossible?

Remote from politics on his chicken farm at South Salem, New York, Henry A. Wallace takes a relaxed attitude toward this first major weakness of the office he once held. "Unless the President is completely *non compos* for six weeks or more," he told me, "you don't need any change at all; if he is, then cross that bridge when you come to it."

To cross the bridge, Wallace feels, you might need some provision for calling Congress into session, but that would be all. Congress could act from there on. In any case, "the whole question presents a contingency so remote that it is better not to anticipate it."

In his Waldorf-Astoria Towers apartment in New York, Herbert Hoover took a position almost as casual. In Eisenhower's case, he suggested, "the consensus was that Vice-President Richard M. Nixon should co-ordinate the work of the executive branch in the President's absence, and he did. No law was required, just the right personality."

If there is to be any law, Hoover went on, it might be one providing—just to have it on the record—that the Vice-President's tenure as chief executive should be terminated on the President's recovery. But, by and large, he thought, "any man who couldn't carry on the duties of the Presidency would obviously resign." Suppose he were unable even to resign? "Well, there's a gap there, no doubt about it," the former President conceded. "The question is, how practical is it to provide against it?"

WHEN I RAISED the same question with Senator Alben Barkley in the living room of his pleasant home in Paducah, he was at first inclined, like Wallace and Hoover, to feel that a question that had solved itself in the past would no doubt solve itself in the future. But as we reviewed the various proposals that have been made to deal with the question, "the Veep" grew more and more persuaded that Congress should get up "some legal mechanism for determining a President's inability."

No more than Vice-Presidents Chester A. Arthur and Thomas R. Marshall, in the Garfield and Wilson crises, would Barkley—or Wallace either, for that matter—have attempted to make the crucial decision by himself, though some constitutional experts believe the Vice-President has that right.

Should the Cabinet be empowered to decide on the President's ability to carry on? Dr. Edward S. Corwin, professor emeritus of jurisprudence at Princeton, proposed this solution at the time President Eisenhower became ill. The Cabinet, he said, "would be apt to be not unfair to the President and would give as considered and considerate judgment as possible." But Barkley thinks otherwise. The Cabinet, having a stake in continuing the administration that appointed it, might not be altogether objective.

"My mind is running toward an independent set-up," Barkley said. Admittedly he had not thought the proposal through, but, like Wallace, he seemed disposed to go along with some such arrangement as that suggested by Professor James MacGregor Burns, of Williams College. The Burns plan, which I brought up, would get around the objections that have been made to vesting the decision in any agency of government by setting up a standing committee to act in such situations.

This committee would have power to authorize the Vice-President to take over and, when it found the President sufficiently recovered, to declare the emergency tenure at an end. Under the chairmanship of the Chief Justice of the United States, it would draw its members from all three branches of government, including the Secretary of State,

Quiz on the Vice-Presidency

THE Vice-Presidency is a job that has baffled the experts for a century and a half. It is a job with a thousand questions, and here are ten that should baffle you. This quiz was prepared by Professor Irving G. Williams, St. John's University, Brooklyn, whose years of research on the Vice-Presidency have established him as a leading authority on the nation's second highest office.

* * *

1. The first Vice-President to play an administrative role in the executive branch of government was Henry A. Wallace who in 1941 became chairman of the:

a. Board of Economic Warfare
b. National Safety Council
c. International Refugee Organization
d. Office of Price Administration

2. Everyone knows there are two living former Presidents, but can you name the four living former Vice-Presidents?

3. Match the facts in Column A with the Vice-Presidents in Column B:

A.	B.
1. The only "Veep"	a. Breckinridge
2. The youngest Vice-President	b. Van Buren
3. Once presided in Senate with a pair of pistols	c. Barkley
4. Indicted for murder in New Jersey	d. R. M. Johnson
5. Slew the great Indian chief Tecumseh	e. Burr

4. President Taft's running mate, the Vice-Presidential incumbent, died a few days before the 1912 election. Over three million people therefore voted for a dead man for the office of Vice-President of the United States. He was:

a. Garret Hobart
b. Henry Wilson
c. James S. Sherman
d. Charles Fairbanks

5. The Constitution provides that the Vice-President shall succeed the President in all but one of the following instances. Which does it not provide for?

a. Death
b. Resignation
c. Foreign travel
d. Removal from office

6. The last Vice-President to serve two terms was:

a. Alben Barkley
b. John N. Garner
c. Charles Curtis
d. Charles G. Dawes

7. As presiding officer of the U. S. Senate, the Vice-President has all but one of the following powers and duties. Which does he not have?

a. To take part in debate
b. To rule on points of order
c. To vote in case of tie
d. To certify senators' salaries and mileage accounts

8. Seven Presidents have died in office and were succeeded by their Vice-Presidents. Four are listed in Column A below. Can you pair them with their Vice-Presidential successors in Column B:

A	B
1. W. H. Harrison	a. Millard Fillmore
2. Zachary Taylor	b. Chester A. Arthur
3. Abraham Lincoln	c. John Tyler
4. James A. Garfield	d. Andrew Johnson

9. Only once has the electoral college failed to elect a Vice-President, when Richard M. Johnson fell one electoral vote short of the needed majority in 1836. He ultimately was chosen in the way the Constitution provides for such cases, by a majority of the:

a. Supreme Court
b. Senate
c. House of Representatives
d. Both houses of Congress

10. Only once since the Civil War has an unsuccessful nominee for Vice-President later been elected President. He was:

a. Theodore Roosevelt
b. Franklin D. Roosevelt
c. Grover Cleveland
d. Calvin Coolidge

Answers to quiz on page 50

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the Attorney General, the Vice-President and the Speaker of the House.

Every great crisis in the Presidency begets a flurry of bills and amendments to close this gap of the President's "inability," but as soon as the urgency disappears, so do the proposed remedies. Succeeding Garfield, President Arthur vainly pleaded with Congress to spare future Vice-Presidents the embarrassing uncertainty he had been through and, in the aftermath of the Wilson illness, three bills and a proposed constitutional amendment were brought in, but all of them were allowed to die. In the debate over President Truman's proposal to change the Succession Act in 1947, Senator Estes Kefauver took occasion to raise all the old questions concerning Presidential inability and asked for a joint committee to study the matter. But his effort, too, got nowhere.

The fact is that many congressmen steer clear of such proposals in the belief that no statute can legally take care of the problem, and a constitutional amendment would be too cumbersome to attempt. As Alben Barkley commented, "Amendments require widespread public interest, which is extremely difficult to arouse on a question of organization."

All the same, there will be at least two more attempts in this session of Congress to legislate on this one aspect of the Vice-Presidency. In the House, Representative Peter Frelinghuysen, Jr., has worked out a proposed amendment to clarify the language of the Constitution. The young New Jersey Republican would give the power to determine a President's inability, and his recovery as well, to the Supreme Court, which would first have to be invited to act by both houses of Congress.

IN THE UPPER HOUSE Senator A. S. Mike Monroney, an Oklahoma Democrat who has long devoted himself to the problems of government reorganization, feels very strongly that "something should be done immediately." "Suppose we were in the midst of war," he said, "and the President were suddenly stricken and left in a comatose condition? What then?"

For good measure he suggested that the cerebral hemorrhage that killed Franklin D. Roosevelt might just as well have left him hovering for a protracted period between life and death. "Would a Georgia county judge then have been asked to certify to the President's mental competence?"

One reason for the reluctance to ease the Vice-President's elevation in such emergencies is the low esteem in which the number two post has traditionally been held. The hollowness of the job is its second glaring weakness.

John Adams called the Vice-Presidency "the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived," and the catalogue of disparagement runs right down to Truman's recent reference in his Memoirs to the office's "incongruities and inadequacies." According to Bascom Timmons, John N. Garner's biographer, when they tried to assign him a Secret Service guard, he snorted, "There isn't anybody crazy enough to shoot a Vice-President." Benjamin Franklin, James Monroe, John Randolph and Theodore Roosevelt were for abolishing the job altogether.

For a century and a half the Vice-Presidential nomination has frequently been refused by men who would gladly have run for President. Senate Titans like William E. Borah and Thomas J. Walsh scorned it, and Secretary of State Cordell Hull turned it down repeatedly, though Roosevelt begged him for two and a half hours to share the ticket with him in 1940.

Garner, who was a major political figure as Speaker of the House, says he took the nomination only because the 1932 Democratic convention would otherwise have gone into a bitter deadlock. And Truman explains in his Memoirs that he accepted only when Roosevelt put the matter bluntly to Bob Hannegan, the party chairman: "Well, you tell him, if he wants to break up the Democratic party in the middle of a war, that's his responsibility."

Considering the huge gulf between the number one and number two jobs, the wonder is that even an occasional John C. Calhoun, Andrew Johnson or Theodore Roosevelt has bobbed up in the long list of nonentities from Daniel Tompkins to Charles Curtis.

As commander in chief of the armed forces, responsible executive of some seventy government agencies with vast appointive power, conductor of the nation's foreign relations, adviser to the Congress, head of his party and national symbol, the President bears the heaviest burden ever carried by a chief of state. The Vice-President, on the other hand, is charged only with presiding over the Senate, which he does intermittently. Beyond that, he has until recently been burdened with nothing more onerous than recommending a handful of candidates for West Point and Annapolis and serving on the board of the Smithsonian Institution. The rest of his activity is strictly unofficial and depends in volume on the trust imposed in him by the President.

Normally that trust is not extensive. As Truman has written, the relationship between the two officials is complicated "by the fact that the Vice-President is in between the legislative and the executive branches of the government without, in the last analysis, being responsible to either." The President cannot as a rule take the Vice-President completely into his confidence because he "cannot afford to have his confidential matters discussed in Senate cloakrooms." And the legislators, Truman says, "look on him as a presiding officer only, who is outside the pale as far as the senatorial club is concerned."

Where the two officials are in close agreement and the Vice-President has high personal standing in the Senate, he may be a tower of strength to the chief executive in legislative matters. Garner played that role during Roosevelt's first term, and Truman pays high tribute to Barkley for having done as much for him.

But all too often, the relationship between the two supports the shrewd insight of Gouverneur Morris at the Constitutional Convention.

If they remain on good terms, Morris observed, the Vice-President will be "the first heir apparent that ever loved his father."

SINCE HARDING'S TERM the Vice-President has at least been invited to sit in on Cabinet meetings, but for a long while even this was an empty gesture. Coolidge attended sessions only occasionally. Charles G. Dawes refused to sit in Coolidge's Cabinet, believing it to be constitutionally "unwise" for an official to function in both executive and legislative branches. Hoover told me that Curtis was invited into the Cabinet "in order to acquaint him with what was going on."

With just a trace of a smile, the former President added that when Truman succeeded to the Presidency he "did not know what was going on in the foreign policy of the government." Truman himself wrote in his Memoirs that after the first few days in the White House he began to realize "how little the Founding Fathers had been able to anticipate the preparations necessary for a man to become President so suddenly."

As Vice-President, Garner cut himself off severely from the press and allowed himself no public speeches. On all matters of policy and appointments he kept silent unless he was asked for advice. But when it was asked, Timmons relates. Garner gave it bluntly, being first prudent enough to ask the President, "Do you want it with the bark on or off, Cap'n?" But Barkley says he felt perfectly free to speak up. "I never hesitated," he told me. "I was there to express my views."

Wallace does not want the Vice-Presidency built up by law, but he sees no reason why it cannot be informally turned into a more useful office. He recalls his own missions to China and Latin America, which set a precedent for Nixon's official journeyings.

During the Truman administration Congress made the Vice-President a member of the newly created National Security Council. As such, Barkley had a part in highly important decisions, including the defense of South Korea and the recall of General Douglas MacArthur. And President Eisenhower has carried the trend still further by asking Nixon to chair both Cabinet and Security Council sessions in his absence, not to mention the Vice-President's role as barnstormer in chief for the Republican party.

Nevertheless, the Vice-Presidency is still far from

QUIZ ANSWERS

1. *a. Board of Economic Warfare*
2. *John N. Garner, Henry Wallace, Harry Truman, Alben Barkley*
3. *1–c. Barkley*
   2–a. Breckinridge
   3–b. Van Buren
   4–e. Burr
   5–d. R. M. Johnson
4. *c. James S. Sherman*
5. *c. Foreign travel*
6. *b. John N. Garner*
7. *a. To take part in debate*
8. *1–c. John Tyler*
   2–a. Millard Fillmore
   3–d. Andrew Johnson
   4–b. Chester A. Arthur
9. *b. Senate*
10. *b. Franklin D. Roosevelt. (He was the Vice-Presidential candidate on the losing Democratic ticket of 1920)*

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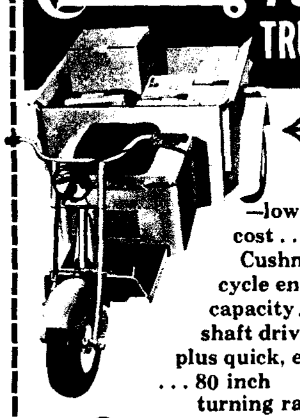

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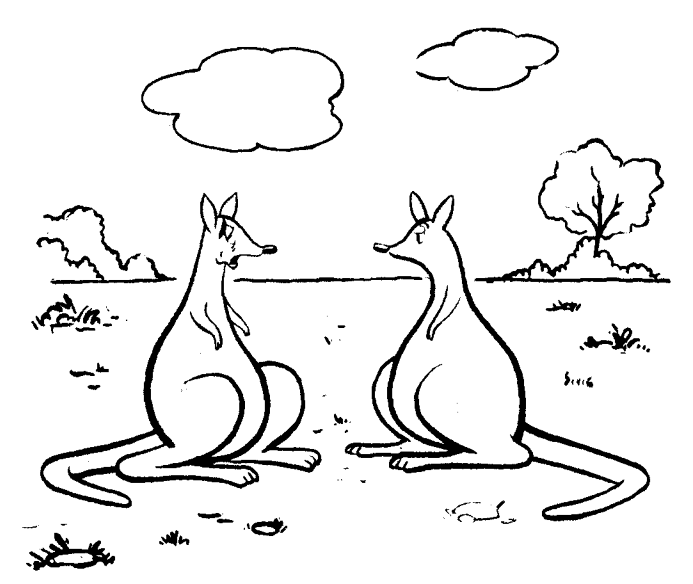

COLLIER'S "I don't feel a bit jumpy today" SID GORDIN

affording the support that an overburdened President needs, and for that reason there is constantly recurring talk of turning the post into that of an "Assistant President." During the 1948 campaign Thomas E. Dewey was reported to have discussed with Governor Earl Warren, his running mate, the possibility of expanding the Vice-Presidency in this way. A few years ago Senator Monroney proposed a constitutional amendment to provide for two Vice-Presidents, one of whom would serve as a manager of the executive branch. The senator has since abandoned this particular scheme on the ground that politics would probably make it unworkable. But the idea of allowing the President to transfer some of his duties is still very much in the wind.

Professor Clinton Rossiter of Cornell University thinks a general statute would be enough to permit such a transfer and that it would relieve the President of many of his routine tasks, including the endless signing of his name. Actually there is already on the books a limited law of this sort, and Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., is reported to be studying ways of exploiting it to the full.

THE HOOVER COMMISSION considered schemes for increasing the Vice-President's powers but turned them down, Hoover told me, in favor of a general power of delegation. "Some of the burden could be shifted from the President," he said, "if he were permitted by Congress to delegate routine administrative powers." The President might then choose to single out his Vice-President for a greater share of responsibility."

On a recent NBC "Meet the Press" program, however, Hoover seemed to echo the old Monroney plan when he suggested a new office of "Administrative Vice-President." This official would relieve the chief executive of a "tremendous amount of detail work" without any change in the President's ultimate responsibility.

Barkley feels strongly that Congress cannot constitutionally diminish the President's power by transferring his functions to anyone else, and he sees trouble in trying to reconcile a Vice-President's role as "Assistant President" with his duties on Capitol Hill, such as they are. But like others, Barkley thinks the office has grown in substance and is capable of further expansion of an informal sort.

Largely with this purpose in mind, Representative Stuyvesant Wainwright II, a New York Republican, is working on a bill to increase the facilities and prestige of the Vice-President, if not his actual power. The Wainwright measure, which, the congressman assured me, has the blessing of the administration, would provide a residence for the Vice-President—a Washington mansion almost as impressive as the White House itself, is informally under discussion.

Additional funds would be provided for the Vice-President's personal staff. Nixon gets only $10,000 for all expenses, outside his $30,000 salary, and is compelled to do some rather elaborate social entertaining. The bill would also allow the number two man to increase his office staff, which now totals all of nine, and would provide additional quarters in the new Senate office building now being planned. All of which would add not only to the Vice-President's prestige but to his capacity for taking on any further duties.

Clearly if the chief executive is going to get more work out of his Vice-President, and if, as a result, the Vice-President is to be prepared to take over in an emergency, there must be a high degree of compatibility and confidence between them. The way national conventions fill second place on the party ticket makes success on this critical point more a matter of luck than of design. Fortunately, on this third great weakness of the office there is widespread agreement that it's time for a change.

At a press conference last spring President Eisenhower was asked whether he thought a convention had the sovereign right to choose its Vice-Presidential nominee or was obliged to follow the recommendation of the man it had just picked for President. Unless the convention's choice were acceptable to the Presidential nominee, Mr. Eisenhower answered, the latter "should immediately step aside, because we have a government in this day and time when teamwork is so important, where abrupt changes could make so much difference." Then he added, almost prophetically, "If a President later is suddenly disabled or killed or dies, it would be fatal, in my opinion, if you had a tense period on, not only to introduce now a man of an entirely dif-

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In alligator-grained squeeze flask $1
Trial size 60c
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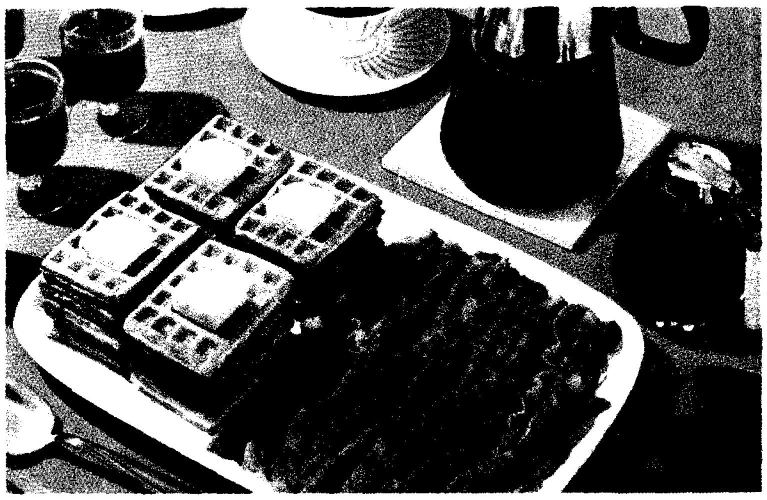
MADELINE HOLLAND
DIRECTOR HOME ECONOMICS
AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Roast Loin of Pork: Place pork loin roast, fat side up, in a shallow open pan. Rub meat with salt mixed with a little powered thyme, and pepper. Roast it uncovered at 325°F. 35 to 40 minutes per pound, or to an internal temperature of 185°F. as registered on a meat thermometer. For easier carving, have the backbone loosened from the roast at the market. Make gravy from drippings, after spooning off most of the fat.

A Collier's Suggestion–

TASTY MEALS WITH THRIFTY MEATS



To broil bacon: Place slices of bacon on rack of broiler pan; broil 3 inches below heat, 2 to 3 minutes per side, turning once. To pan-fry sausage links: place links, without pricking, in skillet. Add about 3 tablespoons water, cover skillet, and cook five minutes. Uncover and drain off water. Cook sausage links over low heat, turning often, until well browned, draining off fat as it accumulates.

Pork Sausage Cakes: 2 pounds pork sausage meat, 12 thick slices onion: Form sausage into 12 patties and place in skillet. Pan-fry slowly 12 to 15 minutes, or until no trace of pink remains in meat. Turn patties occasionally and pour off fat as it accumulates. Meanwhile, pan-fry onion slices in a little of the pork sausage drippings until slices are softened and lightly browned on both sides. Serve sausage cakes topped with onion rings. Six servings.

This is the time of year when housewives everywhere are struggling with the age-old problem of serving their families economical yet appetizing meals.

To help solve this problem, Collier's has enlisted the help of the well-known home economist–Miss Madeline Holland.

Because pork is plentiful now–thus inexpensive–Miss Holland has given us three interesting meals, each featuring pork.

These are menus to whet the appetite–easy to prepare–tasty to serve–hearty to eat – just the kind of meals you and your family want during the winter months.

Your local super markets are now featuring a fantastic variety of foods at most reasonable prices.

The stores listed opposite are cooperating with Collier's by featuring Miss Holland's menus and the foods required to prepare and serve them.

Visit them soon–watch for their thrifty meats for tasty meals.

WATCH FOR COLLIER'S THRIFTY MEAT MENU SUGGESTIONS IN THESE SUPER MARKETS

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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Acme Super Markets
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FLORIDA
Big Barn Food Centers
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IDAHO
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Bernath's Co-op Market
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Acme Super Markets
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MASSACHUSETTS
Clover Farm Stores
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New England Food Markets
Popular Super Markets
Suffolk Food Stores

MICHIGAN
Kroger Stores
Polly's

MISSISSIPPI
H. G. Hill Super Markets

MISSOURI
Ellis Stores
Merrigan Super Markets
Temple Stephens Stores

MONTANA
Buttrey Foods

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Champagne's Super Markets
Mohican Stores
New England Food Markets
20th Century Stores

NEW JERSEY
Acme Super Markets
Davidson Bros.
Mayfair Markets
Mohican Stores
Shop-Rite Super Markets

NEW MEXICO
Lucky Stores

NEW YORK
Acme Super Markets
Bull Markets
Mohican Stores

NORTH CAROLINA
Winn-Dixie Stores

OHIO
A&S Food Stores
Gershow's
Kroger Stores
Pick-N-Pay Markets
T&A Saveway
Thorofare Markets

OKLAHOMA
Puckett's Food Stores

PENNSYLVANIA
Acme Super Markets
Mohican Stores
Shaffer Stores
Thorofare Markets

RHODE ISLAND
Mohican Stores
New England Food Markets

SOUTH CAROLINA
Winn-Dixie Stores

TENNESSEE
H. G. Hill Stores
Kroger Stores

TEXAS
D. & H. Super Markets
Evans Food Marts
Parker's Food Stores
Piggly Wiggly Stores
Puckett's Food Stores

UTAH
American Food Stores

VERMONT
New England Food Markets

VIRGINIA
Acme Super Markets
Anderson's Piggly Wiggly
Blue Jay Markets
Food Town Markets
Reid Stores

WASHINGTON
Big Bear Stores
Thrift Super Markets
West Dependable Stores

WEST VIRGINIA
A&S Food Stores
Acme Super Markets
By Rite Markets
C. J's. Stores
Jones & Spry Stores
Thorofare Markets

WISCONSIN
Kroger Stores
Kuebler's Frozen Foods

WYOMING
Boyd's Super Markets
Casper Commissary

ferent philosophy of government, but he, in turn, would necessarily then get an entirely new Cabinet. I think you would have chaos for a while . . ."

In my talk with Wallace it was apparent that he was far more concerned about this aspect of the Vice-Presidency than any other, and he carried the Eisenhower approach a step further. "The Presidential nominee," he said, "should pick the Vice-Presidential nominee, so that, if he succeeds to the office he will carry out the principles for which the President stands and was elected."

In no circumstances, Wallace said, with utmost emphasis, should the second-place choice be made on the basis of a deal, in order to balance the ticket, or to patch up a party quarrel. There are circumstances, he said, echoing the point made by President Eisenhower, in which the present practice "can produce a great shock to the United States and to the world." A great public campaign to end the balanced ticket is needed, Wallace feels, and "both parties owe it to the public to get behind such a drive."

TO GIVE the Presidential nominee sole and absolute dictation in the matter may be pushing things a bit far, but the evils Wallace condemns are widely conceded to be real and substantial. From the standpoint of good government it would be hard to make a case for the 1944 Republican convention, for example, which chose Dewey as the standard bearer and then, in order to placate the party's right wing, made Governor John W. Bricker his running mate.

Similarly, Garner was picked to run with Roosevelt in 1932 not because they were a natural team, but because the California and Texas delegations, which wanted Garner for President, had to be won over. The Vice-Presidential nomination was simply payment of a debt.

Balancing the ticket for reasons of geography is a hallowed tradition, but one that appears on the record to make little sense. Election results clearly show that people vote for the head of the ticket, with the Vice-Presidential choice making virtually no difference at all. Although enormously popular in his native California, Governor Warren failed to swing that state to Dewey when he ran with him in 1948. As the Vice-Presidential nominee in 1920, Franklin D. Roosevelt could not deliver New York to Cox. In 1940, Willkie lost Oregon, the home state of Charles McNary, who shared the ticket with him. And Iowa didn't vote for Roosevelt in 1940 for all that Wallace, his running mate, was a native son.

Both Garner and Barkley think the answer to faulty selection of Vice-Presidential nominees lies with the electorate. After the fiasco at New York's Madison Square Garden in 1924, when the Democrats took 103 ballots to nominate a ticket, Garner came out for a "Presidential primary to be held in every state in the Union on the same day." Barkley agrees and would include the Vice-President as well.

Under the present system, the Kentuckian concedes, "no convention is going to force its nominee to take a running mate who is *persona non grata* to him." But all too often, he says, the nominee goes along with the party leaders for purely tactical reasons—another way of saying, as Wallace did, that "sometimes the Presidential nominee himself feels mellow after his nomination and is gravely tempted to placate the opposition." Good people have come up through the conventions, Barkley readily admits, but "none of the advantages of the present method outweighs the right of the people to pick their nominees."

A major objection to Presidential, and Vice-Presidential, primaries, in Harry Truman's view—he once called them "eyewash"—is the expense. "No one," he has said, "has enough money to run in both a nation-wide primary and election." Barkley recognizes the merit of the argument, but he is not convinced. "The candidate doesn't foot the bill now," he observed when I brought up the point, "and he wouldn't then." He would simply have to get up his own committees to finance a nation-wide primary campaign, just as he does now for such state-wide primaries as he chooses to enter.

Hoover is not pleased with the present system of deals and ticket balancing, but his solution is to reform the conventions themselves. Where Wallace would rely on a "great public campaign," Hoover has a specific prescription. "What we need," he told me, "is the secret ballot at conventions—and no unit rule." Earnestly leaning forward, he went on, "With as many as 1,200 people, many of them able but held together only by devices like the unit rule, these gatherings are not conventions of free delegates but of small groups that control bundles of votes." Let the delegates vote their own convictions, he urged, and there would be neither deals nor balanced-ticket arrangements.

On this score, too, changes are in the wind, though probably not imminent. In the Senate, Kefauver has long been a champion of nation-wide Presidential primaries. He would have conventions reserved largely for resolving a deadlock, for framing the platform, and for nominating a Vice-President from among the runners-up in the Presidential primaries.

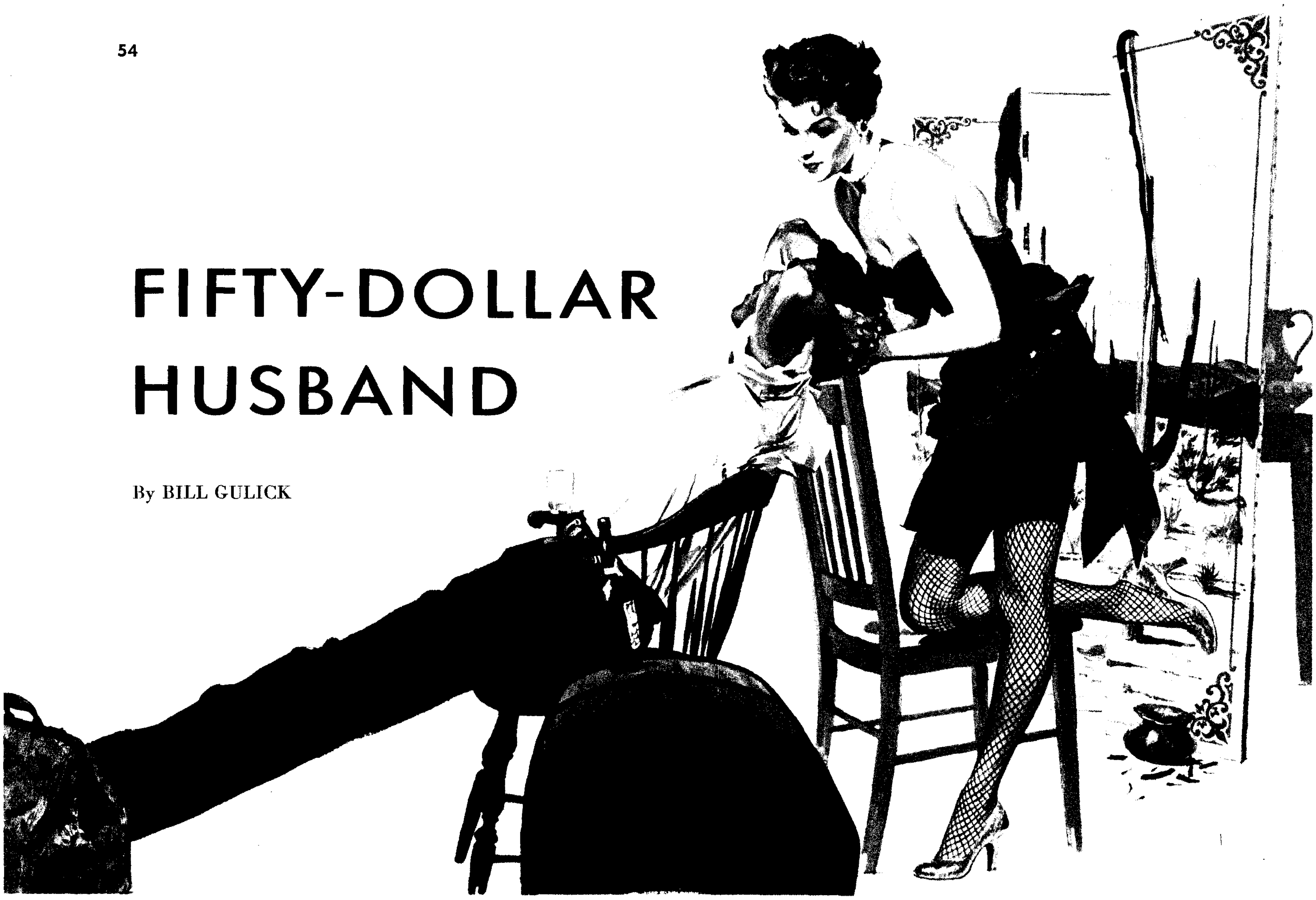
On the other hand, Senators George A. Smathers and J. William Fulbright, apparently less hopeful of improving the method of nominating, would minimize the prestige of the Vice-President still further. In cases of succession they would limit his tenure as chief executive to the period preceding the next general election, even if this meant holding a special Presidential election in mid-term.

ONE OF THE MOST NOVEL schemes was seriously considered recently by influential Democrats, including former National Committee Chairman Stephen A. Mitchell. Reviewing convention procedures, these party leaders are reported to have discussed the idea of having delegates choose the Vice-Presidential nominee before picking the head of the ticket. Such a plan might increase, rather than diminish, the chances of incompatability at the peak of government, since the President would obviously have had nothing to say in the choice of his partner, but it would certainly add a deliberative touch to the Vice-Presidential nomination that is now almost wholly lacking.

With so much attention fixed on what passes for the nation's second-highest honor, we have come at least a little way from the old convention formula that ran somewhat in this fashion: the party's candidate for the Presidency is selected, the chairman orders the doors thrown open, and the last man out is caught with the nomination for Vice-President. THE END

FIFTY-DOLLAR HUSBAND

By BILL GULICK



"My dear young lady, if it's money you want—" Foster began. "Oh, no," the girl interrupted quickly. "I need a man—one who will pretend he's my husband"

Foster had acted a lot of roles in these frontier towns—on the stage. But now a dance-hall girl wanted to hire him for a drama in which the bullets and danger were real

STARING broodingly at his reflection in the cracked, dusty, dressing-room mirror, James Wellington Foster revolved the empty glass slowly between his hands. He could hear raucous shouts of approval, the stomping of booted feet, the thunder of applause out front as the chorus number ended, and the sound of it pained him to the depths of his artistic soul.

What fools these Idaho miners were! What vulgar idiots! Because a dozen painted girls in tights wiggled their bodies, the miners raised the roof. But when a master tragedian such as himself gave a truly great stage performance—as he had done a few minutes ago—what was his reward?

Boos. Catcalls. Impatient cries of, "Gals, gals, bring on the gals!" And an irate theater manager waiting in the wings, flinging a ten-dollar gold piece at him and grunting contemptuously, "You're done! They want to laugh, not listen to long-winded imitations of President Lincoln or this Hamlet fellow. Get out of town while it's still dark!"

James Foster sighed and reached for the bottle. Ah, well, another town, a more appreciative audience—he would have his day. Meantime, there was the ten-dollar gold piece in his pocket and the solace of the half-full whisky bottle.

There came a knock on the door. Irritably, he called, "Come in!"

The door opened and closed. A girl's voice said hesitantly, "Mr. Foster . . ."

"Yes?"

"I'm sorry to bother you. But I thought you might help me."

He could see her reflection in the mirror. She was one of the dancing girls: a garish, painted face, green eyelids, a body brazenly exposed in a cheap, too-tight costume. Yet she seemed younger than the others, less crude, less hardened, less sure of herself. She seemed, in fact, rather frightened and helpless—which put him at once on guard.

Frowning, he turned in his chair. "My dear young lady, if it's money you want—"

"Oh, no, nothing like that!"

"What is it, then?"

Her blue, troubled eyes lifted to his. "I watched you from the wings. You look so dignified, so important, so judicial—and so honest."

He coughed discreetly. "Indeed!"

"I—I hoped you would do me a favor. You see, I need a man who will pretend he is my—my husband." She looked at him pleadingly. "Just for a few days. I'll pay, of course." Her hand darted to the low-cut neck of her costume. "Would fifty dollars be enough?"

He stared at the crumpled bill she had thrust into his hand. The money was real. Perhaps she was real too, though her opening lines had sounded as if they had been written by a third-rate playwright determined to catch the attention of his audience by fair means or foul. Quickly he rose, bowed, and found her a chair. "Madam, I fear I have been rude. Sit down, sit down! Now, you were saying . . ."

Which was how James Foster undertook to play the last, and in a

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"QUIET EVENING AT HOME" by Douglass Crockwell. Number 117 in the Series "Home Life in America"

When it's time to sit back and relax–

What makes a glass of beer taste so good?

Sometimes it seems that the evenings when you have "nothing planned" are the most enjoyable of all. With dinner over, and the cares of the day forgotten, it's *good* to rest, relax and maybe catch up on your reading—talk a little—and sip a mellow glass of beer.

Traditionally, beer's tangy distinctive flavor blends with quiet, tasteful surroundings . . . with good books, good conversation, gracious living. A product of America's finest crops—of expertly malted barley and choice hops—beer is brewed for pleasant companionship and true relaxation.

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sense, the finest role of his not-so-illustrious career.

It had been an odd dream, he mused upon wakening the next morning, a most unlikely dream. In it a frightened, pretty young woman who called herself Mary Rogers had come to him with a wild tale of a dead brother and a stolen gold mine, had pressed money into his hand and begged him to play some fantastic role in an obviously impossible melodrama. Such rubbish! Smiling, he sat up and fumbled for his socks and patent-leather shoes.

He put on his socks. He pulled on his right shoe. As his toes slid into his left shoe, they encountered an obstruction. He frowned and upended the shoe, then stared down in amazement as a ten-dollar gold piece and a fifty-dollar bill fell out onto the floor. He picked them up. The gold piece he could account for. But the fifty-dollar bill—that, he was sure, had been part of the dream. Yet there it was.

MORE than a little disturbed, he washed, shaved and dressed with his usual fastidiousness, trying without success to recall just what service he had agreed to render the young lady in exchange for the fifty-dollar bill. Well, no matter. He had the money, which would get him out of Lewiston in style—if he were fortunate enough to avoid meeting the young lady before the boat left.

Closing his carpetbag, he donned his hat and crossed to the window, where he stood for a moment debating whether or not to attempt beating the hotel bill by shinnying down a conveniently handy drainpipe. Hardly a dignified exit, he admitted, but the alley below looked temptingly deserted.

A sharp rap on the door startled him as he was trying to pry up the window. "Mr. Foster! Hey, Mr. Foster!"

The window would not budge. He sighed. "Yes?"

"Lady waitin' downstairs for you. She says hurry up, you only got five minutes to catch the stage."

One last despairing tug at the window told him it was hopeless; and so, gathering his dignity about him, he opened the door. The hotel manager stood in the hall regarding him with the usual suspicion such persons reserve for theatrical people. James Foster gave him a disarming smile.

"Good morning, sir. How are you this lovely day?"

"Fair. I'll have two bucks for the room."

Foster gave him the ten-dollar gold piece, accompanied him downstairs to the desk and got his change, then turned to face the young lady who, upon sighting him, had come hurrying across the lobby. It was vaguely in his

HORSES Still Need Shoes

WHERE DO HORSESHOES COME FROM in this automobile age? There are only 3,100,000 horses in the U.S., compared with almost three times that many 10 years ago and 21,000,000 in the peak year, 1915. But though the horses have dwindled, those remaining still need shoes. Where do they get them?

The answer, for 90 per cent of the horses, lies in a busy plant on the outskirts of Joliet, Illinois, whose slogan is "the world's largest manufacturer of horseshoes." This is the Phoenix Manufacturing Company's Horseshoe Division, whose 75 hard-working craftsmen turn out the steel shoes in much the same way their forerunners did before the turn of the century. Although today's horseshoe makers use electric power instead of steam, and have added an electric welding machine, most of the work is still done by hand.

First, molten-steel bars are sent through molds of varying size, producing long strips from which a number of shoes can be made. The strips are cut into smaller pieces, called blanks; the blanks are heated again and passed to a machine which bends them into the familiar shape. After the shoes cool, nail holes are punched in them and the electric welder fastens toeplates to the heavier models worn by work horses. Then the shoes are ready to wear.

Many of the men making horseshoes at Phoenix are in their sixties or seventies and are belligerently defensive about the future of their industry. They feel that America will always have some horses—and, therefore, a need for horseshoes. They point out that Phoenix is still making shoes in 280 different patterns, to serve horses of various sizes and functions; race horses alone account for 126 variations. The shoes range in weight from 2¼ ounces to 56 ounces. But essentially, the style of horseshoes hasn't changed in 100 years. "Why should it?" growls seventy-three-year-old Luke Benedick, head horseshoe roller at Phoenix. "The horses haven't changed, have they?"

—JOSEPH N. BELL

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Bass Fishermen will Say I'm Crazy . . .

until they try my method!

But, after an honest trial, if you're at all like the other men to whom I've told my strange plan, you'll guard it with your last breath.

Don't jump at conclusions. I'm not a manufacturer of any fancy new lure. I have no reels or lines to sell. I'm a professional man and make a good living in my profession. But my all-absorbing hobby is fishing. And, quite by accident, I've discovered how to go to waters that everyone else says are fished out and come in with a limit catch of the biggest bass that you ever saw. The savage old bass that got so big, because they were "wise" to every ordinary way of fishing.

This METHOD is NOT spinning, trolling, casting, fly fishing, trot line fishing, set line fishing, hand line fishing, live bait fishing, jugging, netting, trapping, seining, and does not even faintly resemble any of these standard methods of fishing. No live bait or prepared bait is used. You can carry all of the equipment you need in one hand.

The whole method can be learned in twenty minutes—twenty minutes of fascinating reading. All the extra equipment you need, you can buy locally at a cost of less than a dollar. Yet with it, you can come in after an hour or two of the greatest excitement of your life, with a stringer full. Not one or two miserable 12 or 14 inch over-sized keepers—but five or six real beauties with real poundage behind them. The kind that don't need a word of explanation of the professional skill of the man who caught them. Absolutely legal, too—in every state.

This amazing method was developed by a little group of professional fishermen. Though they are public guides, they rarely divulge their method to their patrons. They use it only when fishing for their own tables. It is probable that no man on your waters has ever **seen it**, ever **heard of it**, or ever **used it**. And when you have given it the first trial, you will be as closed-mouthed as a man who has suddenly discovered a gold mine. Because with this method you can fish within a hundred feet of the best fishermen in the county and pull in ferocious big ones while they come home empty handed. No special skill is required. The method is just as deadly in the hands of a novice as in the hands of an old timer. My method will be disclosed only to those few men in each area who will give me their word of honor not to give the method to anyone else.

Send me your name. Let me tell you how you can try out this deadly method of bringing in big bass from your "fished out" waters. Let me tell you why I let you try out my unusual method for the whole fishing season without risking a penny of your money. Send your name for details of my money-back trial offer. There is no charge for this information, now or at any other time. Just your name is all I need. But I guarantee that the information I send you will make you a complete skeptic—until you decide to try my method! And then, your own catches will fill you with disbelief. Send your name, today. This will be fun.

ERIC G. FARE, Libertyville 11, Illinois

Eric G. Fare, Libertyville 11, Illinois

Dear Mr. Fare: Send me complete information without any charge and without the slightest obligation. Tell me how I can learn your method of catching big bass from "fished out" waters, even when the old timers are reporting "No Luck."

Name ....

Address ....

City .... Zone .... State ....

mind to pretend he did not know her, but she took a firm hold on his arm and urged him toward the door.

"Hurry! We'll just make it!"

The next thing he knew he was seated facing the girl in a dusty, battered stagecoach, the driver had cracked his whip and spat out some well-chosen profanity, and the coach was hurtling down the street as if all the wild hounds of Hades were pursuing it. Soon the town was left behind and the lurching vehicle was climbing a steep hill, moving along a winding trail narrow beyond belief; a river was a silver thread far below. After one quick glance out the window, James Foster forgot the breakfast he had missed, swallowed hard and fixed his gaze on the bright blue eyes of the woman opposite him. His smile was wan.

"Good morning," he said.

"Hello," she said, and blushed.

"Let's see, it's Miss Rogers, isn't it?"

"Yes. But you must call me Mary. It's natural a gentleman would call his wife by her first name, isn't it?"

"Perfectly natural," he agreed.

They were, fortunately, the only passengers. Having at last reconciled himself to the fact that he had not been and was not dreaming, he prompted her to repeat the story she had told him the night before. Hesitantly she obliged. This time he listened with close attention. As she explained it, it was all quite simple, quite logical and quite fantastic.

They were headed for a mining settlement named Goldtown in the mountains forty miles east of Lewiston. For a year her brother Paul had worked a claim there and, from what he had written her, it was a rich one. A short time ago he had sent for her, but when she had reached Goldtown it was only to learn the tragic news that her brother had accidentally shot himself while cleaning a revolver, that not a dollar of his savings could be found, and that his claim had been taken over by his partner, Spade Duncan.

"But Paul had no partner," she said passionately. "I'm sure of that. I'm positive Spade Duncan is a claim jumper."

"A what?" Foster asked, raising his eyebrows.

"Claim jumper. Somebody who moves onto a claim that isn't rightfully his."

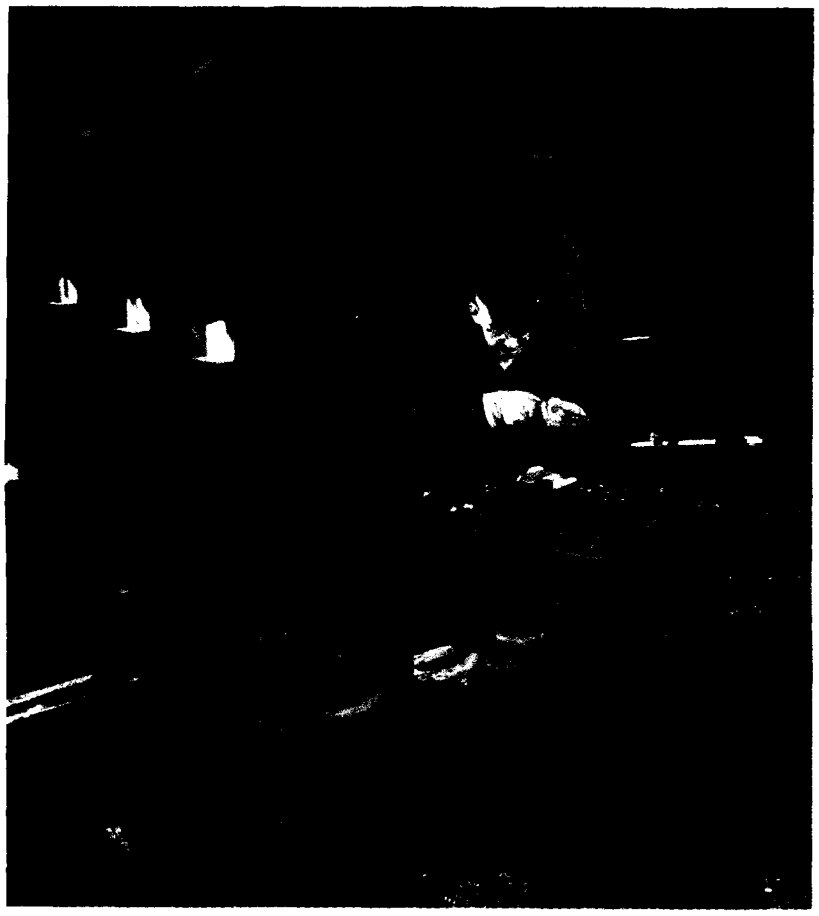
"Ah, an interloper. I understand. Go on, my dear."

She dabbed at her eyes with a wisp of handkerchief. "I'm sure Paul's savings are hidden somewhere around his cabin. I tried to make Duncan get off the claim and give me the gold. He laughed at me."

"Why didn't you go to the authorities and have him removed?"

"What authorities?"

Left, Luke Benedick, who has been making horseshoes more than 50 years, compares a big draft-horse shoe with one made for circus ponies.
Below, Joe Kambic sends a blank through the bending machine



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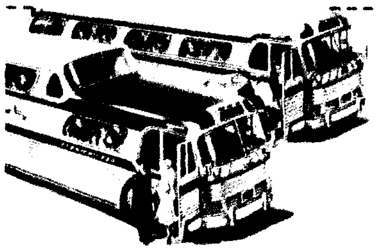

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"The constable, the sheriff, the magistrate—surely there must be authorities."

"There was no one I could go to, I tell you. No one!"

He smiled indulgently. She was speaking nonsense, of course. No doubt her brother's death had so upset her that she could not think clearly. Who ever heard of a town without a proper set of officials to enforce the law?

"Then what did you do?" he asked.

"What could I do but leave?" Her hands fussed with a handkerchief. "In this part of the world a woman has no rights unless she's got a husband. That's what gave me the idea. But I was afraid to ask just any man. It had to be someone I could trust, someone who looked so impressive and strong and honest and brave that not even a man like Spade Duncan would dare dispute him." Her eyes lifted to his. "Someone like you."

He smiled and patted her hand. "You have nothing to worry about, Miss—ah, Mary. Leave it to me."

IT WAS not an imposing town. In fact, to James Foster's civilization-accustomed eyes it was not a town at all but merely a collection of crude log shacks scattered along a two-mile stretch of winding canyon, with here and there a somewhat larger shack pretending to be a store, a saloon, or—pretense of all pretenses—a hotel. It was midafternoon when the stage pulled up in front of one of these larger shacks; it looked to be a livery stable but it bore a ridiculous sign: *Grand Hotel.* He got out, helped Mary down, and accompanied her inside to inquire for a room.

"Yeah, we got one," grunted a red-whiskered, burly man with one eye missing. "Five bucks. In advance."

Already letter-perfect in his role, James Foster fumbled in his vest pocket, then turned to Mary with an apologetic smile. "Have you some small change for the man, my dear?"

Blushing furiously, she dug into her purse. The hotelkeeper led them down a narrow hall, threw open a door and said, "There it is."

"Thank you. Would you have our bags brought in, please?"

"Your arms ain't broke. Bring 'em yourself."

When Foster returned with the bags, he found Mary standing embarrassed and ill at ease in the center of the tiny room. The only furnishings were a pair of hard wooden bunks, one above the other, a three-legged stool, a water pitcher and a tin washbasin. He smiled reassuringly.

"It would have looked odd to ask for separate rooms."

"Yes—yes, it would."

"After supper I'll go to a saloon, buy a drink or two and pass the night there. It won't be the first time I've slept sitting up."

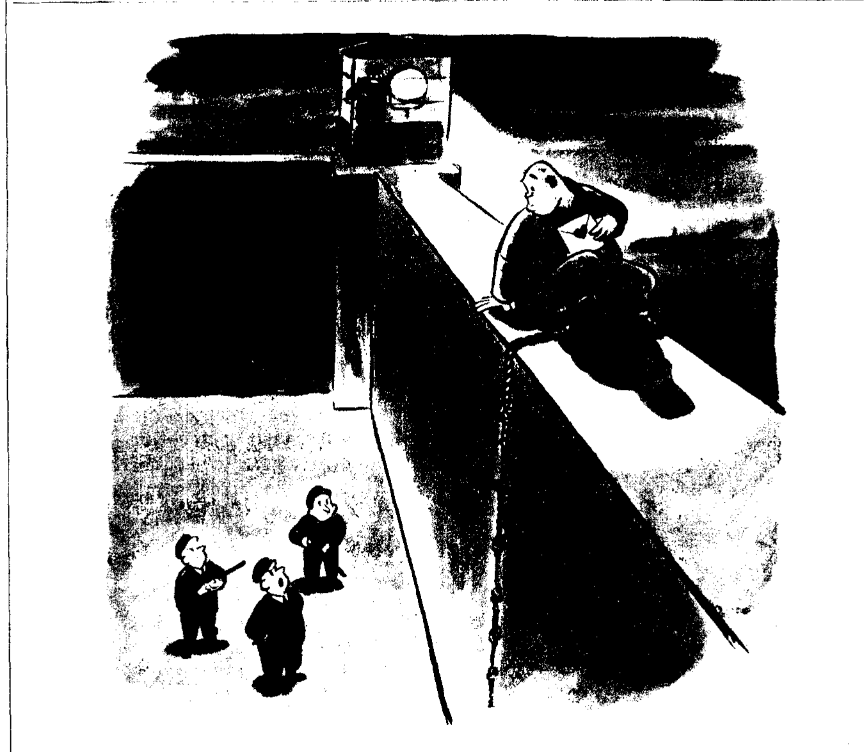
Her eyes flashed with a grateful warmth. "You'll do nothing of the kind. There are two bunks. I trust you."

It was, he discovered, quite a pleasure to find himself trusted so completely by a young woman as lovely as Mary Rogers. Particularly one who owned a gold mine. If he were careful to play his part well, she would, no doubt, be appropriately grateful.

"I shall do my best to be worthy of your trust," he said, bowing. "Now if you'll excuse me, I'd like a look at the town."

The look took only an hour or two. It was something less than reassuring. Having decided that the simplest way to effect restoration of his supposed wife's inheritance would be to pretend himself a merchant with powerful political connections in the Territorial capital, he made the first objective of his stroll the local courthouse, where he was confident he could soon right the wrong that had been done. But he found no courthouse. Twenty saloons—if you could dignify a shack containing a barrel of whisky and half a dozen tin cups by such a name—but no courthouse. In fact, he found no public buildings of any kind. Somewhat puzzled, he stopped a passing citi-

BUTCH



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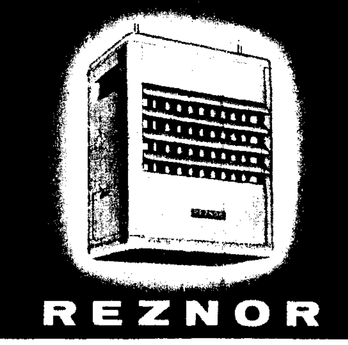

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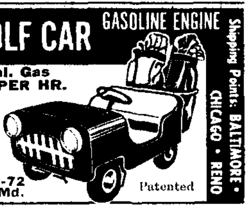

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zen who, from the looks of him, had lost his razor and soap months ago.

"Sir, could you direct me to the office of the local magistrate?"

The citizen looked him up and down, then mumbled, "Ain't none."

"The justice of the peace, then, or the sheriff?"

"Ain't none."

"See here," Foster said in exasperation, "who enforces law and order in this town?"

THE citizen blinked and thought that over. Evidently the question struck him as quite novel. "Why, nobody. We just sort of let things run. Course if there's a killin', we have a miners' meetin' and talk it over, come Sunday. Too busy during the week."

"Ah, now we're getting somewhere. Who presides at these meetings?"

"Who what?"

"Presides. Takes charge."

"First one, then another. 'Tain't a job the fellows take to. Got to elect a new man each meetin'."

Gaining no ground on that tack, Foster tried another. "Did you ever hear of a man named Paul Rogers?"

"Yeah," the citizen said, looking wary. "Why?"

"He was my brother-in-law."

"You don't say. Well, I got to be gittin' on—"

"One moment. If you knew Paul Rogers, then you must know Spade Duncan, who has taken over his claim."

"Seen him around."

"What sort of man is he?"

The citizen looked carefully around, then said in a hoarse whisper, "Mean. Pizen mean. Don't go near him."

There were more questions that Foster would have liked to ask, but the citizen was already shuffling off. More than a little disturbed, Foster resumed his walk. So Mary had been right. There were no authorities in Goldtown—which put the role he had undertaken to play in an entirely different light. What good was the wisdom of Abraham Lincoln, the persuasiveness of Daniel Webster, the eloquence of Patrick Henry—all of whom he could mimic to perfection—when there was no court before which to perform?

The more direct method of confronting Spade Duncan face to face and persuading the man to give up Paul Rogers' claim occurred to Foster. Somehow it lacked appeal. Spade Duncan, he was beginning to feel, was not a persuadable sort of person.

Bits of information Foster picked up during the remainder of the afternoon only served to confirm that impression. Not that any of the citizens became voluble when speaking of Duncan—in fact, most of them clammed up at the mere mention of his name—but by putting together a dropped phrase here, a shrugged-off question there, Foster learned that not only did Duncan have a reputation for claim jumping but he had, since coming to Goldtown, killed two men in gun fights. These facts certainly made it seem odd that a cautious, honest man like Paul Rogers should have taken him in as a partner—as Duncan swore he had. Even odder was the fact that Rogers had accidentally shot himself two days later, with Duncan the only witness to the deed.

Odd, indeed, Foster thought as he returned to the hotel. Yet what was that to him? He had been paid to play a role, which he would play to the best of his ability. Beyond that his responsibility ended.

Discreetly Foster tapped on the door to the room. Mary called, "Who is it?"

"James, my dear. Please let me in."

The door opened. He started to enter, then stopped in amazement as he saw that she was holding a revolver, so heavy a weapon that she had to use both hands. Gently he took it from her.

"Where on earth did you get this cannon?"

"It belonged to Paul. He was cleaning it when he had the accident."

Thoughtfully he hefted the weapon, half his mind considering the awkward weight from an actor's viewpoint, the other half horrified by the knowledge it had once killed a man and could again. How thin the line between stage and reality! A row of flickering floodlights. No more.

"I think I'd better keep this," he said. "You're in no state to have it."

"Be careful. It's loaded."

"Madam," he said sharply, "a man as accustomed to handling firearms as I am always assumes a gun is loaded."

"I'm sorry. But I thought that an actor might not know about guns."

It was on the tip of his tongue to tell her that at one time, earlier in his career, he had traveled for months in England and Europe with a troupe of actors who pretended to be trappers from the Far West. He, to his eternal shame, had been forced to master the use of firearms of all sorts in order to give a credible exhibition of shooting before the eyes of the audience. But because that was a chapter in his past of which he was thoroughly ashamed, he did not speak of it now. He laid the revolver on the bottom bunk.

"I've looked over the town. As you said, there seems to be no one in authority to turn to."

"What can we do?"

That was indeed the question. He considered it thoughtfully for a moment, then he said, "Surely your brother had friends. Perhaps we could persuade them to help us."

She shook her head. "If they were going to do anything, wouldn't they have done it long before this?"

He considered that. Why, if there were any honest citizens in Goldtown, had they done nothing when one of their number had been killed? The answer was plain enough. One needed only to recall that the citizens of Rome had not risen in righteous anger to avenge Caesar's death until a Mark Antony had spoken. Ah, there was the key role—one he had always fancied.

He smiled and took her hands. "The mob wants stirring, my dear. Shall we go forth and see what the town has to offer in the way of food?"

THE long table in the eating house was crowded with rough-looking, unshaven men who ate as though they had not eaten for a week and were paying for their food by the minute. There was no talk, no sound at all but the clash of knife on plate and the slurp of coffee, punctuated now and then by a healthy belch. Picking at her food without appetite, Mary did not raise her eyes, nor did Foster himself appear to be aware that there was anyone else in the room. Presently, noticing that Mary was sitting with her hands in her lap, he leaned toward her.

"Eat, my dear. You must keep up your strength."

"I can't."

"There is nothing we can do for Paul now, you know, but see to it that his grave is marked decently. In the morning I'll inquire around and find out where he's buried."

A miner across the table cleared his

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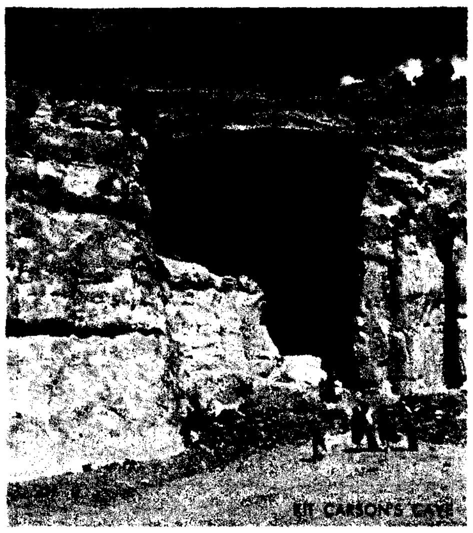

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throat. "Be glad to direct you myself. Thought a lot of Paul Rogers. Guess we all did."

"Thank you, sir," Foster said, giving the man a brief smile. He turned back to Mary. "Please, dear, don't cry. I know you're blaming yourself that it turned out this way. But Paul was careless with guns. And his partner has just as much right to the claim as we have, even though we did loan Paul the money to get started on." He patted her hand. "It will be difficult for us, but we'll get by."

Down at the far end of the table, a man pushed back his chair. "Mister, you're dead wrong about Paul Rogers bein' careless with guns. Wasn't a more careful man livin'. Ain't that so, Pete?"

"Sure is," Pete said.

"Well, I suppose accidents happen."

"Ain't so sure it was an accident," someone grunted, almost inaudibly.

It went on nicely from there, quite nicely indeed. Just how far it would have gone had there been no interruption was hard to say—and pointless to speculate upon. For just as James Foster was about to suggest a tangible course of action to be taken, the door was flung open and a man stepped into the room and stood with his thumbs hooked into his gun belt, his gaze probing the room. A hush fell. The gaze came to rest on Foster.

"Hey, you! You this gal's husband?"

"I am."

"Hear you been inquirin' around about me. I'm Spade Duncan."

Yes, he fit the role to perfection: a heavy, brutal face with body to match; muddy miner's boots with stained trousers tucked into their tops; a belt supporting a holstered revolver, a flannel shirt open at the throat, a heavy beard and black, burning eyes. He looked so right for the part and his entrance had been so natural that Foster was no more taken aback than if it had happened on stage. He favored Duncan with a frown.

"Indeed? I was about to look you up and ask you a few questions. For instance, I should like to know—"

"How come Paul took me in as a partner? Because he wanted to. How come he shot himself? Because he was damn'-fool careless. What else did you figure to ask?"

"I should like to know," Foster said, somewhat shaken, "what right you think you have to his claim?"

"What right? Why, all the right that's necessary."

"I suggest you produce it."

Duncan's gaze moved slowly from man to man. Here and there a look fell, but for the most part the miners stared back stonily, uncowed, unafraid. Backed by such men as these, Foster exulted, he had nothing to fear. Duncan's gaze came to rest on him.

"Here's my right," he growled, and slapped his revolver. "Come around and argue with it whenever you want."

Turning on his heel, he clumped out.

IN THE silence that followed, James Foster stood waiting for the murmur of anger that must come, for the nameless citizen who, in such a moment on stage, always spoke up with the line that galvanized the mob to action. But it did not come. One by one the chairs scraped back. One by one the miners in the room moved toward the door, each giving him a momentary questioning glance, then stolidly proceeding on his way. It was wrong. All wrong.

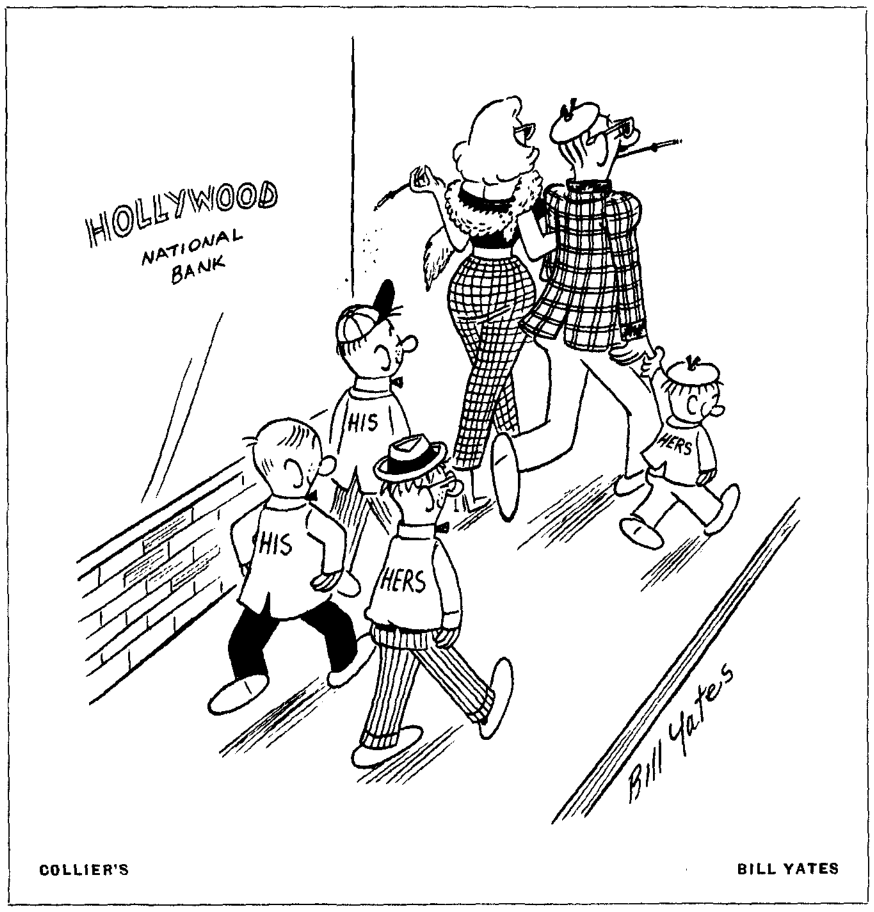
As they filed out, Foster said in desperation, "Aren't you going to do anything?"

A tall, solemn man with a rocklike face lifted his shoulders in a barely perceptible shrug. "Why should we?"

"Because that man is a thief, a murderer! Surely you—"

"Mister," the man cut in, "way we look at it around here, every man kills his own snakes. Your arms ain't broke." He moved toward the door, paused, turned. "Go up the creek a mile or so till you see a snag of a tree that looks like a one-armed witch. His is the first cabin t'other side. I'd wait till mornin'—you'll have better light."

Mary Rogers said she would prefer the upper bunk, if it was all the same to him. He helped her up, took her shoes after she had unlaced them and handed them down, and carefully



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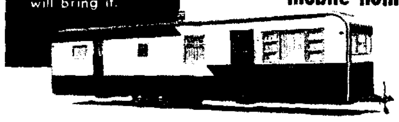

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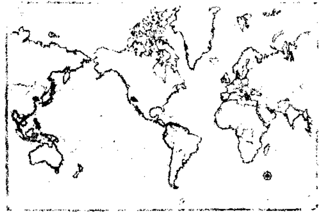

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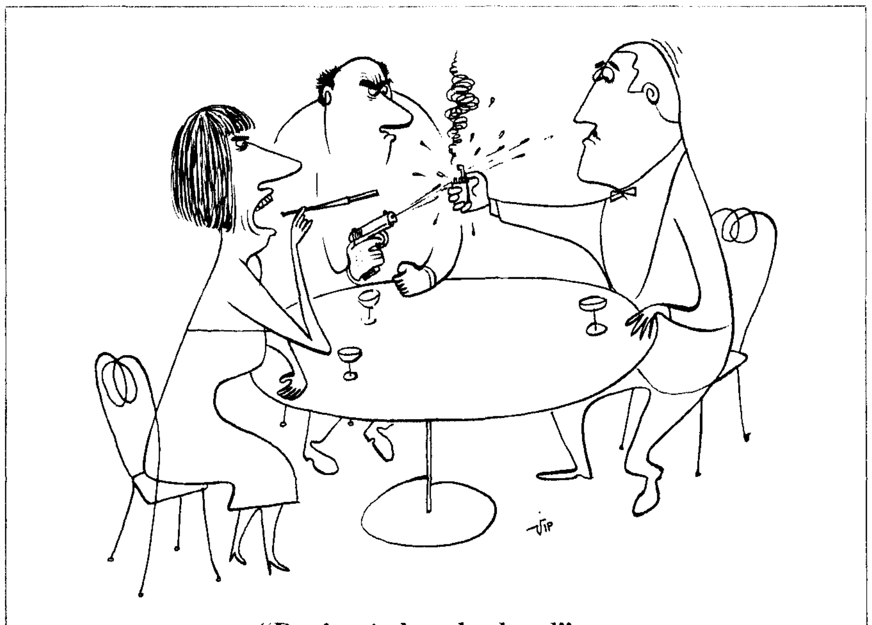

COLLIER'S "Don't mind my husband" VIRGIL PARTCH

placed them together on the floor. Blowing out the candle, he removed his coat and shoes, lay back on the bunk and stared into the darkness above him. After a while he heard her speak.

"James?"

"Yes, Mary?"

"You did all you could. All any man could do. I'm grateful."

Applause seemed empty now. Yet it was true. He had done all he had contracted to do. Was it the fault of the actors when a poorly written play failed? Of course not! Still . . .

"Mary."

"Yes?"

"What will you do now?"

THERE was a silence. "Go back to Lewiston, I guess, and see if they'll give me my job back."

An odd feeling of possessive jealousy stirred in him. His wife work in a cheap theater? Never! Then he caught himself and said, "That's a hard life."

"It's a living."

His right hand groped for the butt of his revolver, found it. It felt cold and hard and solid. On a stage a gun was a useful prop: a shot always compelled attention. In life it might be equally useful: the final word of the final argument.

The blood pulsed hard through his temples. Good heavens, what was he thinking! No gold mine, however rich, was worth risking one's life for. And the motivation would be wrong, all wrong, if greed for gold prompted the act. One did not duel for personal gain. For honor, yes. For love, certainly. For the sake of proving one's self a man.

All roles he had played often on stage—but in life, never.

He lay awake for a long while. When Mary Rogers wakened next morning, the lower bunk was empty.

They say, those Goldtown miners who saw it, that the affair was staged in a most superior way. They say James Foster came into the eating house that morning and ate an early breakfast with the heartiest of appetites, was smiling, congenial and dressed immaculately. It was not until he rose to go that someone noticed the bulge under his coat, though when he paused in the street outside to remove his coat, and started walking upcanyon with the garment folded neatly over his left arm, the revolver strapped around his waist was visible to all.

Some of the curious followed, and the audience actually present at the affair deserved no more than those adjectives that kind critics reserve for poorly patronized shows: small but appreciative.

Yes, it was staged quite well. Spade Duncan had warning enough, for from where he stood in the cabin doorway he could see James Foster coming from a long way off. Duncan was wearing his gun. He could see the gun on James Foster's hip, and not even the worst kind of fool could doubt what that meant.

There were two shots. Everyone agrees to that. Which one came first, it is hard to say. One moment James Foster was talking to Duncan in a quite reasonable, amiable way, his right hand hanging lax at his side. The next, Spade Duncan was reaching for his gun and so was Foster.

Then came the two shots, after which Spade Duncan fell dead, a bullet in his heart. And James Foster fainted.

He never acted again. For one reason, Mary objected to it strongly after they went back to Lewiston, found a minister and quietly made their marriage real. For another, the citizens of Goldtown, after listening respectfully to a series of speeches that Foster made extolling the virtues of an organized system of law and order, held an election and sent him to the Territorial legislature as their representative.

The legislators, he found, made a most satisfactory audience for even the lengthiest of monologues. And it was not required that he make them laugh.

—BILL GULICK

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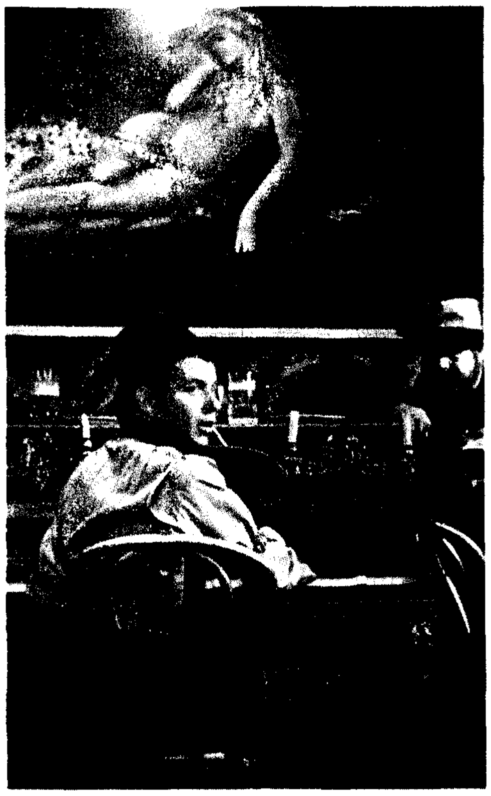
Around the World in 80 DAYS

Mike Todd has taken 50 of filmdom's top stars and given them bit parts in his movie version of Jules Verne's saga. It's his biggest gamble to date

By MARTHA WEINMAN



Frank Sinatra: as piano player in a bar, he's on screen two minutes; and in 80 Days, that's a big role

WHILE most of the world goes on playing life close to the vest, a few daring souls chart their courses with all the nonchalant impudence of a duck crossing Main Street against the lights. Michael Todd, the supershowman of New York and Hollywood, is such a soul. As the producer of Broadway extravaganzas such as Up in Central Park and Peep Show (largely memorable for its finale, in which every girl on stage took a bubble bath); as one of the original producers of Cinerama, and as the man behind Todd-AO, the much-touted wide-screen process in which Oklahoma! was filmed, Mr. Todd is accustomed to crossing against the lights. Currently, he is stepping out on the most speculative venture of his career. It's worth $5,000,000; and even for Mike Todd, that's a lot of speculation.

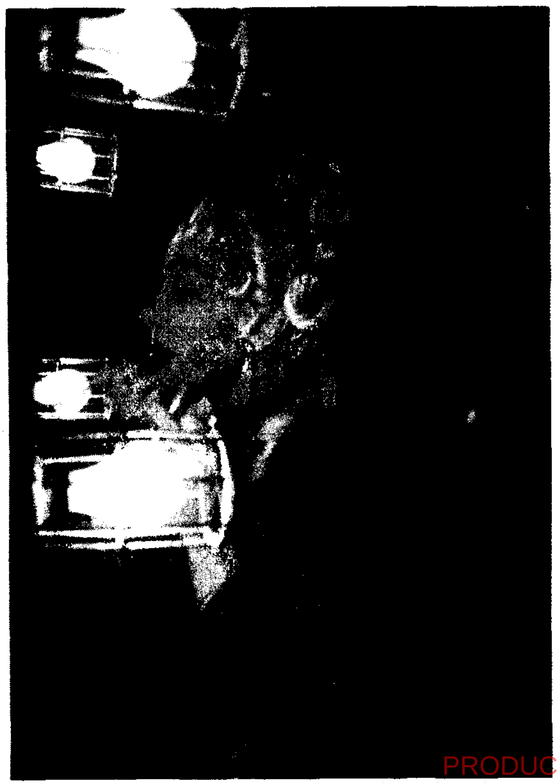
The venture in question is the forthcoming film, Around the World in 80 Days, based on the Jules Verne classic, and produced, cast and owned 100 per cent by Todd.

It is perhaps one of the most ambitious pictures ever made, and certainly one of the biggest. It was filmed by five full production crews, operating the Big Bug-Eye camera (Todd-AO) on locations throughout the world.

Todd has put his all into it, say the side-line spectators, including every show-business trick he's ever learned. But his biggest trick is the cast: 80 Days will boast some 50 top stars from here and abroad.

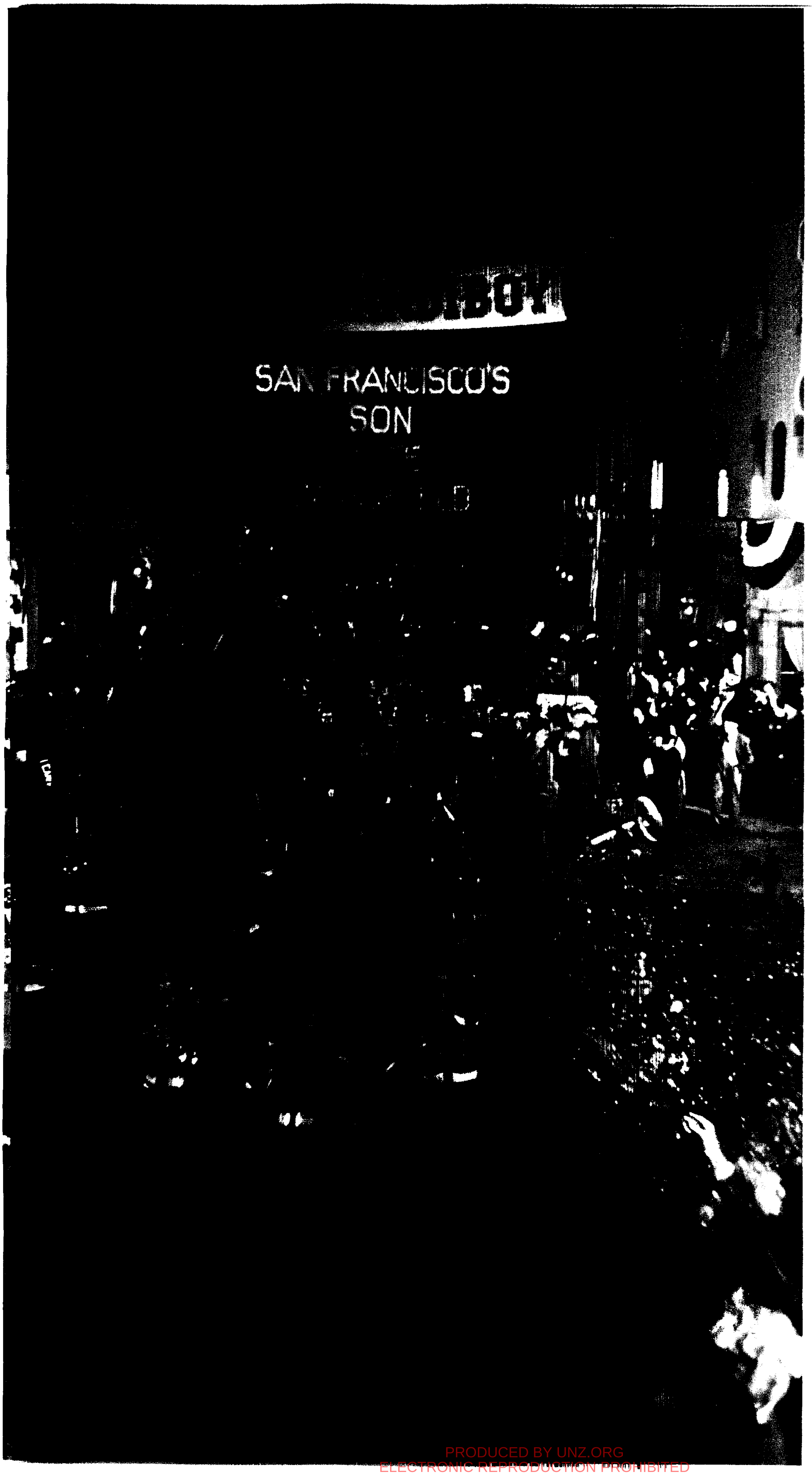
The Verne novel is tailor-made for such grandiose treatment. Set in Victorian London, it is the story of an improbably proper Britisher, Mr. Phileas Fogg (David Niven), who sets out to win a bet by girdling the globe in precisely 80 days. He starts off with his manservant Passepartout (played by Cantinflas, the brilliant Mexican comedian), is joined en route by an Indian princess (Shirley MacLaine) and is trailed throughout by a Scotland Yard stalwart (Robert Newton) who mistakenly suspects Fogg of being a bank robber.

These four roles thread through the entire cloth of the picture. Todd wished to use all his other stars in what he calls "cameos"—scenes following one another in such rapid succession that each famous face would keep nudging the last off the wide, wide screen. Humorist S. J. Perelman, who wrote the screenplay, has obligingly supplied a slew of cameo roles, and enough panorama to provide fine grist for the complicated innards of the Big Bug-Eye. As the bet-happy Mr. Fogg and his entourage journey from country to country, they meet up with as many spectacles as could be crammed into the script, from dancing girls in Bombay to a huge torchlight parade in San Francisco. The result is an international adventure with all the



Red Skelton, George Raft: they play, respectively, a drunken bar-fly and a tough bartender. They take alphabetical billing with the other stars

Marlene Dietrich: she's the hostess in a San Francisco café. She speaks seven short lines



A mammoth election parade and huge bonfire on Market Street in San Francisco (left and above) delay P. Fogg and Company in their global journey. Todd associates say that this sequence includes the biggest fireworks display ever filmed for the movies

In Bombay, Passepartout (Cantinflas, at right) comes across dancing girls swaying to native music. Though little known here, the Mexican star is a favorite in Latin America

Cesar Romero: he plays an Arab tribesman; Gilbert Roland: he's tribe's potentate

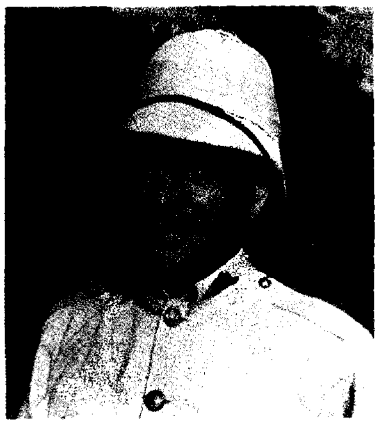
80 Days is not a study in set design; the stars

sweep of an outsized travelogue, plus plot and famous faces.

Fogg and Company keep running into the faces wherever they go. In a London sequence, comedienne Bea Lillie flashes on screen as an evangelist making speeches in the street. In France, Charles Boyer pops up as the owner of a balloon which Fogg wants for transportation to Marseilles. In Spain, dancer José Greco and his troupe perform a spirited, castanet-clicking gypsy number, and Gilbert Roland enters the scene as the potentate of a Moslem tribe. In India, Sir Cedric Hardwicke shows up on a train as a brigadier general. In San Francisco, John Carradine, with mustaches bristling appropriately, delivers some dialogue written in the best Western tradition (NIVEN: *"Unhand that lady, sir!"* CARRADINE: *"Well,*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ZINN ARTHUR

and Europe, [illegible] He earns highest income of any actor alive



Ronald Colman: he's an official on Great Peninsular Railroad in India

Charles Boyer: he owns the balloon that takes Fogg from France to Spain

José Greco and his troupe: they dance by night in Spain's Cave of Seven Winds, where Fogg and Passepartout stop briefly. Below, Greco pounds out staccato beat as gypsies clap time

worked on real locations throughout the world

I'll be a ring-tailed sidewinder if you don't raise my gorge"). In one scene alone—a Barbary Coast sequence—the high-priced talent line-up looks like a Blue Book of Hollywood: Marlene Dietrich, Frank Sinatra, Red Skelton and George Raft. None of them is on screen for more than two minutes.

To pull together such a glittering assemblage for bit parts, Todd had to do a mighty job of persuasion. As a salesman, he was at his best. "He never stopped selling," reported one associate. "He sweet-talked the women, fast-talked the men and conned them all into believing that only a top name could afford to take alphabetical billing. What a pitchman!"

Todd himself feels that his cameo proposition was accepted simply because it was too good to turn down (the

AND DAVID SEYMOUR

Fernandel: the French star is a hack driver Fogg hires in Paris

Glynis Johns: she plays a shady lady seen briefly in London pub

Robert Newton: he is Mr. Fix, the detective who trails Fogg

Martine Carol: she is a pretty parasol-twirler on a Paris street

Sir John Gielgud: as a gentlemen's gentleman fired by Fogg

Shirley MacLaine: Aouda, the Indian princess, falls for Fogg

Buster Keaton: the conductor on train taking Fogg across U.S.

Bea Lillie: cast as a revivalist captain on a soapbox in London

Tending his $5,000,000 investment and keeping 50 stars happy, Todd was a busy man

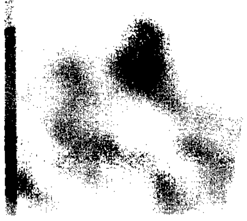
only dissenter was a French star who wanted to be billed first or last—he didn't care which—but not alphabetically). "I didn't have to sell anybody," he says. "My big trouble was keeping people out.

"A lot of stars wanted to hop on the bandwagon, but I wasn't looking for star value. Say you want a guy to pound the piano in a honky-tonk dive. Who do you pick? Sinatra, naturally. Not because he's Sinatra. Just because when he sits down at that piano with a bowler on his head and garters on his sleeves, he's for *real*. That's how I picked my people: they had to be for real. This thing is no burlesque."

In 80 Days, Todd feels he has a new formula for making movies. "Sure," he says, "there have been other pictures with a lot of big names. But the stories have always been built around the stars. This time we fitted the stars right into the story. Four people go traveling: when you travel, you meet a lot of other people. It's that simple. No headliners. In my picture, everybody plays a bit."

No one man in the business has ever before been the sole and independent owner of such a vast project. Standing out on a limb of unprecedented height, Todd is convinced that 80 Days, which won't be released until this summer, will be magic at the box office. In Hollywood, they're taking bets as to whether or not he's right. Some are already calling it Todd's Folly.

"Let them call it anything they want," he says. "When the picture comes out they'll be calling *me*. And they'll have a tough time getting me on the phone."



Joe E. Brown: whistle-

stop stationmaster. His big line: "You city people . . . always livin' in the future"

Todd the salesman was as busy as Todd the producer. Throughout filming of 80 Days, spectators reported, he kept selling stars on the fitness of their roles, fineness of their arts, the fairness of his requests. He stuck so closely by them that he seemed (as seen in strip at left) to adopt typical moods and gestures of each. Mike Todd and stars (l. to r.): Robert Morley, Hermione Gingold, Cantinflas, Noel Coward, Marlene Dietrich, Martine Carol and José Greco

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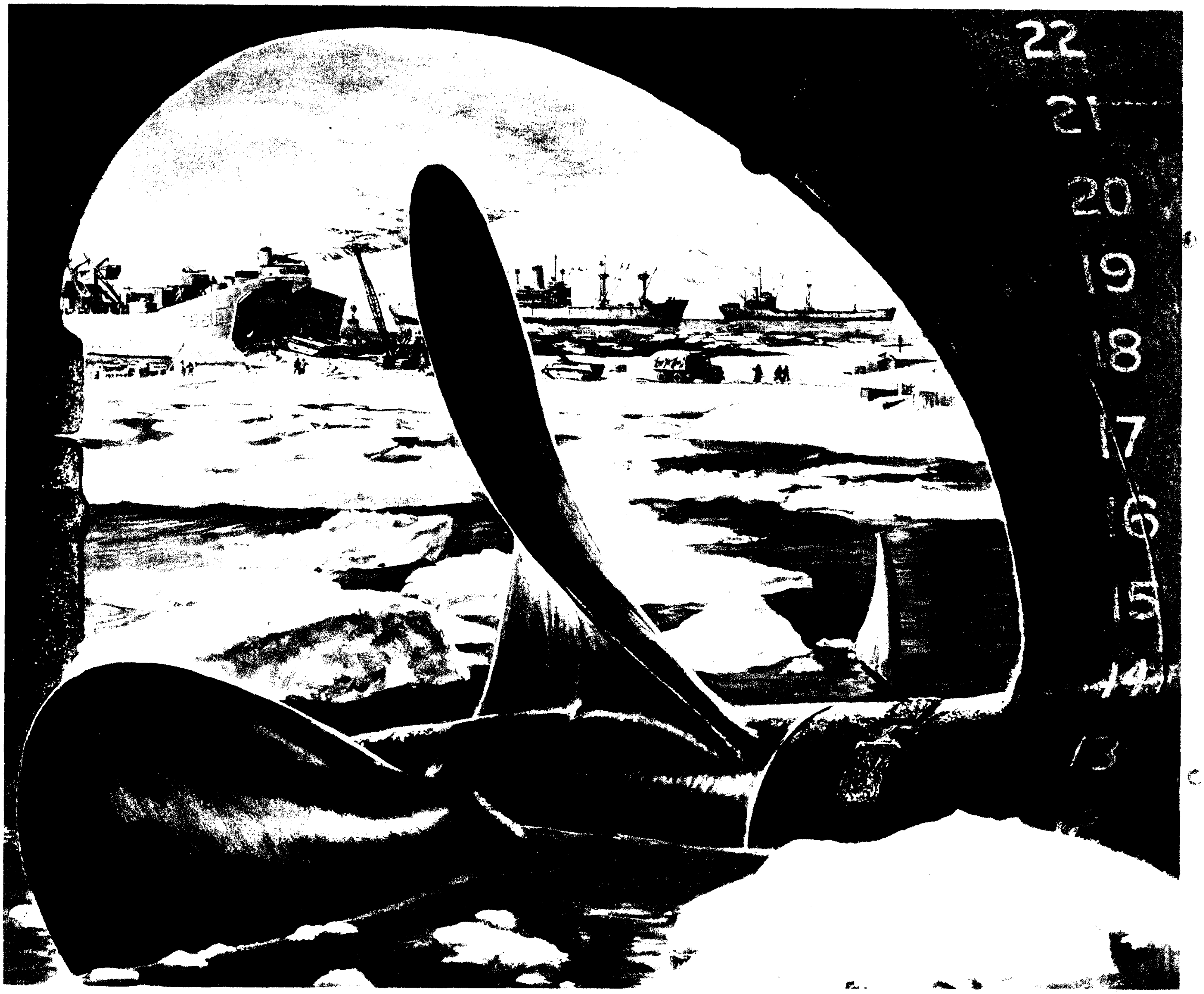

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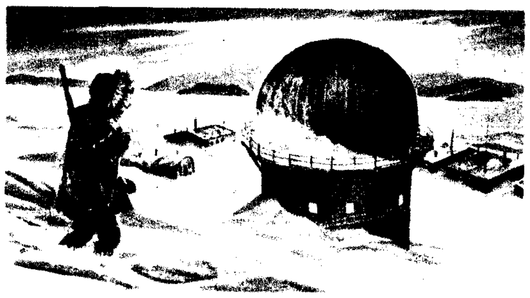

ARCTIC SKYWATCHER – Inco Nickel helped the Navy move in men and equipment to build these Distant Early Warning radar stations in the frozen Arctic. ©1956, T. I. N. Co.

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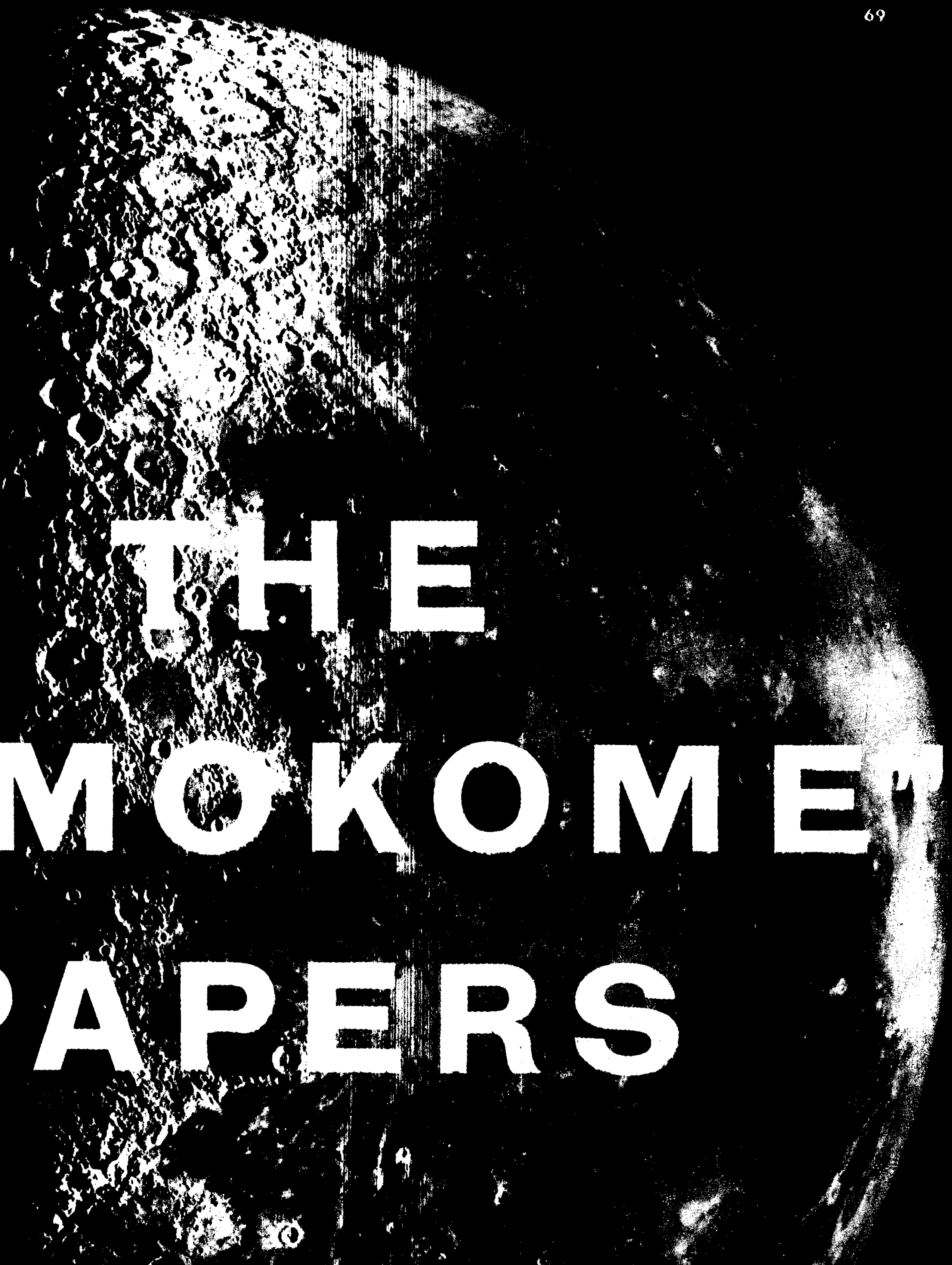
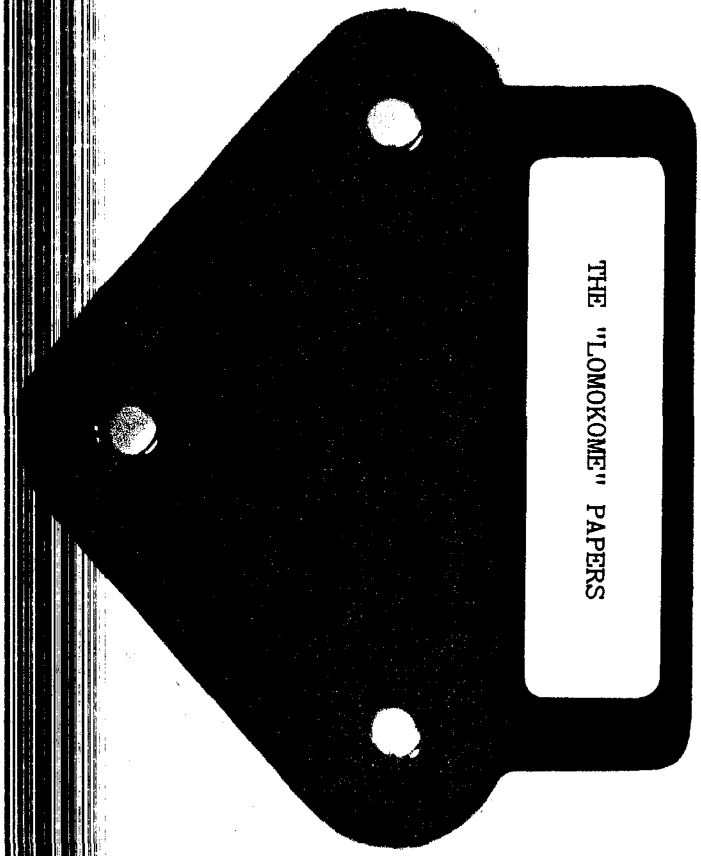


THE "LOMOKOME" PAPERS

By HERMAN WOUK

As in The Caine Mutiny, which won him a Pulitzer prize, Mr. Wouk is again writing of the Navy—but in a startling new way. Here is a brilliant social and political satire—the fantastic adventures of the first man to pilot a rocket to the moon



Appendix "E" of the official
U.S. Navy Report

"EXTRAGRAVITATIONAL PROPULSION FOR MILITARY PURPOSES"

Released in advance of the main report by
direction of the Chief of Naval Operations.

Preface by Professor V. W. Robinson,
of the Montana Institute of Technology.

FOREWORD

by the Chief of Naval Operations

The requirements of military security do not permit the release to the general public at this time of *Extragravitational Propulsion for Military Purposes*, known by the short title of the Robinson Report.

An unfortunate and misleading breach of security by one newspaper has caused such widespread public commotion that it is deemed necessary to release at once, and separately, Appendix E of the report. The President of the United States and the Secretary of Defense have concurred in this decision.

The preface by Professor V. W. Robinson is an unofficial expression of his opinion regarding Appendix E. The Navy's official views in the matter are in substantial agreement therewith.

This in no sense detracts from the unprecedented and historic gallantry of Lieutenant Daniel More Butler, USN, who made the supreme sacrifice in Phase Able of the operation herein alluded to.

The main Report, with appendices, will be released by direction of the President at the earliest practicable time consistent with over-all national security.

Navy Department
1 December 1955.

Admiral Jonathan S. Wells, USN.

PREFACE

The balance between the needs of military secrecy and the need (in a democracy) of a well-informed public is precarious.

In August, 1945, the United States Army released the Smyth Report on the atomic bomb, containing a detailed and accurate account of the making of that startling new implement of war, withholding only a few crucial technical details. It was believed that world scientists everywhere knew, or were capable of inferring from the very existence of the bomb, all the facts in the Smyth Report.

Since then there has been speculation, extending to official circles, as to whether the release of the Smyth Report did not give potentially hostile powers credit for more scientific knowledge than they possessed—

or, to put it plainly, whether in fulfilling the duty of informing the public, the Smyth Report did not inadvertently serve as a break in secrecy.

Considerations of this nature have determined the withholding of the report, *Extragravitational Propulsion for Military Purposes*, which was completed and submitted to the President on January 3, 1955.

It is no longer advisable or practicable, however, to suppress certain facts about the Project. They must be publicized to counteract the widespread half-truths, rumors, and wild inventions arising from the series of "disclosures" printed in the St. Louis Journal-Herald on November 11, 12, 13 and 14, 1955.

These articles were sensational, fanciful and, in large measure, false. Printing them without consulting or warning responsible authorities was a breach of the ethics of American journalism, as well as a blow to the nation's security.

The following erroneous impressions are now widespread and must be refuted: that the United States Navy has made many expeditions to the moon and can make more at will; that a naval lieutenant is now on the moon, alive but lost, and has been abandoned to his fate by the Navy; and, wildest of all, that a race of beings has been discovered on the moon, hardly different from humankind, but vastly ahead of us in scientific knowledge and possessed of incredibly powerful military weapons.

The following facts are correct. On May 23, 1954, and October 17, 1954, two piloted extragravitational projectiles developed by the United States Navy were successfully impelled beyond the earth's gravitational field and guided to the moon. The first projectile crashed on the satellite's surface near the crater Copernicus. Its pilot, Lieutenant Daniel More Butler, USN, the first man in history to travel beyond the earth's gravitational field, is missing and is presumed dead. The second projectile (the name of the pilot is withheld for reasons of security) returned. The pilot of the second projectile was able to reconnoiter the scene of Lieutenant Butler's crash, in a manner limited by the cumbersome equipment necessary for such a task. His report indicated the reasons for the crash, which cannot be disclosed here. It also included almost certain evidence that Lieutenant Butler is dead.

The Navy has been working on a major scale since 1943 on the problem of extragravitational propulsion for military purposes. It was not planned to disclose the actual achievement of flight outside the gravitational field of earth until the recent relaxation of international tension had gone much further. The public will readily see that the publication of the Journal-Herald articles has forced on the government a substantial change in policy.

No details of the two successful flights, nor of current work in the Rhododendron Project, nor of the correct solution to the problem of extragravitational propulsion, can be given at this time. Parenthetically, it may be stated that one of the egregious inaccuracies in the Journal-Herald articles was the statement that atomic-powered rockets were used in the moon flights. The projectiles are not rockets, and atomic energy plays no part in the U.S. Navy's successful system of extragravitational propulsion. The full Report will publish a discussion of the problem equal in scope and frankness to the Smyth Report on the atomic bomb. It will also contain the flight logs of Lieutenant Butler and the second pilot as Appendices C and D.

Appendix E, which is printed herewith, is the basis for the articles in the St. Louis Journal-Herald. The story of the civilian typist who smuggled a copy out of the Navy Building and attempted to peddle it to many newspapers has been sufficiently publicized. The unfortunate woman's recent suicide has closed the episode in a tragic and final fashion.

Appendix E reproduces the contents of one hundred and seven sheets of paper in Lieutenant Butler's handwriting, found by the pilot of the second projectile at the scene of the crash. Most of them were enclosed in Lieutenant Butler's leather-bound flight log. A few were found scattered inside the damaged projectile. One sheet was lying outside, wedged in rubble.

These papers are not "of a mysterious texture and quality unknown on earth." On the contrary, they are sheets from an ordinary note pad of the kind sold in five-and-ten-cent stores, as has been proved by chemical analysis. Their peculiar appearance is a result of their having been exposed to the nearly absolute zero temperature of the surface of the moon. It can be readily demonstrated that any common writing paper placed in an Onnes helium liquefier or similar apparatus will quickly acquire the same appearance.

This point is made emphatically because the "unearthly" paper has been cited as a clinching proof that the narrative of Lieutenant Butler is true; whereas there is not a scientist connected with the Rhododendron Project who does not agree that it is a fiction, written down by Lieutenant Butler in a delirium caused by deprivation of oxygen.

The papers do not form a continuous narrative but are a series of fragments, which seem to be referring to the same event or series of events. They are undated and were apparently written in haste. The scrawl, though recognizably Lieutenant Butler's, is in marked contrast to the regularity of his writing in the flight log. The papers purport to describe his encounter with "inhabitants" of the moon and his descent with them into their land under the surface of the satellite.

It is my reasoned conclusion (and the same conclusion, with minor variations, has been arrived at independently by twenty-seven noted scientists who have read Appendix E and seen sample sheets) that these papers are the sad legacy of the last forty-eight or seventy-two hours of Lieutenant Butler's life, when his supply of oxygen was running out. Undoubtedly he rationed the oxygen to the minimum necessary to maintain life, hoping that help might come. He was aware of the state of readiness of Projectile Two, and he had managed to set off a distress signal which was acknowledged, in a manner not now to be divulged.

The intoxicating effect of too little oxygen is well known. Under the influence of this intoxication, Lieutenant Butler perhaps began to dwell on the fantasies about moon inhabitants he had read as a boy. It is easy to see how wishful thinking would abet such imaginings and, as the intoxication progressed and judgment weakened, would eventually generate the hallucination narrated in Appendix E. At the last, victim of his own delusory visions, he unquestionably wandered away from the projectile in search of the "moon people." It was only a question of time before he fell into one of the hundreds of deep jagged pits surrounding the projectile, damaged his breathing apparatus and perished.

It may be useful to list briefly the scientific reasons for excluding the possibility that the Butler narrative is true:

1. It is practically established that there is neither atmosphere nor moisture on the surface of the moon. Life of any known or conceivable sort cannot exist without these two environmental conditions.

2. The possibility of a livable hollow inside the satellite cannot be flatly excluded. But from what is now known of astronomy and geology, the chance of such a formation within the moon is of the order of one in thirty billions.

3. Even if that extremely unlikely formation did exist, such life as might evolve in a lunar cavern would necessarily be monstrously different from terrestrial forms. Weaker gravity, everlasting subsurface gloom, and temperature fluctuations that could wipe out all earthly life in a day—to mention only the most obvious factors—would force a course of natural selection totally unlike that which has developed on earth. The idea of humanlike beings native to the moon must be dismissed. Further scientific difficulties could be listed to perhaps the number of a hundred, in regard to certain sections and paragraphs of the narrative.

The official conclusion was a painful one to reach. A lengthy tribute to Lieutenant Butler would not be in place here, but obviously this young man who secured himself a place in world history deserved every possible effort to rescue him. The departure of Projectile Two was put forward seventeen days for this purpose, at augmented risk to the pilot and despite the likelihood of highly expensive loss to the Project in the event of failure. At that time the Navy had hardly the slenderest hope of Butler's survival, but the gamble was taken. The results of the second pilot's reconnoitering ended the matter, in the view of the Navy and the civilian scientists.

The fragments that constitute Appendix E have been assembled and edited by a reserve officer, Lieutenant William T. Dawes, a writer by profession, who accepted the task at the invitation of Rear Admiral Fall, head of Naval Public Relations. Lieutenant Dawes has inserted connective passages between some of the scraps of narrative, for the purpose of clarity. These are printed in italics so as to be set off unmistakably from Lieutenant Butler's own words. Otherwise, Appendix E contains nothing but Lieutenant Butler's papers—uncensored, unabridged and transcribed with the greatest care.

It is hoped that the publication of Appendix E will end the unfortunate situation created by the Journal-Herald articles, and will at least partly allay justified public curiosity about the Navy's extragravitational propulsion program, until such time as the full Report can be safely released.

A final word of caution seems necessary, because of the extraordinary verisimilitude of some passages in the "Lomokome" papers. The public must bear in mind that few normal people can be as persuasive as a man in the grip of a systematic delusion. The disarming artlessness and helter-skelter frankness of Lieutenant Butler's narrative are more effective than the art of the fiction writer in attaining realism. The reader must constantly remind himself of the scientific objections I have indicated above, in order to maintain perspective on these papers.

Professor V. W. Robinson

Continued on next page

THE "LOMOKOME" PAPERS

(Editor's Foreword:

The pilot who recovered the "Lomokome" papers took the sensible precaution of numbering consecutively in light pencil the main batch of sheets discovered in the Butler flight log, and then adding the scattered sheets to the bundle. However, on examination, it was obvious that the papers thus numbered made no sense whatever in their original order.

Rearranging them into a single consecutive narrative has proved impossible. No matter how the sheets are shuffled and reshuffled, they cannot be made to connect one to another from beginning to end. An exhaustive comparison of "last words" and "first words" of all the sheets, conducted by a staff of Navy yeomen, has established that point.

The present arrangement is made after much study and comparison with the patterns worked out by others. It differs in a few material points from the sequence worked out by the Navy before the editing task was assigned to the writer. He accepts responsibility for any inaccuracies or misleading impressions that result from the sequence here presented.

William T. Dawes, Lt., USNR)

Section One

(Arrival in "Lomokome"—First Impressions: Four Fragments)

. . . forgotten a lot already.

Actually, I should have kept notes all along, day by day and even hour by hour. But too much was happening too fast. Furthermore, I never knew for a long while but that my next hour was going to be my last, and keeping a record seemed a less urgent problem than staying alive. After it was obvious they weren't going to do me in, I suppose I became a little too interested in what was happening. I don't know how long this present spell of forced inactivity (technically I'm not imprisoned) will last. But I may as well employ it in the ancient and honorable Navy custom of writing up the log long after the fact.

I don't know whether anyone will ever see this account. I'm not going to bother with official phraseology, though I suppose everything that's happened comes under the heading of my orders: "Reconnoiter as practicable." If I ever get back I can boil it down for official purposes.

First of all, to describe my surroundings. I'm a guest, I suppose you'd call it, in the home of an eminent scientist named Vove, who bears the honorary title of "Kaham." He has one daughter living with him, named Vovone, of whom more later. At the moment, I'm seated in one of the severe, cold, airy rooms that are . . .

(Editor's note: There is a complete break here. The narrative resumes with a fragmentary account of Lieutenant Butler's purported arrival in inhabited lunar caverns.)

. . . on foot the rest of the way. But there wasn't far to go.

The "streets" are tunnels, of course, paved and brightly lighted. Some of them seem natural cave passages, for there are grotesque stalactites overhead. Others have been cut smoothly out of the rock. Regularly spaced overhead there are rings of glowing bare metal, emitting a coldish orange illumination like sodium light. The air is very dry, and frigid enough to cause your breath to smoke. I'd guess the temperature is well below freezing, but I didn't see any frozen puddles or ponds so I can't be sure. The caverns are bone-dry.

My teeth were chattering after we'd been walking five minutes. They noticed it at last, and a guard threw one of those orange cloaks over my shoulders. The effect was amazing. I was comfortable in a minute. If ever I get back home I'll have to bring along a sample of that stuff. It would be excellent for arctic warfare. It's made wholly of inorganic minerals, they tell me. It's no heavier than linen.

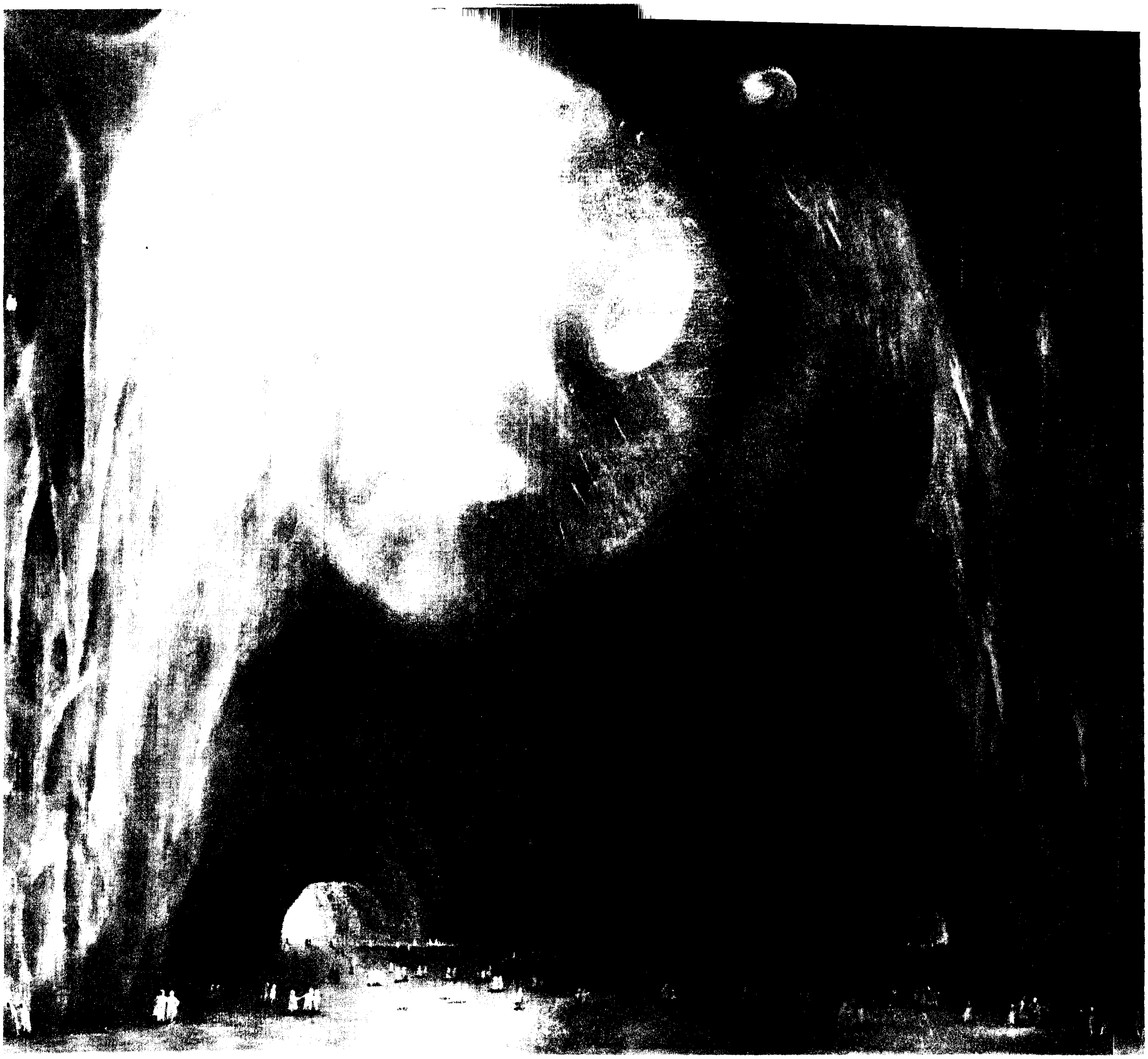
As we progressed toward the center of the city, more people began to be in evidence. They were all dressed in these orange cloaks, which cover you from head to foot like a monk's robe. The people were all hurrying in the same direction as we were, streaming out of the houses hollowed into the rock on either side of the tunnel. The houses had façades carved with queer zigzag geometrical patterns. There were no vehicles in the tunnels. Everyone went on foot. They paid no attention to our party. The fact that I was a head shorter than the general population attracted hardly a glance. After walking for perhaps ten minutes we emerged into the gigantic space that they call the Central Cavern.

It's an irregularly shaped gloomy vault, about a mile and a half across at its widest. The roof is so high it is lost in gloom, except for some tremendous stalactites that project downward almost to the roofs of the buildings. The central structure that dominates everything is the hexagonal Palace of the Lord Thinkers (I learned the name much later, of course). It is higher and bigger than the seven buildings ringed around it, but what makes it stand out even more is the lettered sign erected on its roof. It's the largest illuminated sign I've ever seen. The displays on Times Square are nothing to it. It has no animation or figures, nothing but the angular letters of their curveless alphabet, formed of bars of glowing metal as thick as girders. I would guess each letter is two or three hundred feet high. The sign runs completely around the perimeter of the roof. Vovone translated it for me recently. It's their government motto: ALL THE HYDROGEN BELONGS TO ALL THE PEOPLE. This display illuminates the whole cavern with a nightmarishly bright orange that faces off gradually to blackness at the outer edges, where rings of illuminating metal on poles eke out the light. You can hardly look at the sign itself, it's so bright.

The people were thronging in front of another edifice (the Minor Task building, I later learned), where a great fluorescent . . .

(Editor's note: Break in narrative.)

. . . me the language, and find out everything he could about me. Those were the orders given to the Kaham Vove. He's a careful, methodical old gentleman, and he carried out the orders strictly and



Their "streets" are tunnels, of course, paved and brightly lighted with rings of glowing bare metal that emit a coldish orange illumination like sodium light. After walking for about ten minutes we emerged into the gigantic space they call the Central Cavern. In its center, dominating everything, was a huge building: the Palace of the Lord Thinkers

completely until he was arrested. While he was away on war duty Vovone substituted very well.

If I could overlook her greenish skin, and her dry-as-dust manner, and the whole sad situation I'm in, I suppose I could find Vovone attractive. She's small by the standards of her kind, but still an inch or so taller than I. I've always liked tall girls, so that doesn't matter. She has large, humorous brown eyes, long brown hair and good features. Her figure is somewhat lean and athletic, according to our ideas; but again, it happens I like that style. Or maybe I'm just getting lonesome. But there's no point to all this. She shows about the same interest in me as she would in a wild animal she was teaching tricks—wariness, briskness and a certain rough good feeling when I do something well. That's all.

ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD PERLIN

They put me in two rooms that face the "street." One is a sort of workroom, which . . .

(Editor's note: Break in narrative.)

Section Two

(Time in "Lomokome"—three pages)

. . . sunlight. They crave it. The great lens- and mirror-relay systems are engineering feats as complex and impressive as any of our aqueducts back home. They pipe sunlight into homes and buildings as we pipe water. The strong indoor glare bothered my eyes the first week or so and I wore my Raybans constantly, to their amusement. Now I'm used to it.

I believe the light that reaches them, even after the extensive relaying, is stronger than our natural sunlight, because there's no atmosphere at the surface of the moon to diffuse it and the whole relay system is under a high vacuum. They tell me that in their master lenses at the surface (which are as much as half a mile across) they use a crystalline organic compound that passes all the rays of the sun. I believe this, because I am becoming very tan. It's probably the last thing I expected when they were hauling me down into the black tunnel at the crater edge three months ago.

It's three months to a day, I believe.

I am almost certain today is 26 August 1954. I lost track of earth time in the first few weeks down here. Vovone explained their time system to me after a while, and by correlating in both calendars the date I was captured, I was able to figure out what day this must be.

They have no hours, but elaborate subdivisions of the day on the decimal system. Their day is the same as ours, a single rotation of the earth. It seems unnatural at first that they should fix on such a unit. But the earth's swift rotation is the most striking sight in their heavens, much more so than the transit of the sun, which is a tedious fifteen-day process. They use a lunar month of twenty-nine days, with an involved system of intercalated holidays to take up the slack of the fractions. Their long unit, called a *hasan,* is a period of nineteen years. One year is not significant to them. I remember as a plebe at Annapolis I had a Jewish roommate who told me that the Jews' lunar religious calendar squared away with the solar calendar every nineteen years. Maybe that proportion explains the odd length of the *hasan.*

They have ten months which they repeat cyclically throughout the *hasan,* giving the months new numbers with each repetition. Thus today is the 7th of Vislek-19, in the Hasan 1634. This number of the *hasan,* when you multiply it by 19, turns out amazingly high, and indicates that Lomokome history dates back at least 31,046 of our years.

One of the first questions I asked Vovone was what event the calendar dated from. She answered, "From the *Ayziet.*" The word is almost the same as "Exodus" in our language. Then she told me, in rough outlines, their ancient history, which fades back like Japanese history into fantastic legends. There's this difference: she assured me that they have documentary evidence of all the events, including the *Ayziet* itself.

(I had no intention of wandering off into these details, but one thing seems to lead to another as soon as I get on the subject of the Lomokomians. I'll try to crowd their history into one paragraph and get back to the main track.)

According to Vovone, the Lomokome race is actually an ancient colony from the . . .

(Editor's note: Of all the breakoffs in the "Lomokome" papers, this one is the most exasperating.

Granting that the narrative is a systematic delusion, as all authorities agree, one still finds oneself strongly curious as to the origins of the phantom "Lomokomians."

It is the editor's opinion that the complete last phrase would have been "from the earth." The Navy authorities do not agree. But I can think of no other way in which Lieutenant Butler could have accounted for the obvious human appearance and traits of the "Lomokomians," which, though nowhere asserted, is assumed and implied throughout. I believe the "Ayziet" would have turned out to be the exodus from earth of the pilgrims from a lost antescriptural civilization that had mastered space travel.

Captain William Podell, USN, chief of Navy psychiatry, is of the opinion that Butler's imagination failed him here—therefore he broke off and simply resumed his daydreaming at an easier point. Captain Podell states that this is quite usual in psychopathic fantasy-invention.

This accords with the over-all theory of the Navy: that there are actually few or no missing papers, and that Butler scribbled off what we have in bursts of semilucidity between intervals of torpor or delirium, picking up his fantasy at any random point. I am inclined to believe, on the contrary, that there may be hundreds of missing sheets, which Lieutenant Butler carried with him to his death. It is unlikely that this issue will ever be resolved.

We now come to the bulk of the continuous material, which I have divided into several sections for convenience of reference. There are no other sheets dealing with his first impressions. We are plunged into the middle of his main narrative.)

The lost pilot of Projectile One: Lieutenant Daniel Butler, USN

Section Three

(War in "Lomokome")

. . . pleasant enough, except that the place is somewhat dismal without the Kaham and Vovone. The "servants" were changed, as they are every month. The three of them are all male this time, and husky. There's no suggestion that they're guarding me—but that's what they're doing. I don't mind. I've no place to go and nothing to do until Vovone and her father return. Even if I escape I couldn't find my way back to the projectile without a guide, and anyway I can't take the plunge to the surface without an oxygen suit, which I don't have. It will be too bad if Projectile Two shows up while I'm ground-hogged down here. But my best estimate is that they can't launch it before 1 November, by which time I hope to have talked my way back to the surface, with the Kaham's help.

I hardly know how to go about describing the reasons for the arrest of Vovone's father. It is impossible, really, without quoting long sections of the Book of Ctuzelawis. When the war first began, Vovone herself gave up trying to explain it, and simply handed me the book. It was only after I read it and reread it, and visited the recruiting centers and the Task Board buildings, and saw the Death Cavern, that I began to understand what was happening, and to half believe it. Some of it still seems like a dream to me.

The whole concept of Death Day is so horrible and wild that I'm still not sure whether that part of it is allegory or fact. The reason for Kaham Vove's arrest is simply to determine whether or not he is eligible for Death Day.

I will try to describe the whole thing just as it has hit me. In its proper place I'll copy down Ctuzelawis, if my arm hasn't become useless from writer's cramp.

Long before I had completed the hypnotic language treatment, just as soon as a little sense began to emerge from the gibble-gabble of their speech (this was back in June, I think), I became aware that a war of some kind had either begun among the moon people, or was in the making. The war occupied a large part of the conversation between Vovone and Kaham Vove.

What baffled me was that Vovone seemed terribly worried that her father would have to go and fight. The Kaham is bent, weak and old, obviously of no military use. Beyond that, he is one of the nation's great men. The title "Kaham" is bestowed on the thirty-eight living Lomokomians pre-eminent in science. There can't be a thirty-ninth; a Kaham has to die before a new one can be named. I am in the custody of Kaham Vove so that he can make a report on me to the nation after studying and questioning me. From all this, it seemed to me no more likely that Kaham Vove would have to fight than that Einstein or Bernard Shaw back home would have been drafted into the infantry. But the Kaham didn't laugh at Vovone. His end of the conversation, as nearly as I could make it out, consisted of assurances that he wanted to go, and had no fear of being killed, and so on—the sort of thing draft-age kids usually say when they're reassuring their families.

What made all this war talk especially hard for me to follow was their constant use of terms that were pure nonsense to me. They spent hours discussing in very worried tones things such as Major Tasks and Minor Tasks and Abstract Operations. I caught those phrases over and over, and others almost as often: Calculated Weapons, Morale Score, Formula Pilots, and still others, all meaningless.

I gathered that the enemy was a country called Lomadine. Up till this time I had had no instruction in their modern history, so I had no idea of the basis of the enmity. I did my best to eavesdrop during the following weeks. But though the language difficulty was clearing rapidly for me I was making no headway whatever in understanding the war talk.

One day a messenger arrived at the Kaham's house, dressed in the orange-and-white cloak of a government employee. He came into the room where the Kaham, Vovone and I were having our first meal after sleep (which is the big meal of the Lomokome day, oddly enough). The messenger handed the Kaham a note. The Kaham read it, looked very grave, and passed it to Vovone. She left the room and returned in a few moments with a small bag containing clothes for the Kaham, which she handed to the messenger.

The Kaham informed me that he was going to report for war service. He apologized for not having been able to complete my instruction systematically, but told me that I was now fairly well equipped for any activity in Lomokome. He commended me for working conscientiously at my tasks. Only one important element of my education remained incomplete, he said, and that was political orientation. He had hoped to handle that difficult matter himself, but now I would have to get it from books myself, under the supervision of Vovone. He left with the messenger, after telling Vovone that I was to read immediately a textbook of modern history for school children, and then the Book of Ctuzelawis. His last words to me I remember well. His wrinkled face took on a strange glow, and he said, "You will not completely understand Ctuzelawis at first. Persevere. He was the savior of our world, and probably the wisest and most humane being that the universe has ever beheld."

Vovone wasted no time. She took me to the reading room as soon as he was gone and snapped a microscroll into the machine. (These reading machines, which beat books all hollow for my money, are devices the size of a small camera, which can project print on a wall, or read a book aloud, or both. The books are transparent strips rolled into scrolls, on which are recorded both the sound and the printing. Four years of Annapolis studies could be compressed into a couple of dozen of these scrolls, altogether weighing less than one of our chemistry textbooks.)

Thereafter, Vovone was in charge of my education, and she did a thorough job of it, with a sort of frosty good nature. We were together most of the time, just the two of us alone in the house (except for the servants). But the question of a chaperone never seemed to arise. There was no need for one. I'd have felt like a grammar-school boy making a pass at his history teacher, even though her age, as I've calculated it out, is about the same as mine.

BY THE TIME the Kaham returned, two weeks ago, I was well informed about the war. It gave me a lot of pleasure to ask him questions and to debate about the amazing Book of Ctuzelawis. When he was arrested soon after, it was a real blow to me. We were friendly. He's made me understand a lot of things about his people. And I had high hopes that he would eventually get me permission to return to the projectile, and also some help to repair it. I haven't abandoned those hopes yet. He may still be freed.

To explain why he was arrested, I have to tell about the wars between Lomokome and Lomadine. I've been putting this job off. The whole thing is so strange that I don't know where to plunge in.

The story of Lomokome and Lomadine, which I derived from the school-age texts, was obviously slanted in favor of Lomokome. I can't guarantee the accuracy of the summary I'm going to put down. Since that time I've read a few scrolls designed for more mature readers (one or two without the knowledge of Vovone), but I've never found anything like an impartial description of Lomadine.

These two nations have divided the moon between them since Hasan 1531, which is just about the time of Christ in our reckoning. Moon history before that is a mess of the most horrible wars imaginable. In Hasan 1530, Lomokome and Lomadine allied themselves in a successful campaign to destroy Lozain, a civilized, scientifically advanced nation, the most powerful country on the moon, whose people, strangely enough, were cannibals—actual cannibals. There is no doubt of this. I asked Vovone a lot of questions about it. They habitually ate people.

Almost all the major wars in previous *hasans* had been started by Lozain for purposes of cannibalism, now against one country, now against another. The cannibals had shown the utmost political skill in playing off rival nations against each other. It was their practice to make a temporary alliance with one country while they forayed into another to capture human livestock; then in the next *hasan* they would assail their former allies and sign pacts with their former enemies. This practice was successful, unbelievable as it may seem, for several hundred years, during which the cannibals gradually destroyed or, more exactly, ate up most of the nations on the moon. At last they felt so powerful that they simultaneously attacked both Lomokome and Lomadine, the two remaining great powers, who themselves had a long-standing enmity. The cannibals had cleverly exploited this hostility for generations, but they miscalculated at last. After the bloodiest war in moon history (up till that time), the cannibals were beaten. The victors utterly exterminated the adult cannibals, leveled their cities and scattered their young among the victors' territories. Lozain ceased to exist.

But no peace followed. Lomokome and Lomadine, with the whole moon to divide between them, began accusing each other of being cannibals like the extinct Lozains, and quarreling over a thousand small boundary questions. That, at least, is my interpretation. The Lomokome school text asserts that Lomadine made a "series of impossible and aggressive demands and began infiltrating in disputed territories, using the same cannibalistic tactics as the Lozains."

The schoolbook grudgingly admits, however, that "it is not quite fair to describe the Lomadinians as cannibals in the same sense that the Lozains were. Although their beliefs and their form of government show striking similarities to the culture of the cannibals, they probably do not actually eat human flesh." I gather that this reasonable view is due almost entirely to the influence of Ctuzelawis, and that before his time both sides actually believed, or claimed to believe, that their enemies were true Lozains in practice.

A number of wars ensued between the two nations, called the Universal Wars. These grew more frightful in each generation. Those *hasans* that corresponded to our early Christian Era were a time of great scientific advancement on the moon. Both sides evolved the uranium bomb in the same war, in our year 347 A.D. It was soon rendered obsolete by more powerful nuclear explosives.

During the Fourth War, Lomokome came out with a nitrogen cloud, fissionable by remote means. That was what you might call the daddy of them all. To give you an idea: one nitrogen cloud could just about obliterate the State of Massachusetts. The effect of such a weapon was increased by the fact that it was released in the huge caverns that constitute the moon's habitable area, rather than in free space where it could easily dissipate. It's interesting that Lomokome used *thirty-seven* nitrogen clouds against Lomadine before the surrender. It seems unbelievable. But in centuries of warfare with nuclear explosives, these moon people developed techniques for defense and survival. What I've learned here certainly promises no good for our future on earth. Some commentators back home think the hydrogen bomb means the end of war. But it seems that as long as people feel like fighting they evidently manage to fight.

The Book of Ctuzelawis emerged shortly after the Fourth Universal War, as a result of the terrible discovery about silicon, mentioned in the book repeatedly. Ctuzelawis is the great philosopher and prophet of the moon people. He unquestionably saved them from annihilation with his Law of Reasonable War. To me he seems a sort of combined Moses and Aristotle. To make his book understandable I must first try to describe the difference between the systems of Lomokome and Lomadine, which is at the bottom of all these wars, and which seems likely to continue to cause wars as long as time lasts.

If I were to put it in earth-terms, I would call it an "ideological conflict between Hydrogenism and Suggestionism." But no such words are used here. The Lomokomians refer to their mode of thinking as Orange; the Lomadinians are known as Blues. In this country it's a fighting insult to suggest that a remark has a Blue taint or that someone is Blue at heart. The exact opposite seems to be true in Lomadine. Orange is their favorite cuss word.

I don't profess to understand all the angles of these two systems. Both are based on philosophical reasonings, or assertions, that seem pretty foggy to me. The Lomadine setup is especially hard to grasp because all my knowledge of it has been filtered through the extreme prejudice and hatred of the Lomokome scrolls. But here is as fair a picture as I can present of both sides.

Section Four

("Hydrogenism")

Hydrogenism, the social system of Lomokome, is founded on the scientific dogma that all things are hydrogen, or compounds of hydrogen.*

**(Note by Professor Robinson—This is a well-known theory in modern science. It was first promulgated in 1816 in the Annals of Philosophy by William Prout, an English chemist, and is generally referred to as "Prout's hypothesis." In a restricted sense there is truth in the view, as the work of F. W. Aston and others has shown, but strictly speaking it is a scientific metaphor rather than a fact. The St. Louis Journal-Herald has made much of this passage, claiming that it would have been impossible for Lieutenant Butler to stumble on Prout's hypothesis in improvising a fantasy. But I see nothing in the least unlikely in this, nor do my colleagues on the Rhododendron Project. Lieutenant Butler was a good chemistry student in the Naval Academy, and it is quite probable that he did enough random reading in the history of chemistry to come on Prout's hypothesis.)*

They say no one thing is really any more or less valuable than any other thing, except in so far as it contains more or less hydrogen. There is a lot of stuff about Mass Hydrogen and Energy Hydrogen which I don't follow, but it boils down to this: a thing is worth the number of hydrogen atoms transformed to produce it. Money, they say, is an unnecessary device that can be dishonestly handled to produce fake values; so they use no money. Private property is an absurdity, since no human force can add an atom of hydrogen to the universe or take one away. "All the hydrogen belongs to all the people" is the slogan on which their system rests.

Social justice, for them, consists in a fair distribution of hydrogen to everyone. By nature, they say, all men would try to use more hydrogen than they were entitled to. The function of government is to prevent such abuses. The ultimate question arises: "Who shall decide the apportionment of hydrogen?"

The Lomokomian answer is that the wisest men must decide. Thus has arisen the regime of the Lord Thinkers. The origin of this group is very obscure, but I gather that it was founded in a violent upheaval. The Lord Thinkers are a self-perpetuating body of thirteen supremely wise men, who theoretically are entrusted by the people with the fair allotment of hydrogen. They themselves appoint new Lord Thinkers as old ones die. They are responsible to no one, since by definition they represent the highest reasoning powers in the land.

Everything and every occupation in Lomokome has a hydrogen number, allotted by the Lord Thinkers. The hydrogen number of an object, such as a chair or a house, is in effect its price. The hydrogen number of an occupation corresponds to the salary it commands. For instance: the hydrogen number of a master carpenter is 150. Every month every carpenter in Lomokome is credited with 150 (representing so many trillion or quadrillion atoms of free hydrogen, in theory). He can draw goods from the Lord Thinkers' stores and warehouses so long as he has a plus hydrogen balance. The hydrogen number of whatever he draws is charged against him. Every Lomokomian carries on his person a Hydrogen Book, in which his "salaries" and "purchases" are credited and debited by official government machines. The penalty for forging or tampering with a Hydrogen Book is death in a severe form: raking to pieces by red-hot steel combs. That seems to be the supreme crime in Lomokome—next to being suspected of Blue ideas.

In actual practice the Thinkers themselves do not allot numbers. This work is delegated to two bureaus—the Mass Hydrogen Bureau, which sets the number of objects, and the Energy Hydrogen Bureau, which fixes salaries. But the work of both bureaus is under the rule of the Lord Thinkers, who can modify numbers as they see fit.

The occupation having the highest hydrogen number is that of Lord Thinker—5,000. Next come the leading bureau heads, who get from 1,500 to 2,000. The scale descends gradually through government officials, industrial managers, scientists, artists, doctors and so forth, to the common people, the true "owners" of all the hydrogen. The highest number for any common workmen, allotted to uranium miners, is 175.

As the system works in practice, the hydrogen numbers allotted to objects no longer have much relation to hydrogen content. The numbers are simply fixed by the bureaus to maintain a balance between supply and demand. The numbers for occupations have become equally arbitrary. The Lomokomians themselves are surprisingly cynical about this aspect of the system. The cultivation of friendships in the Energy Hydrogen Bureau for the purpose of raising one's number is commonplace. They have an involved pun in their language as a byword: "Never mind the hydrogen of your job; it's the potassium that counts." Their word for potassium, *nipato,* is pronounced in the same way as the slang expression *Ni pata,* which means literally, "scratch my back," and figuratively, official connections or influence.

I've written nothing here but the barest outline of Hydrogenism. The way it works out in daily life is fascinating, but I can't stop to go into it. Yet the effect on marriage and family life is so odd that I can't help mentioning it briefly.

Since the people themselves are considered nothing but animated hydrogen, it follows that, like any other natural resource, they are owned by the community. Procreation is merely a job—with a rather low hydrogen number—since it requires little skill. It earns a bonus for married workers (women all work here, as well as men). A carpenter whose wife gives birth to a child is credited with an extra 50 for the month. The wife gets an extra 200, since it is considered that she did most of the useful work. The child is then taken away by the Lord Thinkers, like a chair manufactured by the parents, and reared communally. Rich people, however, who are sentimentally inclined, can rent their children back from the Thinkers at 25 a month, but it is impossible ever to acquire actual possession of them; for that, according to the Thinkers' doctrine, would be to reduce a free creature to slavery.

I use the term "wife" above, but actually there is no marriage in our sense. The sexual life under Hydrogenism is much too complicated to describe at this point in my story, but it is pretty fantastic. I can see now that if a visitor from the moon to the earth tried to describe our life he'd wind up writing an encyclopedia, and I have to avoid that temptation here. If I ever get permission to go back to the projectile, I'll take along a reading machine and a sackful of factual scrolls. And when I get back to earth the Navy can issue a 10,000-page report on Lomokome.

Section Five

("Suggestionism")

I'm aware that I've done a none-too-satisfactory job of outlining the Hydrogen System of Lomokome, even though I've seen it in action and have all the scrolls I need on the subject. My description of the Lomadine way of life will probably be even poorer. I know nothing of it beyond what the Lomokomians have written about it. It's a little like trying to figure out what Christianity is all about, on the basis of a few hostile passages in Mohammedan books.

It seems that, theoretically, there is no government of any kind whatsoever in Lomadine.

The Lomadinians seem to be a religious nation. They maintain as their central belief that all governments and laws are immoral and blasphemous, because such institutions imply that God's creation is not adequate to run itself. Their entire system is organized around this principle, apparently to the last detail.

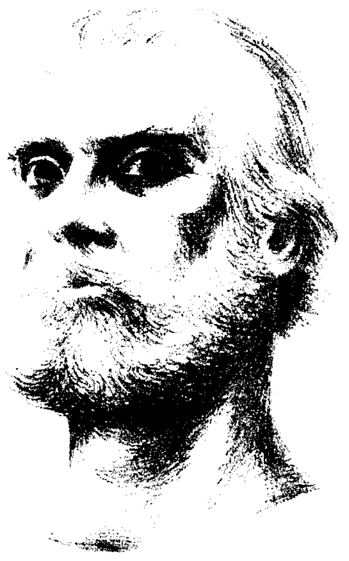
To find an excuse for some kind of community order, their philosophers have supplied a very strange line of reasoning. True, they say, it is irreligious for men to pass laws and to govern each other. But there is nothing wrong with the idea of people making *suggestions* to each other. In fact, it's a charitable way to act. Their country is run on the basis of Suggestions.

What amounts to a government is their General Welfare Suggestion Committee, whose 240 members are chosen by lot from among all the adults above a certain minimum level of age, education and intelligence. One quarter of this body is replaced every 500 days, so that there is a complete change in the board every 2,000 days. The Committee members select from among themselves, again by lot, a sort of president, who is known as the Suggester of Lomadine. His term of office is 1,000 days.

(The Lomokome writers exhaust themselves in sarcasm against this system. They call it "government by a lottery among idiots.")

Theoretically, as I say, there are, and there can be, no laws in Lomadine. But they do have a code of Standing Suggestions which, for all practical purposes, is a set of laws. They seem to have another code of Optional Suggestions, but I can't quite understand the purpose of it. The Standing Suggestions cover all the matters that criminal and civil law include back home. For instance, there is a Standing Suggestion that nobody kill anybody else for any reason, and another Standing Suggestion that everybody abide by a signed contract, and so forth.

A suggestion, in order to become a Standing one, has to be originated by the Suggester himself—although anybody can suggest it to him—and approved by a majority of the Committee. It then passes into the volumes of Standing Suggestions, by which everybody is supposed to abide voluntarily. In theory there is nothing to prevent a man from disregarding any suggestion he pleases. Here is what happens when he does so. He is "invited to discuss" his behavior with a Discussion Panel. He states his reasons for disregarding the Standing Suggestion. If they seem inadequate, the Panel may vote to "suggest" that he be flogged.



Kaham Vove might have helped me escape—but he was arrested

Each Panel has two or three brawny members adept at flogging, which is by far the most common method of punishment in Lomadine. For certain offenses the Discussion Panel can refer the matter to the Suggester, who alone has the power to suggest that somebody cut off the offender's head.

I found it very hard to puzzle out this arrangement through the sarcasm and invective with which the Lomokome sources describe it. Maybe I've distorted it. The Lomokomians have a pat phrase—"the ridiculous mummery of Suggestions"—which they use in every reference to the system. As for the Optional Suggestions, these Lomokomian writers simply foam at the mouth and roll on the floor in hysteria, so to speak, at every mention of them. So I can give no adequate account of that aspect of Blue existence. Apparently, if a man violates an Optional Suggestion nothing at all happens to him. I gather that there are many more Optional Suggestions than Standing Suggestions. They seem to cover most of life. The favorite butt of the Lomokome writers is an Optional Suggestion about how to bathe. For all I know, that's a satiric invention; it's impossible to say. I know there are a great many Optional Suggestions about sexual life, which again furnish a lot of merriment to the commentators here. It seems that the Lomadine way is a rather prudish, old-fashioned monogamy, which is about the furthest thing possible from the practices of my Orange friends.

In Lomadine, private companies print money, handle the mails, build roads, and do all the services usually performed by a government. They act in conformity with Standing Suggestions, which closely regulate their activities.

Even national defense is entrusted to a private company, in theory. But the head of this company is the Suggester, and the Suggestion Committee comprises its stockholders. There seems to be no purpose in this setup except to maintain the fiction that there is no government. It's obvious to me that this legal fiction dominates the whole life of Lomadine, and that it is maintained scrupulously from top to bottom of their social structure.

The Orange writers have a field day with all this lip service to a pretended freedom from government. They say that nothing can prevent a few individuals from hogging all the hydrogen in the country, and they declare that that's exactly what's happened. They demolish very shrewdly the Blue fiction that there is no government. But all the same I can't help feeling that this queer no-government over there must work. The people can "suggest" it out of existence any time they want to. But they haven't, in many centuries. And after all, though I understand their manpower is somewhat less than Lomokome's they've stood up to them in war time after time, winning about as often as they've lost. . . .

Sixteen hours have passed since I wrote the last words. For some reason, as I was writing, a terrific wave of homesickness came over me. I went and did something extremely foolish. I took five of those tricky *kath* pills and knocked myself colder than a mackerel. I haven't taken more than two at a time before, and they gave me only a fine glow. I thought five were called for, the way I was feeling. It was a mistake.

I woke up dying of hunger and thirst. I'm writing now while I eat and drink, so as not to lose any more time. The cook, a six-foot-six fellow with a bushy beard, tells me that Vovone and the Kaham are coming home tomorrow, so I may not have much more time to write. Death Day has been proclaimed for the day after that. The cook doesn't know whether or not the Kaham has been ruled eligible. I said I guessed not, because otherwise he wouldn't be coming home. But the cook said no, that as a matter of fact everyone scheduled to die always spends the last night at home and walks to the Death Cavern with his family. It's part of the ritual. So I won't know, until they come back, how matters stand. It will be bad for me if . . .

(Editor's note: Break in narrative.)

Section Six

(The Book of Ctuzelawis)

. . . simply copy down all of Ctuzelawis, if I can, translating as I go along. The language is extremely simple, so it shouldn't be too tough to do. Hope I have enough time to get it all down.

The Book of Ctuzelawis

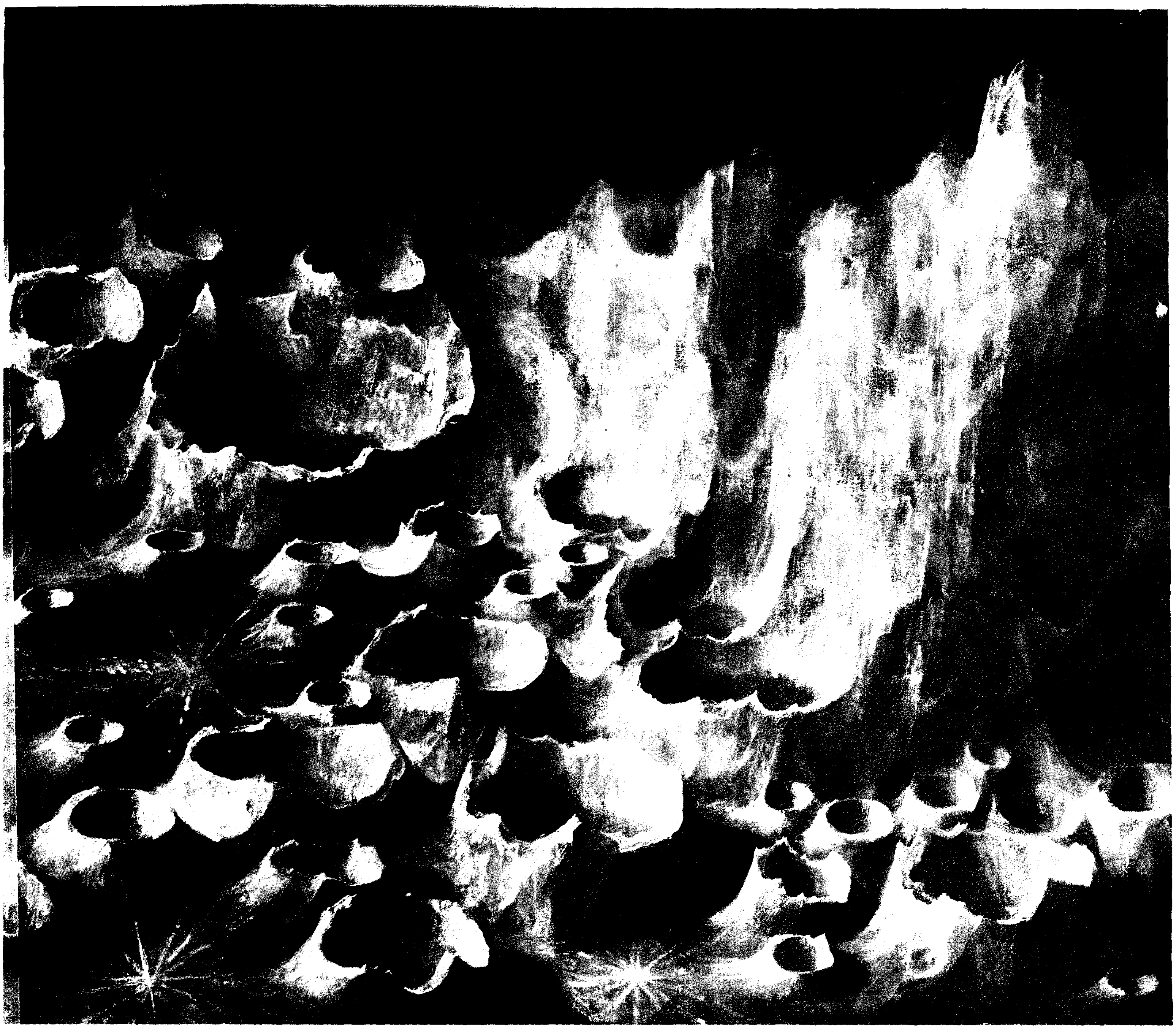
In the days before the Fourth Universal War there was a man of Lomokome named Ostove, eminent in wisdom of metals. He explored the surface of the moon, alone at will, by order of the Lord Thinkers.

He was seeking rare metals in the Gray Sea when he encountered a lone woman of Lomadine named Norlen. She was an astronomer, and spent much time on the surface.

These two fell in love. They determined to marry.

The great enmity burned high in those days, and death would have befallen them had they returned to either land. They resolved to live their lives in hiding, on the surface. Because they were wise and resourceful they did so, and throve. They lived long *hasans* and had a son whom they named Ctuzelawis—that is, "Would-that-wars-would-cease." Then they died, and Ctuzelawis was left.

His parents had taught him all their wisdom. He lived a very long



The official report stated that Lieutenant Butler "unquestionably wandered away from the projectile in search of 'moon people.' It was only a question of time before he fell into one of the hundreds of deep jagged pits on the moon's surface and perished"

time alone on the surface. By stealth he visited the inhabited caverns, and found them full of folly and useless striving. He chose to remain in solitude.

In the fifth *hasan** of his life the silicon reaction was discovered in Lomokome and Lomadine.

* (Note by D.M.B.: Five *hasans* equal 95 years. Ctuzelawis was therefore somewhere between seventy-six and ninety-five years old when he wrote the Book.)

When Ctuzelawis learned of the silicon reaction, his heart was troubled for the people in both lands, for he saw that destruction would soon swallow them, leaving not one alive.

Ctuzelawis therefore summoned strength to write a book that would show the people the way to escape the doom.

With much labor he wrote the book and finished it and copied it and sent copies by stealth through both lands.

When the people in both lands heard the words of the book they rejoiced everywhere.

At last the rulers heard of the book and demanded to see it. The Book of Ctuzelawis pleased the rulers very well also, for neither did they want to die, yet they saw death at hand.

Therefore in a Great Council—there had not been such a council in the time before, nor will there be such a council again in time to come—the Lord Thinkers of Lomokome and the Suggestion Committee of Lomadine met on the surface, with pomp and feasting and friendly words.

They agreed swiftly that they would live forever under the Book of Ctuzelawis.

They appointed officers and appropriated money or goods, each side after its own laws and manners, to fulfill every word of the Book.

So it was done, and so has the Book prevailed until this day.

Now these are the words of Ctuzelawis, which he sent to the two nations in the Hasan 1583, in the month Ba-5, which was seven months after the discovery of the silicon reaction. This is the Law of Reasonable War. This is the Book of Ctuzelawis—which is the First

Law of Lomokome by order of the Lord Thinkers, and the Unalterable Standing Suggestion of Lomadine by Murant, the Three Hundred and Fourteenth Suggester of Lomadine—prevailing in both nations from the first day of the first month of the Hasan 1584.

1.

I am Ctuzelawis, born of a father of Lomokome and a mother of Lomadine, Ostove and Norlen. I have lived my life alone on the surface, as my mother and father did.

Now I have spent my days and am very old. It matters little to me that my dry frame should persist during a few more spins of our huge wondrous moon. I have filled my eyes with seeing and with study. What wisdom our world has, I have. It is time that I go down to my everlasting house.

But in fear of God I cannot but write these words. It is a great evil that men should destroy a world. It will not go unpunished. Nor will he go unpunished into whose heart God puts good words of advice, but who is too lazy or too timid to bring them forth.

My brothers, the end of days is at hand. The doom of the silicon reaction is sure. It is not a weapon. It is a wildfire of matter. It is a swift leprosy of the stuff of our world.

Lomokome and Lomadine now have the knowledge and the engines to start the silicon reaction. In time they will war again. Who doubts that this destruction is written for us?

We are all dead. Our wise men have found the skill to dissolve the globe in which we live. When have we failed to rush to use every skill of destruction in our wars?

Only read my words and lay them to your hearts, my brothers of Lomokome and Lomadine, and it may be that the world will yet be saved.

But if you will not heed me, but will say, "What is all this talk of Reasonable War? Who ever heard of such a thing? As for Ctuzelawis, he is a man of no country, and a fool. Why should we listen to him?" then you will proceed to the suicide of the race in your greater wisdom. But I will have set these words before you, and you will at least have had a choice between death and life.

2.

You will say, "We have heard these alarms before. The world's end has been promised for a hundred *hasans*. But our fathers lived, ate, drank, loved and died, and so do we. And so will our children, despite the silicon reaction."

Ask your men of wisdom what the silicon reaction means. But you will not believe them when they tell you. Wisdom is good, wisdom is to be praised, when it gives you food, warmth, luxury and skill in shedding enemy blood. Wisdom is a nagging wife when it crosses you in your convenience.

But come and consider. The pleasant world that you enjoy so much, what is it but matter? What is it but a chaos of atoms, held together in solid forms and orderly courses by the laws of nature? God has given us the wisdom to pierce the secret of these laws one after another. Was it not sure to come in time that we master the law that binds our world into a solid globe?

Our end is upon us.

How can it be stayed?

Ctuzelawis formulated the Law of Reasonable War

3.

Beware, my brothers, beware of the lying hopes that have led our race from war to war.

You will say, "Let us make a treaty. Let us swear to each other that neither of us will ever grasp the weapon of silicon in wars to come."

And you will write the treaty and sign it with both hands. And you will rest peacefully in the shelter of the words, as though they were stronger and thicker than very thick steel walls. And destruction will drop on you as it did on your fathers and on their fathers. And in rage and panic you will loose the silicon on your enemy if he has not already destroyed you and himself with it.

4.

Or you will say, "War now becomes foolishness. Let both sides destroy all their weapons of war. Let them make no more. Let them forbid the study of war in all their boundaries."

And you will argue and procrastinate. You will destroy some weapons and conceal others. But neither side will destroy the engines of the silicon reaction. And the stab of destruction will come while you sleep.

5.

And if not these, you will be beguiled by the folly greater than all these.

You will say, "Let us have a world government to keep peace. Are not all men brothers? Instead of two great nations at each other's throats, let us become one nation. Then there can be no wars, and the danger will be averted."

But a world government to keep peace is impossible because nobody wants it. That is the plain truth to which we have all been blind. War is no evil. We love to say it is, but we do not believe it.

War is necessary to us.

6.

Now you will say, "Ctuzelawis is a madman. Who does not know that we hate war? War is the curse of our world. Would that we could abolish it."

So you say. So you have always said. But in your words there is no value, for you do not know yourselves.

You need war as you need food.

Until you understand this, there is no hope.

If you say, "No, no, but war can be abolished by a world government," I swear to you that the silicon doom will destroy you before one *hasan* has ended.

War cannot be abolished.

War *can* be controlled.

I give you a law to control war.

If you will take this law to your hearts, if you will make the Law of Reasonable War your law, you will avert the destruction.

This will be the sign that God has turned merciful to you in the last hour: that you will accept the Law of Reasonable War.

7.

What is a war?

It is a difference among nations, settled by a contest of destruction.

In order for war to exist, there must be nations, or a nation divided within itself.

There must be a difference that cannot be settled with words.

And there must be destructive power in both enemies.

Our race has been trying to end wars by eliminating one or the other of these things.

We have tried to unite all nations into one, so that there would be no enemies.

We have tried to create tribunals that could settle with words all possible differences among nations.

We have tried to agree to jettison all means of destruction.

We have tried all these things singly and together. We have tried them in many forms. We have shaped and reshaped the unions, the tribunals and the agreements.

Always we have failed.

Which of us believes in his heart that another shuffling of the preambles, the charters and the treaties—another juggling of words and promises—will save us from the doom of silicon?

It is time for us to acknowledge the truth that cries to us from the pages of our weary long history. Our race needs war. Our one hope lies in controlling war so that it will not destroy our globe.

The Law of Reasonable War is the only answer.

8.

We must have enemies. We cannot be happy without them.

This is a strange new idea, but consider if it is not so. Our enemies are the salt of our days. As the animals must sharpen their teeth on bone, wood or stone, so we must sharpen our powers, our ideas and our resources on someone we hate. It is true in the lives of each of us, and it is true in the lives of the nations.

If we have no enemies, we must invent them.

Consider the enmity by which our world is riven.

We say that it is impossible for the Hydrogen system and the Suggestion system to exist side by side in peace. On both sides we exhaust ourselves calling each other slaves and cannibals.

In our hearts we know that this is mostly lies, but we go on uttering the lies. Why would we do this, if it were not for the desire to have an enemy?

What is the real difference between the two systems? When the clouds of words are blown away, they are simply two ways of making and sharing the goods of a nation.

Both have advantages. Both have drawbacks. There is no cannibalism on either side. These are hot words used to whet our natural appetite for enmity.

Which system is more just and more truly free? Words could be piled on either side until time ends. I, Ctuzelawis, will pass no judgment. I cannot. The doom of silicon is too close. Evidently the Hydrogen system suits the people of Lomokome, and the Suggestion system suits the people of Lomadine.

No people endures for long a way of sharing its goods that does not satisfy it. Each nation has its tastes and ways, developed in many thousand circuits of the sun.

But we do not have the choice, my brothers, between two systems or one, even if one system is all unjust. Our choice is between two systems, or silicon death for all.

It is said that the two systems are bent on destroying each other. That is true. But it is not because they cannot exist on the same globe.

If we were naturally inclined to peace, the two systems might work away side by side until the sun grew cold. But we are not inclined to peace.

That is the truth about us. Let us first know the truth; then wisdom can help us.

Having an enemy is pleasant and healthy for our natures. It makes us alert and hard-working. It increases our attachment to our own land and dear ones. It drives us to explore and use all the resources of the land. It brings out the best of our qualities: self-sacrifice, ingenuity, love, charity and loyalty.

An enemy makes of us what religion is supposed to make of us, but never does.

Perhaps in a remote age, religion will penetrate our hearts to replace enmity. Would that it might be tomorrow! Then there would be no need for the Law of Reasonable War. But with the doom of silicon upon us, we cannot fool ourselves. Religion in our lives is words and books. Our true faith is still in enmity. Enmity between men, enmity between nations, is the power of all our days.

Therefore we need war.

9.

War has many uses and charms, which we must preserve in any law we make to control war.

There must be a final way of settling differences between nations. War does this. No substitute can satisfy. We all have soft vulnerable bodies. There is no simpler and more final way to end a difference than to smash the bodies of those who differ with us. It would not suit us to smash all the bodies of the other side, for that would deprive us of our enemy. In war, therefore, we wisely smash only enough bodies among our opponents to convince them that they had better give up the dispute for the moment.

Consider, again, that our wisdom in protecting health and producing food is crowding our globe. Too many of us live too long when there is peace.

War effectively crops the race from time to time. Also, by destroying the young and the fit, it slows down the progress of science, and thereby the whole crowding process.

The Law of Reasonable War retains this useful feature.

A time of war is exceptionally zestful, joyous and productive. There is nothing like the intoxication of self-sacrifice, hard work and loyalty brought on by a declaration of war. There is no other way, considering what we are, not what we might wish to be, to bring about such mighty scientific advances, such piling up of goods, such searching of our minds, such hardening of our bodies, such general excitement, well-being and prosperity. True, these delights bring sorrow close upon them. But it is clear that the delight outweighs the sorrow. For we never hesitate to declare war again when the time comes.

The Law of Reasonable War preserves all these joys and eliminates much of the sorrow.

10.

Any war, controlled or not, reasonable or not, must have certain elements or it is not a satisfying and conclusive battle.

There must be a contest. Whole nations must strain to the breaking point to produce the means of destruction.

There must be large numbers of people killed.

One side must gain the right to impose its will on the other.

The Law of Reasonable War provides these elements. It provides them systematically and fairly. And it ends the risk of silicon doom.

11.

The part of war that we all sincerely regret, much more than the sorrow, is the waste of it.

If the end of war is to smash bodies, we must agree that in its present form it is not efficient. A huge expense for destruction on one side is always countered by vastly costly means of defense on the other. These almost cancel each other. Only the tiny margin of difference between them does useful work. A man can be killed at almost no cost, ordinarily. But in war the average cost of killing one man is more than the cost of building homes for ten thousand men.

The Law of Reasonable War completely eliminates this waste. This alone should recommend it to men's minds, aside from its much greater virtues.

12.

I, Ctuzelawis, alone under the black sky and the blazing stars all my life, have thought deeply about these things. I understand war. I understand our race. I would not mock you or jest in the shadow of death. It will need some words to expound this law—not many, for it is a simple idea. But you must patiently allow me to have my say.

I am proposing the only way to avert the end of the world. The only way, I say, except for a turning to God in the hearts of men. If I predicted such a change in our time you would be right to call me mad. Where is there a sign of it? But I am being sensible. I say there is no hope for such glittering news. I offer a law that will keep men alive as they are—loving war, desiring enemies and ignoring God.

13.

War is a contest. The side with the greater total effort wins.

The only measure we now have is an exchange of destructive force between the two sides.

But supposing an all-wise and all-seeing judge were available to measure the efforts on each side. He could predict the outcome. He could gauge the extent of the victory. It would not be necessary that a bomb be thrown or a shot fired, to find out who must win.

The measuring of effort against effort is the essence of war. The exchange of violence is necessary only because we have never had a better measuring instrument. Everybody knows that it has been a wasteful, crude yardstick.

Now, with the discovery of the silicon reaction, this measuring instrument becomes too dangerous to use. But worse than that, it now becomes meaningless. Both sides can produce infinite destruction at small cost. The next exchange of violence will end the world, without performing its function of measuring effort and awarding victory.

Yet we must have war.

The dilemma seems insoluble, but it is not.

We need a new measuring instrument that will fairly judge between two war efforts, replacing the exchange of violence.

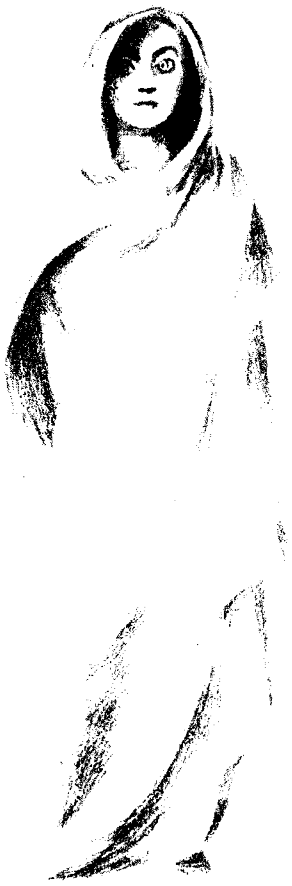
I give you this new measuring instrument—the Law of Reasonable War.

14.

There shall be created at once a great college of wise men, drawn in equal numbers from Lomadine and Lomokome. They shall have the highest knowledge of all the sciences and arts of war. They shall come from every branch of life that feeds war efforts. There shall be men great in knowledge of physics, metals, agriculture, military strategy, chemistry and all other means of battle between nations.

These men shall cease to be citizens of their countries. They shall retire to the surface of the planet and shall live out their lives there, as I, Ctuzelawis, have done. They shall be fed and housed and supported by equal appropriations from both nations.

This college shall be perpetuated by adding to it in every *hasan* a small number of the most brilliant children from each country. These children shall go to the surface in their 100th *dahla* (aged eight years—D.M.B.) and shall be raised by the college. There they shall grow up, marry, have children and die.



Vovone, my teacher, treated me as if I were some wild animal

If their children are of the highest promise they shall remain in the college. Otherwise they shall return to the caverns—either to Lomokome or Lomadine, as they shall elect.

This college shall be known as the College of Judges. Its purpose will be to make possible the waging of Reasonable War.

15.

There shall never again be a shot fired or a bomb exploded in war anywhere on our globe. Otherwise, wars will continue exactly as before.

Wars shall be declared.

Wars shall be fought.

Weapons and explosives and the supplies of wars shall be feverishly produced.

Many people shall be killed.

The side with the stronger war effort shall triumph.

The loser shall endure the bitterness of defeat.

The measure of the war efforts, however, shall not be the exchange of destructive force. For all men know now that the measure is wasteful and outmoded and must lead straight to the end of the world.

The measure will be the verdict of the College of Judges.

The College will inspect, test and compare the war efforts, and award the victory.

16.

Who can enforce this verdict?

Will the College have armed power?

The College will have no armed power.

But each side is already armed with the silicon reaction.

What can the defeated nation do, when the verdict is passed? It can accept, or it can attempt actual war. It knows already, from the verdict, that it cannot win an exchange of violence without silicon. And silicon means suicide of the race.

Will the loser not bow, and hope to fight another day, as nations have done since blood was first spilled among men?

You will say, what of the sudden attack? Despite the College, will not both sides pile weapons in secret as before? Will not one side make a great surprise onslaught, hoping to win quickly and own the world?

There is no surprise sudden enough to avert the answer of silicon. The dying lash of a surprised nation will be enough to break up the world in flaming dust. Both sides know this.

And so the verdicts of the College will stand. I swear to you by the courses of the stars that this is so. There is no other path for the nations.

Furthermore, men will soon see that the Reasonable War is so great an improvement over the foolish costly war methods of former days that they will desire no more. The first Reasonable War will establish the Law forever in the esteem and affection of the world.

17.

Under the Law of Reasonable War, differences will continue to arise between nations that cannot be ended with words.

Both nations will act as they have always done. Quietly they will begin to pile up materials and to train their men. As soon as one side thinks it can defeat the other, it will declare war.

The College of Judges will immediately assume supervision of the war, and set about reaching a verdict.

18.

In what way will the College reach a just and unmistakable verdict? What will count in its judgment?

Time was when valor of young men settled the issue. Weapons were puny and indecisive. The stoutest hearts and muscles won the day.

But between great nations of our time, valor on one side is hardly of avail against more and better machines, fuel and food on the other. It is a contest of manufacture and supply.

The College will set tasks for both sides to fulfill in the fields of manufacture and supply. The success with which each side meets the tasks will weigh most in the verdict.

There will be no need for exhausting, helter-skelter heaping up of all things useful and useless, such as we have had in wartime.

There are in every war great and small tasks of production. The great tasks are the old tools of war: metal, weapons, explosives, lumber, vehicles, fuel, grain, meat and such things. The small tasks arise from scarce substances or devices, which suddenly are greatly needed: manganese, diamonds, vanadium, lenses and the like.

Both countries will bend their whole efforts to excelling in these tasks, as before. But they will be able to do this more simply and efficiently because there will be a definite number of tasks, not a hopeless maze of them.

When war is declared, the College will at once promulgate three Major and ten Minor Tasks. Their nature will be secret until the moment of announcement. Both nations will plunge into the production race at once, to manufacture and supply these things.

From time to time during the war the College will add other Tasks, Major or Minor, without warning. The endurance and adaptability of each side's war machine will be fully tested. The College will fix the time limit, but neither nation will know when the last moment will be until it arrives. Then the word will go out. The war efforts will cease. The College will measure the achievements on both sides and begin to compute the victory.

This simple, fair system will replace the foolish, agonized, largely wasted efforts of olden times. In peace, both nations will keep production of the needful things of life at a high level, for there will be no way to know which necessity may become a Task in the next war. There will be no need to waste substance in caring for a huge, sterile armed force. Until the moment of war all men will enjoy the benefits of abundance.

After war they will also benefit. For there will be nothing to do with the piled-up achievements of the Tasks, when all is done, but to give them back to the people.

During war, suffering will be much less. The nations will not be bleeding themselves of every known substance to be expended in destruction. The College will set only enough Tasks to make a fair, hard war of it. What need for wearisome repetition of the same measuring device?

In old-fashioned war, to achieve a measurement, every resource must be thrown higgledy-piggledy into the general destruction.

But in Reasonable War the College will merely sample the productive strength of each side until the verdict becomes clear. All the rest of the waste of war will be avoided.

Will not the result of every war be the same?

No. For as always in history, the victors will incline to luxury and sloth, so their strength will decay. Losers will harden and improve themselves against the day of revenge. In old-fashioned war the same enemies have fought many times, and victory has passed from one to the other. So it will be in Reasonable War.

19.

But other things count in war besides such tasks. Those things will be measured too, and will affect the verdict.

In the old wars there was always a chance of upsetting the whole balance of forces by discovering a new weapon. This element of ingenuity actually won wars despite inferior manufacture and supply.

The search for new weapons ended in the silicon reaction. In a continuation of the old wars, further quest would be absurd.

But in Reasonable War both sides will set their best minds working to calculate new destructive uses of the forces of nature. These new weapons need not be made. They will merely be calculated. The College will examine the calculations of both sides. It will award the proper weight, in reaching a verdict, to the side that has devised the most novel and usefully horrible exploitation of natural laws.

20.

Wise men do not seem quite sure whether military skill has any effect in the outcome of wars. It is argued that a sufficient advantage of food, metal, fuel and explosives on one side means victory. Military strategy, it is said, merely sets the dates and places where the victory shall become a matter of record.

But this may not be quite so. Perhaps a fool in command could fritter away a great advantage by fouling its use against the enemy. Nations in the past have often lacked the sense to make the best and the cleverest men their leaders.

The College will therefore examine battle plans drawn up by tacticians and strategists of both sides. It will submit these leaders to tests of Hypothetical Battles, wherein they will be called upon to make many critical decisions.

In reaching a verdict the Judges will penalize lack of military judgment on either side, and will reward exceptional thoroughness or brilliance.

21.

While valor has become unimportant, Willingness to Die has not. In our present wars, it is still necessary to find young men to work the machines. A man may be a coward, but if he has the self-control to work a machine under fire he is as useful as a hero.

Noncombatants also have to be willing to die in towns and factories.

Therefore the Judges will also measure Willingness to Die.*

* (Note by D.M.B.: At first I translated Willingness to Die as "morale," but it didn't seem quite the same thing. So I left it in the literal form.)

22.

It is necessary that people die in war—even in a Reasonable War.

Slaughter is the great deterrent of warfare. Without it, war is so delightful, so gay, so exhilarating, so productive, that the nations might well battle forever. But sorrow in time saps the will to fight. And the burying of large numbers of young men makes war less practical for a few years, until a new crop grows. Also it slows the crowding of the globe.

Perpetual war we do not want. Like perpetual intoxication, it would lose its savor and become a trouble. The nations, with folk wisdom, rarely indulge in the pleasant strain of war more than once or twice in a generation.

The great danger of Reasonable War is its economy, practicality and fairness. It is a temptation to have wars all the time. This would blunt the instrument of Reasonable War and lead back to silicon.

I urge you therefore, my brothers, to be strict and unchanging in your observance of Death Day.

At the end of a war, the College of Judges shall calculate the number of people that shall die on each side. This number shall be proportioned to the general verdict. It shall be large enough to render victory painful and defeat disastrous.

The governments of each side shall thereupon slay the required number of their own people, young and old.

Do not shrink at the seeming cruelty of this portion of the Law. It is the cornerstone of Reasonable War.

And I say to you, is it really cruel?

A government that declares war now, whether in aggression or self-defense, by that act sentences to death a certain part of its people. The stroke of the pen that signs the war document is a knife stroke, butchering thousands. We all know these things.

Reasonable War brings clarity and order to what exists—to what must exist, until men change in spirit. It eliminates waste and chance. It reduces a foolishly chaotic arrangement, which threatens our total destruction, to a sane, safe, workable process.

23.

Who shall die? Those who are willing.

This is the manner in which the Judges shall measure Willingness to Die.

Immediately upon an outbreak of war, emissaries of the College in each country shall open death offices. Young men shall come to these offices and volunteer to die upon the verdict.

At the end of the war, the number to die on each side shall be fixed by the College. The dead shall be elected by lot from among the volunteers. There shall be no reprieve from Death Day.

This will be the test of the Willingness to Die in each nation. The numbers that volunteer, and the speed with which the rolls are filled, will decide the weight of this part of the war effort in the verdict of the Judges.

If a government tries, openly or in secret, to force young men to offer to die, the judges will award victory in the war to the other nation. For that will be a clear sign of a feeble national spirit.

The side with the bravest and best young men will fare better. This is proper in war.

But a certain number of older people die in war too. At present this is simply decided by the random dropping of missiles.

In Reasonable War, justice and common sense must replace the chaos of chance.

The College will proclaim the numbers of old people that are to die. The old will be named by the government from among those who have led the war effort: scientists, militarists, industrialists and the like. For it is only just that they who held the power to win or lose the war should bear the brunt of the outcome.

This system will encourage bravery in the young and the mightiest exertions in the old.

The young, by offering to die speedily and in great numbers, can turn the scale of victory and thus save many of themselves from death. The old will press the war effort as they have never done until now. Their heads will be at hazard.

All will die in a great immolation in the presence of their heads of government, with due pomp of sorrow, on the day following the verdict of the Judges. This will be known forever as Death Day.

24.

I, Ctuzelawis, am weary. My hand grows cold. My frame has little moisture. I shall live, as I feel the will of God, to send these words I have written to the nations. But even as you read, I shall be taken.

Read this Law with diligence. There is much to be interpreted, much to be expanded. But in the words I have written you will find the rule and the spirit to control wars.

Establish the College of Judges, at once, and pledge your souls to accept their verdicts. They will be the custodians of my Book. They will interpret it to you. Out of its words they will give instructions and judgments.

25.

These are the blessings that will come to you by obeying the Law of Reasonable War.

You will be able to fight each other to the end of time. You will have the delights and stimulation of everlasting enmity. But the sorrows of war will be kept within decorous bounds.

You will prosper, for you will continually be busy. When war may come at any time, the nations will not neglect useful arts, nor the training and health of the people.

You will be rich, for you can turn all your industry to the making of good things in peacetime. You need only keep your factories and farms working, ready to assume war tasks. When war is declared the College will set Major Tasks of weaponmaking, and then the nations can gut their stores of metal and exhaust their peoples in a race to heap up these useless things. When the race is done and the verdict passed, you will have the unused heaps intact, ready to melt down again into things that are needed. You will not burn and smash and explode the fruit of your terrible war toil, as in former days. You will enrich, not impoverish, yourselves by each war effort.

You will live in quiet and safety. The damage that war can do will be bounded, not boundless as in the old days. The great fear, the fear that has soured your lives for many *hasans,* the fear of new weapons, will be laid. You will waste no substance making new weapons. For the idea, the formula on paper, is what truly matters, and only that will count in the victory.

But the blessing above all blessings is that you will live on, and never be destroyed in a great calamity. Death in war you will have. But it will be a reasonable slaughter. Its extent and its victims will not be decreed, as in former days, by luck and disease. Instead the right people will die in the right numbers. There will be no risk of the spread of destruction beyond the desired extent.

This is Reasonable War, my brothers, the wonderful law that Heaven has told me to set before you. Do not think that these are truly the words of feeble Ctuzelawis. But understand that these are words spoken by a Spirit, and written down by my old hand.

The curse that will come upon you if you set aside the law is this: fire, and great crashings, and the air turned to poison, and the ground burning and melting under your feet, and the swift end of all flesh and all things.

Farewell, with the prayers of Ctuzelawis.

NOW THE FOUNDING of the College, with the words of the agreement, and all the things that came after the writing of the Book of Ctuzelawis;

And the Statutes of Reasonable War;

And the histories of the wars;

These are all written in the Annals of Reasonable War, kept by the College of Judges until this day.

Section Seven

("Death Day"—Escape and Recapture: Five Fragments.)

Well, that's the Book of Ctuzelawis, and my fingers are so cramped from copying it, my hand is stiff as a dead man's.

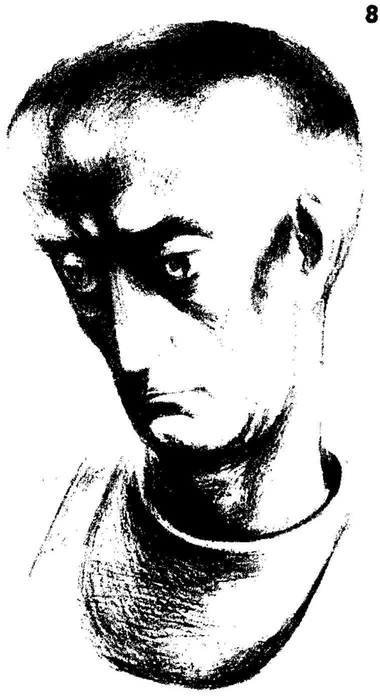
I can see Admiral Garrett's face when he reads my report, his eyebrows shooting up to the ceiling. They'll say I made up all this "balderdash." But my friends will know better, anyway. I got straight C's in English at the Academy. I could no more make up the Book of Ctuzelawis than I could swallow an elephant.

No, the book exists, all right, and it is the Bible of these people. Both countries really live by it. That is the strangest thing of all. But maybe, after all, they really had no choice.

I gather they once had something that more nearly resembled our Bible. The name literally translated is The Gray Stone, which is meaningless. I could never find out if it was a law code, or a scripture, or what. There are no copies of The Gray Stone in Lomokome. It's forbidden reading. The encyclopedias refer to it in passing as "primitive Blue mythology" and "the poisonous Blue superstitions of The Gray Stone," and so forth, in their usual fashion. I don't know whether it exists in Lomadine either. So far as Lomokome is concerned, the Book of Ctuzelawis is their law, and Ctuzelawis is their prophet. And if they have any god, it's Reasonable War.

I can't write much more now; glad I got the book copied, anyway. The Kaham returned just as I was writing that last paragraph. He is going to be executed in Death Day tomorrow, after all.

It seems he had been placed in charge of the New Weapons calculators, replacing another Kaham who died of old age during the war. Lomadine outscored Lomokome about two to one on new weapons, and I understand that the war was lost in that way, because the verdict was pretty even in all other departments. The Kaham's defense was that the College didn't really understand his weapon. But a committee from the College gave him a hearing, and insisted they had no trouble at all understanding it. It was a long-range paralyzing ray—and good enough, except that it could be jammed too easily. Lomadine, they tell me, came up with a poisonous microbe that resists every known antitoxin. The verdict looks damned fair to me, on that basis. In fact, the Lomokomians ought to thank God that they fought a Reasonable War, not an old-fashioned one, or they might have all been wiped out.



A Lord Thinker is supremely wise, and responsible to no one

Ctuzelawis really had something.

The Kaham is prepared to die, but he's not satisfied. He claims the committee from the College was made up of a lot of juniors who couldn't understand the antijamming features of his ray. He says there are a couple of old masters in the College who would see his point if he could get to them. But there's no provision for such an appeal in the system.

I suggested that he make a break for the surface, go up to the College and see the old boys. He's got nothing to lose, that's obvious. I said I'd help him, if he'd get me a breathing suit. But he just laughed sadly. He said it made little difference to him when he died, except that he disliked leaving Vovone. She seemed a lot more taken with my suggestion than the Kaham.

So now they're both praying and going through some kind of complicated ritual. I don't know what happens to me after tomorrow, but I guess I'll find . . .

(Editor's note: There is a noticeable difference in the handwriting on the rest of the sheets. This factor simplified the arranging process.

Though the writing in all the papers is rather rough and hurried, from this point on it is hardly legible, due to haste, or weakness, or both.)

. . . useless. I don't know why I bother. Except that the old Navy log-writing habit is too strong to break. And anyway, since I reached the moon it stands to reason others will. I ought to leave some word as to what has happened to me.

It's a thousand to one, at this point, that we're finished, all three of us. The Lord Thinkers take a mighty dim view of anyone who ducks out on Death Day, and of anyone who helps him do it.

We're back at the projectile now. The College is about nine hundred miles from the crater Copernicus, the Kaham tells me. My idea is to get the projectile going again. The battering of the outer skin isn't important. The main repair, which the Kaham thought he could do in an hour with materials he has, is . . .

(Editor's note: Lieutenant Butler wrote here some top-secret details of the Navy's extragravitational propulsion system. Eight lines of writing, of no importance to the narrative, are deleted.)

. . . The long and short of it is, it doesn't work, because of the impurity of his *(deleted)* crystals. Even though it means curtains for me—in all likelihood—I can't help being slightly amused. The Kaham has been pretty damn' patronizing about the elementary state of science in our world. But it seems we can still show these wizards here a thing or two about the separation and refinement of rare earths.

I just couldn't stand the horror of Death Day. It was really I who talked the old man into bolting.

They have a special Death Cavern where this ceremony is held. It's a huge rounded grotto with a rough natural dome. At the top is a tremendous lens that pours relayed sunlight, and all around the side of the dome are similar smaller lenses. There's plenty of light in the place, of a peculiar greenish-yellow sort. The floor of the cavern is covered with acres of stone benches, for perhaps two hundred thousand people or more. At the far end, a long wide flight of stone steps leads up to a platform cut into the rock. On the platform are more benches, and an immense block of stone that resembles an altar.

When we got there the place was almost full of people already, although . . .

(Editor's note: Break in the narrative.)

. . . not much blood from each individual. The drug they take just before mounting the platform seems to inhibit bleeding. Even so, with thirteen Lord Thinkers cutting about five throats a minute apiece, you have a lot of blood running off that altar into the gutter around it. This is drained by a little channel that cuts directly across the middle of the cavern floor, in a gentle downward slope, so that the blood keeps running. The people dip handkerchiefs into it all along the way—a part of the ritual, no doubt.

The worst horror of the whole business is that nobody seems to think it's horrible. It's like some huge college commencement, except that instead of shaking hands and getting a diploma when they come up, the boys get their throats cut. They run it off so smoothly, and everyone is so peculiarly gay and tearful at once, and there's such a holiday air about the proceedings, that you almost forget you're seeing people die. I must have seen fifteen thousand slaughtered before my eyes before we escaped, and it hardly affected me as badly as an auto accident I once saw. I guess you can believe one person has died, but you can't believe in massacres, even when you see they're going on.

We were seated on a bench on the extreme left side, near the back. The bodies under their orange cloaks were wheeled past us in a steady parade, not a dozen feet from where I sat, on the way to the crematorium. There was some kind of sweet flowery perfume on them. Girls and boys about thirteen years old were doing the wheeling. I began to get the creeps.

I looked at the Kaham. He was watching calmly, but unconsciously he was wringing his hands. What amazes me as much as anything is the way they permit the condemned people to sit with their relatives until the last . . .

(Editor's note: Another break.)

. . . desperate. I'm sure the Kaham didn't care about dying. But his reputation as a scientist was something else. He was willing to break an almost sacred law for a chance to redeem it. I'm sure that if we ever reach the College and they acknowledge he was right, he'll cut his own throat with pleasure.

The unbelievable freedom with which they run the ceremony made it easy for us to leave. We went straight to the Kaham's laboratory, where we got breathing suits. He had no trouble finding *(a deleted account of materials needed to repair an extragravitational propulsion system—Ed.)*. The laboratory and the tunnels were deserted. Vovone brought out the *Dalka,* a buoyant sedan-chair kind of thing that floats just off the ground and is propelled by a simple jet engine. (Only high officials are allotted these gadgets, which have a colossal Hydrogen number that keeps them out of the hands of common people.) The Kaham calculated that the fuel would take us up to the surface or within a mile or so of it. So we piled in all the gear and shoved off, avoiding the main tunnels, flitting along through pitch-black unused caverns and galleries. The Kaham found his way by using a sort of compass and occasionally turning on a dim light when entering a new tunnel. He seems to know a hell of a lot about the interior of the moon.

When the air got too thin near the surface, we put on the breathing suits. It was a wonderful feeling, emerging from the crater into true sunlight again. When I saw the big greenish crescent Earth shining in the black sky I all but cried. The *Dalka's* fuel lasted us right up to the projectile, and—

The Kaham thinks he has the propulsion unit ready to go.

(Editor's note: The above sheet is half blank. Lieutenant Butler did not resume writing on it after breaking off. The next sheet was found crumpled up outside the projectile, wedged among stones.)

. . . small hope, but it was worth trying. It's all over now. They came while we were taking apart the *(deleted)* chamber again. We knew they'd track us to the projectile ultimately, but it was our one chance.

Will they kill me? I don't know. The Kaham and Vovone are due for death of course—in an unpleasant form. But do you kill a giraffe for escaping from the zoo? That's what I am here, a sort of two-legged giraffe from a strange world. Maybe they'll keep me in chains hereafter. Or maybe they'll put me out of my misery because I'm too troublesome. I'll find out soon enough. I'm writing this while they dismantle the . . .

No more time.

(Editor's note: The next lines are printed in large shaky block letters.)

SMALL CRATER LEADING INTO TUNNEL TO LOMOKOME BEARS 225° RELATIVE TO PROJECTILE, DISTANCE ABOUT 12 TO 14 THOUSAND YARDS. BIG STONE A HUNDRED YARDS FROM ENTRANCE SHAPED LIKE A MUSHROOM LYING ON SIDE. ENTRANCE HARD TO SEE BUT . . .

(Editor's note: The above is the last of the "Lomokome" papers.)

Excerpt from Appendix D
of the Robinson Report
Flight Log of the Pilot of Projectile Two

Condition of Projectile One when found: outer shell bent, cracked and buckled, not seriously. Unsuccessful effort had been made to restore airtight integrity. Interior disorderly. Propulsion unit intact except for (deleted list of parts), which evidently were removed in repair effort. Did not find these in brief search. All instruments intact . . .

Reconnoitered extensively outside projectile for six hours. No sign or track of pilot. Followed directions found on sheet outside projectile. No sign of a crater at bearing and distance indicated, nor of mushroom-shaped stone. In view of possibility that projectile had shifted position and therefore relative bearing no longer accurate, flew seven slow circles near surface at distance indicated. Result of search negative.

At distance indicated, bearing 135° relative (almost in opposite direction), observed large sunken mass of rubble 500 yards wide, such as might be caused by cave-in of a fissure or crater. Made no attempt to dig, as very large-scale sustained effort would be necessary to obtain any results.

Numerous similar cave-ins, deep pits and fissures abound near projectile. Slanting sun did not illuminate deeply. Plumbed two pits with thousand-foot line without finding bottom. Others two and three hundred feet deep.

It is believed that Pilot Butler fell into one of these pits or fissures. Recovery considered extremely unlikely even with large searching party . . .

—HERMAN WOUK

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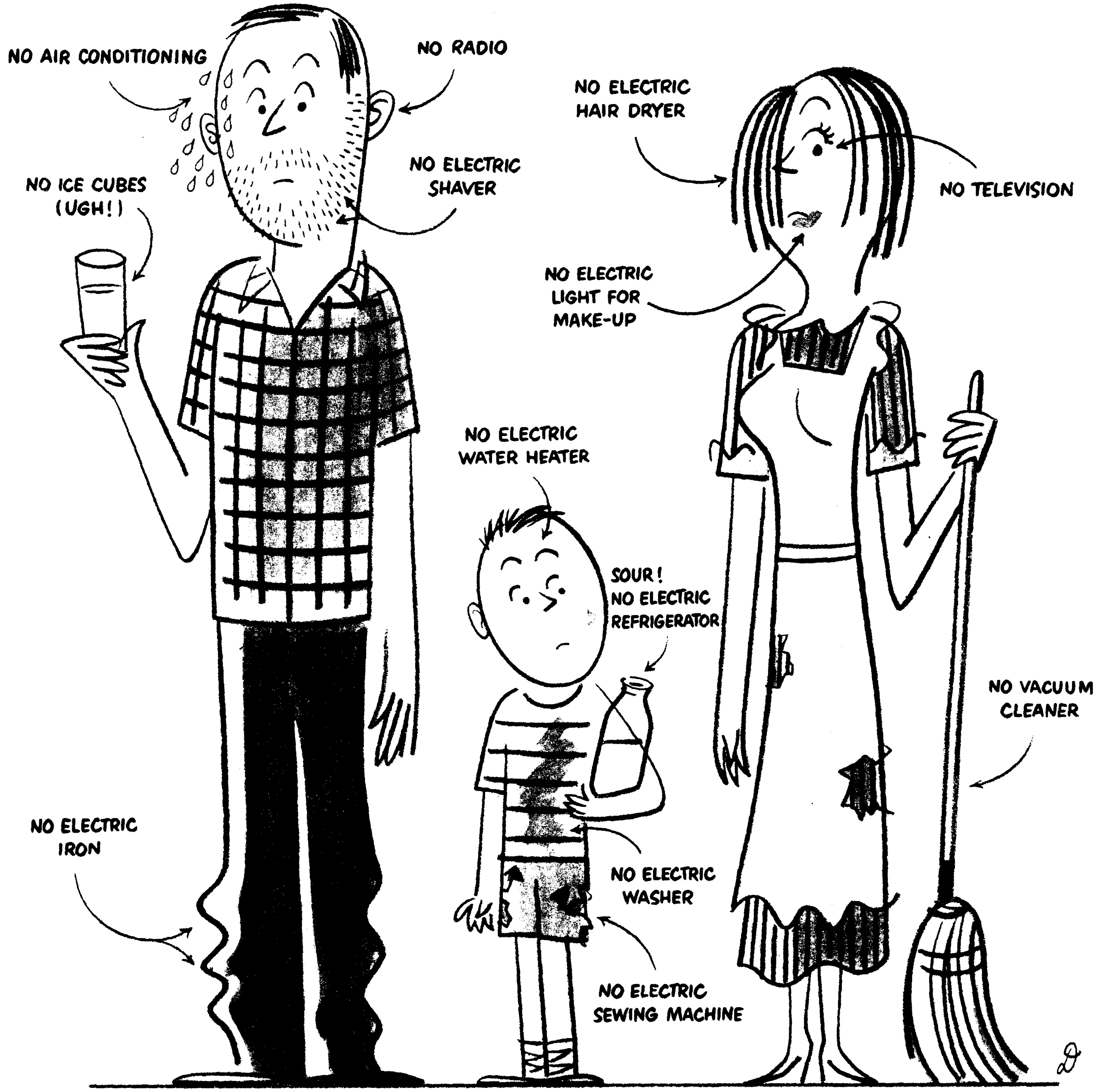

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Collier's Comment

Nehru and the People of India

WHEN THE Southeast Asia Treaty Organization meets in Karachi next month, the greatest democratic power in Asia will once again be absent. India, responding to the policy of Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, will be sitting on the side lines.

The policy of Nehru has, of late, gone well beyond the simple adherence to "independence" which is the prime minister's proclaimed doctrine. On some very large issues in the Far East, Nehru has been openly hostile to the Western democracies, and openly sympathetic to the Kremlin. While lashing out vigorously against India's own Communist element, he has blandly joined Comrades Khrushchev and Bulganin in advocating the turnover to the Communists of Free China's last stronghold, Formosa, and has otherwise given seeming support to made-in-Russia dogma.

Constantly ready to assail Western colonialism—although his own country is the foremost example of the democracies' steady retreat from colonialism—he seems to see no evil whatever in the most flagrant and widespread campaign of conquest and subjugation of the twentieth century, carried to his very doorstep by Red Russia.

Then—it may be asked—why not wash our hands of Nehru? Why, when this is the thanks we get for the half billion dollars we have thus far plowed into economic aid for India, should we this year prepare to intensify or even continue that aid program? Why thrust out our oft-bitten hand for more? Just who is this Nehru that he can presume upon our patience, bounty and good nature?

These questions need to be answered with great care, for while Nehru, *the man,* is one of the most baffling and often exasperating personalities of our time, Nehru, *the political leader* of 360,000,000 Indians, is the key, the pivotal figure in the struggle between the forces of freedom and the Communist world.

It would be futile to try here to analyze the mind and inner workings of the man whose path to the leadership of India led him through Britain's genteel Harrow and Cambridge and nine British jails.

But a moment's reflection upon Nehru's position as a political leader can be more rewarding. For here it is possible to examine facts and derive clear conclusions.

One such conclusion is that Nehru, in his present position, is no mendicant standing at our gate and asking alms. Nehru is the leader of a powerful nation. Because India, thanks to the mountain-moving power of the atom, is capable of becoming in a single generation one of the leading industrial and economic nations of the globe, Nehru even now enjoys a bargaining position which 20 years ago would have been unthinkable. For Nehru holds in his hands the potential of tipping the balance of world power. That being so, India is at least as important to the Western democracies as they are to India. The situation allows for very little arrogance on our part.

Nehru is also the leader of a proud people—a people reaching for the satisfying fruits of freedom with a zeal which can be hardly less than that of our forefathers or ourselves.

In this, India has drawn vastly on our Western tradition of freedom. Her government—her institutions—are modeled on those of the Anglo-Saxon nations, as are her programs of education and development of resources.

For whatever reasons, it has pleased Nehru, in conducting India's external affairs, to play off Russia against the democracies of the West. He has depicted Russia as the center of one great power bloc, and the United States as the center of the other, and has offered to lead the uncommitted nations of the world on a path down the middle. Of late there has been good reason to wonder whether he has not lulled himself to sleep reciting this pleasant but vastly oversimplified equation. A peaceful man, Nehru seems unable to accept (or unwilling to acknowledge) the plain truth of the Communist world conspiracy, or its ominous significance for his own land.

But a wholly different side of Nehru shows in his conduct of India's internal affairs. Not only has he earnestly fostered the form and the practice of democracy in government; he has brought Western democratic ideals and ideas into education and everyday life. And in his opposition to the Communist party within his own borders he has been vigorous and relentless—even while failing, apparently, to relate these home-grown Communists to the world conspiracy led by the Kremlin.

American policy toward India must, in common sense, be fashioned with due regard for all of these considerations.

There is, of course, no need to coddle Nehru at the international bargaining table. He is, by our lights, wrongheaded and foolhardy in his present policy, and we serve neither India's interests nor our own by failing to tell him so plainly.

Neither does there seem any point in getting involved in a bidding competition in which we would seek to win India's favor by offering more aid dollars than Russia could match. Indeed, Nehru has warned his people against too much dependence on foreign aid, saying that India's real strength must come from within.

We must, certainly, approach India with full concern for our own dignity. But what is equally important—and perhaps most important of all—we must approach India with full concern for the dignity of 360,000,000 individual human beings who are the people of India.

There has been a revolution in India which is linked closely to our own American Revolution. Spurred by the same impulses that caused our ancestors to strike out for independence, India has seized independence. As our forefathers yearned for the status and the dignity of free men, the people of India have yearned for the status and the dignity of free men. They have won the status. Those abroad who accord them the dignity will also be those who gain the friendship and the powerful allegiance of the Indian people.

This is what we have to offer India that Russia cannot; the Kremlin fears freedom and despises human dignity. Yet the countenances Russia and America present to India are precisely the opposite. The smiling faces and smooth words of Khrushchev and Bulganin conveyed the deepest sympathy for the aspirations of the Indian people—fraudulent but convincing. Americans, to the Indians, appear in league with the forces of colonialism—and, individually, we seem haughty, and contemptuous of the poor estate and brown skins of the Indian people.

This is what we must change, by whatever means we can—by a positive reaffirmation of our opposition to colonialism; by a foreign policy that emphasizes the right of the Indians to fashion and lead their own lives; by practicing what we preach at home (we still deny full citizenship status to Alaskans and Hawaiians); by treating Indians, at every point of individual contact, with the same dignity that we expect for ourselves.

This may be what Nehru, in his curious and arrogant-seeming way, is trying to tell us. If so, we owe him, and ourselves, a clear answer.

Freedom's Crusade

THE CRUSADE FOR FREEDOM, which in the past has upset many Communist applecarts behind the iron curtain, is again conducting its annual drive for the funds with which to continue to bring truth to the captive peoples of Central and Eastern Europe.

The Kremlin and its stooges have paid many high compliments to the effectiveness of the crusade, by setting up more than a thousand radio-jamming transmitters, by offering rewards for leaflets turned in to officials, by prescribing punishment for listeners to Radio Free Europe. Still the captive millions read, and listen, and testimony is plentiful that along with truth, hope is a major product of the campaign—hope which might otherwise wither and perish in the stifling vacuum of Red censorship.

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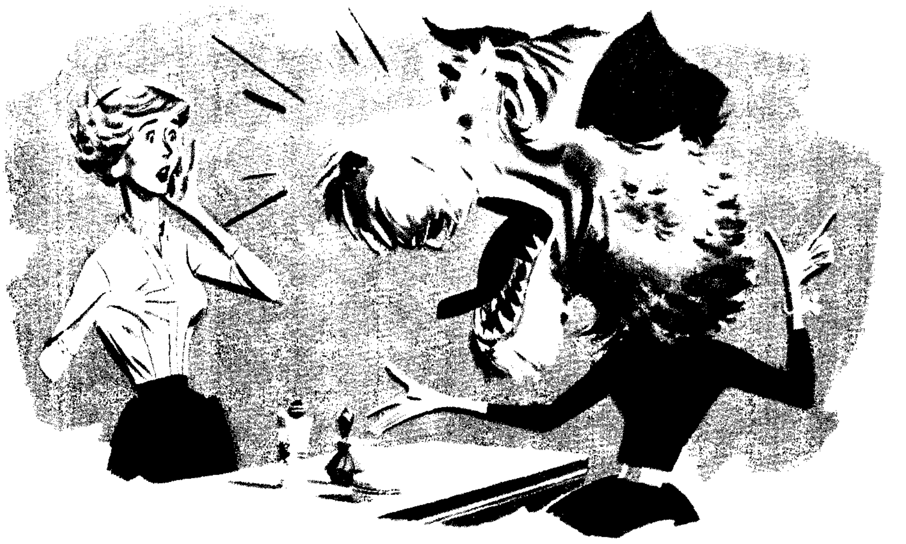

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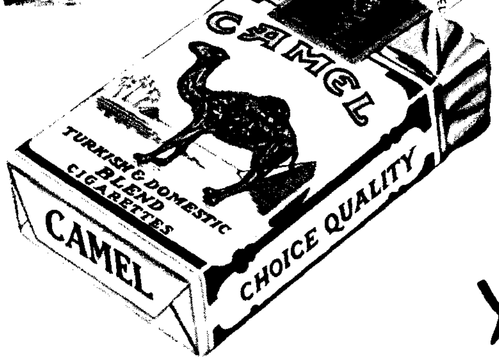
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